

## WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Short time was left him for reflection,  
The calf flew on in the direction  
Of Ennis Abbey's pile,  
And halted at the intersection  
Of the square tower and aisle.

Thomond ne'er claimed abbey more grand,  
Its fame extended far beyond  
It, roofless now he sees it stand,  
To Clare's eternal shame.  
Then gazed upon its lofty tower,  
That once defied the Saxon power,  
When those intruders came;  
It was of Thomond long the flower,  
And widespread was its fame.

Its princes tombs they here behold,  
The famed Dalcassian chiefs of old,  
Whose deeds the seanachies have told,  
And Larry stood amazed.  
The calf still seeking pastures new  
Of Ennis took a passing view,  
And then flew south a mile or two  
And on Clare village gazed.  
Clare Castle seemed exceeding high,  
Outlined against the cloudy sky,  
Exposed to every breeze:  
So here the calf would not remain,  
But sought Dromoland's fine demesne,  
Alighting at her ease.  
Then raced along the shady lawn,  
And jumped the ramparts of Moghane,  
Where three great walls and stone forts yawn  
Defying all enemies.  
Close to Newmarket now they draw,  
And a neat village here they saw,  
Near Fergus estuary;