

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

"We heard so many fairy tales,
I surely wish you would
Recite some ancient prophecy,
'Twould make us all feel good;
For there are lots of prophecies;
I'm sure Pat Duggan will
Tell something to those youngsters,
From our own Colombkille.
Said Higgins: Pat, come over here!
Then with his chair he parted;
This put the old man in good cheer,
And thus the story started.

The Prophecy

Now heed me well
And I will tell
A story, singular and true;
'Twas on the night
Old Terry White
Chased Will o' the Wisp the country through.
As from the fair
Held over there,
Beside Athy, on Barrow's beach;
He sought his home
In the midnight gloam,
And followed a light he could not reach.
But happy sight,
Another light
Did plainer on his vision beam;
For he was tired,
And much desired
To reach the spot where he saw it gleam.