

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

In Diarmid's cave he'd often lie,
His ear upon the ground;
To find if Shawn, the cluricaune,
Was anywhere around.
Who now will seek the leprechaun,
Through heath and furze at early dawn,
To get a pot o' "goold" from Shawn,
Can any still be found?

SECOND NIGHT

Knockshigowna

Oh here comes William Lundon, Will!
Come tell that tale about the hill
You promised us last night;
For we are anxious now to hear
How any place could rouse such fear,
In men who loved to fight?"
Most strange it seems that you don't know
About that famous hill, although
Shinrone, CloghJordan, Borrisokane,
And even Birr itself might claim
Neighborhood to the fairy mound,
Of which so many tales go round.

'Tis a century if 'tis a day,
Since ghosts and pookas used to stray,
On top of Knockshigowna Hill,
That looks so lonely and so still.
Here once was an enchanted calf,
That robbed the farmers of fully half
Of all their stock, for while they sleep,
The bulls and cows, the lambs and sheep,
Browse through the furze and stones.
But long before they reach the top,
Some down the precipice would drop,
A mass of broken bones.