

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Until they reached those ruins grand,
Above the river's pebbly strand,
Where long Athassel stood
An abbey famed in other days,
Where monks sent up their hymns of praise
And wrote their legends and their lays
In the surrounding wood.

Around the abbey was built a town,
That some time after was burned down,
And though rebuilt, sad to relate
It met again a sadder fate.
But not a house at present stands,
But the river is there and the fertile lands.

We next traversed well fenced Rathduff,
But through its broad domain,
This time they searched the copse and furze
For fox or hare in vain.
Then they set out for Thomastown,
A grand old Irish seat,
And well they knew each walk and drive,
Each pathway and each beat.

At their command the mansion house
Threw open all its doors,
And through its stately rooms and halls,
The fairy cortege pours;
To dine upon rich viands that
Were left from last night's feast,
The remnants of that supper, were
Served up to elf and beast.
Then round the noble mansion grounds
Their tiny horns they blow,
And how delighted I was when
I heard the first cock-crow;
For instantly they disappeared
And left me free to go.