

## WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Then Rory Ogue was called upon  
As he had travelled far,  
And knew the moats, and raths and forts,  
From Howth Head to Kilgar.  
The seanachie then took the chair  
Surrounded by a crowd,  
And thus commenced to talk to them  
In accents clear and loud.

Knockgraffon's rich in fairy tales,  
And stories quaint and old,  
And Knockshigowna's fairy hill  
Does many a legend hold;  
Despite of all Kilfeakle's moat  
Could beat them both hands down,  
Where the Goblin Queen was often seen  
Trailing a satin gown,  
And in her hand a silver wand,  
On her head a golden crown.

Though I was deemed a plucky youth  
With robust manhood blest;  
The fairies of Kilfeakle  
Oft put it to the test.  
While working in a quarry  
Out on the Cashel road,  
Our powder was so very damp  
That it would not explode.  
They sent me back to town that night  
To get a fresh supply;  
I took some liquor while up there  
As I was feeling dry;  
Then felt like some wild Indian  
Upon the warpath bent;  
To beat whoever crossed my path,  
Was fully my intent.  
The night was dark and sultry,  
I was in a fighting mood,