



KILTEELY

Robert Dolan's humble dwelling.

There was a spot I loved in the dear old long ago,
Whose recollection haunts my memory still;
Although here in a land where milk and honey flow,
No thoughts like those of home my soul could thrill,
There seanachies told tales that threw over us a spell,
And with what joy those stories we used to greet;
As they told of giants that, in castles used to dwell:
In the little old thatched cabin down the street.

How eagerly we listened to them while they told
Surprising tales of pookas and of ghosts;
The feats of rapparees, the deeds of robbers bold,
Or yeomen who made good their savage boasts.
Sometimes in recklessness a joker felt inspired
To play the ghost, wrapt in a winding sheet;
Then at his victim's fright we'd laugh till we grew
tired,
In the little old thatched cabin down the street.