

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Until the strings he had essayed,
And when the self same tune they played;
He paused a while, dismissed his fears,
And never after hid his ears;

But others tell this tale —
That rather than his looks endure,
He cast himself into the Suir;
Unwept alike by rich and poor,
Save the lone banshee's wail.

Where Dragan House at present stands,
A lovely view its site commands,
Where the mad rushing Aherlow
Mingles with Suir's impetuous flow.
On that swift rolling, winding river,
The king has disappeared forever.

While thus engaged at story-telling,
In Robert Dolan's humble dwelling;
There oft would gather knaves and fools
Who most amazing tales would tell,
And jokers found them ready tools,
Who knew the moats and fairies well.
Slim Jim from Doon, the "omadhaun,"
Who twice had seen a cluricaune;
And Denny Kelly, who had a trick
Of jumping 'tween his hands a stick,
And saw where frightful shadows fall
The devil himself, head, horns and all;
Beside the moat down in Kildunning,
He saw him plain but kept on running.
There sat half-witted Bill Manogue,
So active and so strong;
Through Golden Vale that playful rogue
Will be remembered long;
For strange adventures he did share,
With ghosts and pookas everywhere: