

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

To Borrisokane they took their way,
Which place they reached without delay;
Saw Tom McGrath's where he used stay
And often took a nip.
Starting straight down the Nenagh pike,
They took their lonely midnight hike,
Until they reached that place.

Then viewed the town hall and round tower,
Indicative of strength and power,
And noble manse and lovely bower,
He easily could trace.

Then did this demon of the night
Fly with him, till he's out of sight
Of the last dwindling city light;
Then did his spirits fall.
Through lonesome paths the fairy fled,
O'er Arra's mountains on she sped,
Weird shadows o'er the waters shed,
That might him well appall.

Then hovered over Lough Derg's shore,
That never looked so small before.
Made light of it, though somewhat strange,
But as they neared Slieve Bernagh's range,
The cold air made him shiver:
Then skirting by that lofty ridge,
They kept on south to Six Mile Bridge,
And crossed Bunratty River.

They passed Kilkishen's fairy lakes,
And barren moors, and fens and brakes,
And many a brawling rill;
To Tulla town, the north wind braves,
And views the wonderful arched caves
Of Tomeen, when Quin River raves,
Through limestone caverns still.