

## WITH THE STORY TELLERS

### Pettycoat Loose

Now Paddy Burke transferred the scene  
From Cromwell to Ballyporeen,  
Where most malicious acts had been  
Committed by a ghost.

That haunted the valley up and down,  
From Galty's base to Knockmeldown;  
Beside some hamlet, house, or town,  
The spectre would take her post.

Said the seanachie if any cared,  
I'd tell you how my comrade fared,  
When to run an errand he had dared,  
Upon the Burncourt road;  
And how he raced at breakneck speed,  
Without sparing spur, or whip, or steed;  
In a frantic effort to precede  
Her, to his frind's abode.

Far down the road the shadows lie  
Of Galty's summits towering high;  
Where hawthorn hedges beautify,  
At night obscure the way.  
Swift mountain torrents there you see  
In the Burncourt and Shanbally,  
And over Duag flowing free,  
Knockmeldown's range holds sway.

The swifter Funcheon too is seen  
Beside the Caves, in a ravine;  
Beneath the wood of Carrigeen,  
Where Galty Castle stands.  
High o'er it Galty's summit towers;  
Here mountaineers in leisure hours  
Along its slopes pluck the wild flowers,  
In merry making bands.