

## WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Tyrconnell is a long way off,  
The place for which I'm bound,  
And while I search that northern land  
I wish you safe and sound!

Well Rory we will miss you,  
Of that you may be sure;  
For here you're always welcome  
Alike to rich and poor.  
May our best wishes tend you  
Upon your lonely walk,  
Till favoring breezes bring you  
To give another talk.

A health to Rory on his way  
But as for us who here must stay,  
A quart of sparkling Burton ale  
To him who tells another tale.

## Shawn Smulk's Story

"Said Shawn Smulk I, was in my prime  
During the awful famine time,  
When men were hanged for the slightest crime,  
If crime it were to steal  
Enough to keep yourself alive,  
Where flocks of sheep and cattle thrive,  
But these more prized than men survive,  
And we had no appeal.

Whatever road you might pursue,  
Sad sights were sure to meet your view,  
In starving women and children too,  
While men with hunger drop:  
Though fields of barley, oats and wheat  
Might furnish them plenty to eat,  
But as the rents they could not meet,  
The landlords took the crop.