

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

The storms around it howl and rave,  
The shadows grimly frown,  
O'er cliff and cave, and warrior's grave,  
From Dawson's Table down.

While from its abrupt sides there wends  
Through every gorge and glen,  
The torrents that the mountain sends  
Past storied cave and den.

Through dale and vale, those streams that flow  
Throughout its entire length,  
Add beauty to the vale below,  
And to the river strength.

But choosing neither hill nor dale,  
Nor Suir's strong rapid stream;  
But in the heart of Golden Vale,  
Purchased the lands at an army sale,  
And there worked out his scheme.

The mansion I will not describe,  
The refuge of the feathered tribe;  
Except that in the lofty court,  
Through which the winds and jackdaws sport;  
Tradition says that there was here,  
A window for every day in the year.  
Twixt Lattin and Shronell on Emily Road,  
Was the site selected for his abode.  
The tiny Ara glides below,  
Like a silver thread in the sunlight's glow;  
Where sloping fields and meadows green,  
Fresh charms lend to the rustic scene.

Around these grounds, he raised a wall  
Of fine hewn stone eleven feet tall,  
At an enormous price;  
Where roes and does and antlered deers,  
Watch the approaching charioteers,  
Pass through the gates, whose polished piers  
Long bore this strange device.