

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Let people talk as talk they will,
Dispute me they cannot,
That here round Knockshigowna Hill,
Each year they poorer got;
For wicked elves such havoc wrought,
That farmers herdsman vainly sought,
Till Larry showed the fairies there,
How much a mortal man could dare,
And by his nerve got them so stirred,
No accident has since occurred.

'Tis thus the story of the calf
To tell which I made bold,
Although I've scarcely told the half
Of what our fathers told;
Has with the years that roll round still,
Become the Legend of the Hill.

THIRD NIGHT

Kilfeakle

Although I searched for moats and raths
This province all around,
Kilfeakle is the finest
That I have ever found;
For round it fields and orchards smile,
The richest, loveliest in our isle,
When summer's sunshine glows;
Fields daisy-clad mix green with white,
The blackthorns with red blooms delight,
And thrushes sing till falling night
Invites them seek repose.

To Shawn Murnane's old rookery
The boys and girls retire,
There gathered many a seanachie
Around the blazing fire.