

THE CORRAN HERALD

A Ballymote Heritage Group Production

13

ISSUE NO. 13 :: MARCH EDITION, 1988 :: PRICE 40p

The Skills Of A Thatcher

COLLOONEY

Compiled by Pat Prince

When I was a young boy it was not an unusual sight to see a thatcher at work on the roof of a house as we made our way to and from school. This was happening at a time when almost every abode in the neighbourhood had a thatched roof which needed renewing from time to time.

The average lasting span of a full coat of thatch varied from ten to fourteen years, depending of course on the quality of materials used, and the amount of skill that went into putting it there in the first place. People around at the time used to say that rye straw properly scutched (threshed), then carefully selected and drawn (straightened) would last much longer than other forms of thatching material. Spraying the coat with sulphate of copper was another method of prolonging the life of the thatch.

BY P.J. DUFFY

The craftsman at the centre of all this activity was of course the thatcher. There was usually one or two of them in every locality. You had the chap who ventured no further than placing a coat of thatch on his own house.

Then you had the fellow who ventured to do the job for a couple of neighbours as well. But over and above this lot you had the highly skilled professional who went to work on the houses of the countryside. He was usually employed by those discerning people who demanded a high standard of workmanship coupled with an enduring job of work.

Contd. on Page 2

AT WORK: The late Pat Gaffney, Rathmullen, Ballymote.



In the Tireriee half of the parish of Ballysadare is the village or little town of Collooney, in which the parish church is situated. It has an interesting historical record. A castle was built here in 1225, nearly half a century before the Anglo-Norman invasion, and it is said to be the first stone and mortar stronghold built in Connacht. Several noted battles have been fought in the locality: in 1291, between Manus O'Connor-King of Connaught and his rival Cathal O'Connor; between Sir Conyers Clifford and Red Hugh O'Donnell; and many others.

The McDonaghs held sway in Collooney from the 14th century down to 1643. Next came the Cootes, who sold the place to Joshua Cooper in 1727 for £16,945 5 s. 6d. The chapel of Collooney — the Church of the Assumption is a graceful and well proportioned building, its spire being 'second to no spire in any Kingdom for proportion and effectiveness'.

The Protestant church was first erected in 1720, but in 1837 it was enlarged and improved from designs by Sir John Benson. The church contains a beautiful group of statuary executed by Gibson.

The Mills constituted the life of Collooney and when built one cost £8,000 and was erected by the late William Kelly. When the flour-milling industry began to wane, owing to American imports, the late Mr. Alexander Sim, with a great deal of energy, converted one of the Mills into a woollen factory, which turned out an immense quantity of cloth, rugs, flannels, etc. and gave employment to a large number of people.

The Skills Of A Thatcher

From Page 1

The name of one such man readily comes to mind, where Ballymote and its surrounding areas are concerned, and that is the late Tom Healy, who for the greater part of his life resided at Lisananny. I would venture to state that throughout his many years in the thatching trade, there was scarcely a townland in and around Ballymote that he didn't work in at some time or other. Thatching the family home was Tom's full-time occupation, and his skills were sought after by people from places near and far away. His motto was 'a coat of thatch that would last as near as possible to a decade and a half'.

There is an old saying around, 'a man's home is his castle'. The proverb held exactly the same meaning back in those years, as it does in today's world of modern building techniques. All over the countryside people competed with each other to see who would have the tidiest and best-kept home.

Perhaps we should step aside for a moment from the main subject, and try to examine the type of house the thatcher got to work on during the period leading up to mid-century, when the thatched house rapidly began to disappear from rural Ireland. Most of those old buildings were constructed after 1782, when an Act of Parliament passed legislation freeing the countries' under-privileged citizens from restrictions in such matters as land purchase, house construction and education. This legislation, coupled with a steep increase in population, gave rise to a massive increase in the building of three roomed thatched dwelling-houses. Very few of those buildings had a proper foundation and their masonry walls with random-rubble fillings, had only the flimsiest film of lime mortar. Roofing materials consisted of wooden couples, cut and tapered by the use of a hatchet, and their collar ties bound together by large wooden dowels. Where it was possible to obtain such material, the builder often constructed his couples and lintels over window and door openings from bog oak. This type of timber was deemed to last and I recall being present at the demolition of some of those old houses, and saw



P.J. Duffy ... a *Corran Herald* regular contributor

the bog oak fittings come away from their positions and they as sound as the day they were first put there 'Ribbing the roof', was the next step in construction the builder took after placing his couples in position. This involved the laying and spacing of wattles, from gable to gable, right across the roof. The wattles were then laced to the couples with sugáns (straw ropes), and the entire roof then wrapped (covered) with a thin layer of straw.

To obtain material for this undertaking, the builder took himself to a level area of virgin bog, where he skimmed from the surface long strips of scraw about two feet wide. These strips which were called 'keeb scrawlings' were rolled up and taken to the building site where they were placed on the roof and stitched to the wattles with a thatching needle. However crude, this piece of work might seem it provided the thatcher with a firm base onto which he could fasten his scallops. It also provided the householder with a system of insulation which kept his house warm in winter-time and cool in the summer.

We can reasonably assume that those thatched houses, which many of us have dwelled in during the early part of our lives, had many coats of thatch applied to their rooftops, during their period of existence.

This was precisely the kind of roof which Tom Healy and others like him, might be found working on during the early years of this century. His job, then was to renew

the thatch on a roof that had already borne the remnants of several coats. To neglect doing this meant getting rain down on your walls, and also incurring the wrath of the thatcher.

I first made my acquaintance with Tom Healy, back in the forties, at a time when he worked in nearly every house in our neighbourhood. The information which I gathered from him at the time was that his priorities were based on two sets of principles, namely, the proper kind of straw, neatly prepared, and bundled. Rods for the making of scallops, had to be properly grown, and selected out. To do this, you had to cultivate a hedge of sally saplings. Back in those days nearly every householder (had one of these growing around his cabbage-plot. This way, you came up with a versatile kind of rod called an osier, or to use a more common term, a 'sally rod'.

Tom Healy was better pleased when you allowed himself to do the 'drawing' and bundling of the straw, as well as the selecting out and tapering of the scallops. He and he alone, knew exactly what was required. Looking back, I do remember that he used to use a cobbler's knife to prepare his scallops. The right kind of scallop had to stand up to the strain of being twisted, bent and driven. Other tools in his possession at the time consisted of a cleaver and block, used to chop off ears of chaff from each end of the straw bundles; a mallet for driving the scallops, which had a comb on its back that was used for currying off clippings and other waste matter that got entangled in the thatch. Also, in this collection was a knife with a short blade which he used to call 'a sheever'.

Bit by bit, the coat of thatch was laid and secured onto the roof, in what used to be called streaks. The thatcher arranged his ladders, then commenced work at the eve and gradually worked his way towards the top. The average width of a streak measured about two feet, and the real secret of the trade was the amount of skill that went into the packing and joining of the streaks. Any slackening at the joinings would very soon result in furrows appearing in your coat of thatch. It was because he so thoroughly mastered the complexities of this art that Tom Healy excelled as a craftsman, for his work in general held consistently firm throughout its normal lasting span.

Another keen bit of craftsmanship came into focus here, with what the thatcher used to call preening and skimming the coat. This was where the skeever came into use for edging away loose ends that might be liable to curl up in a breeze. After this stroke, the thatch was then ready for the final brush down.

Amid forecasts that some day he would meet with a mishap, Tom Healy was well into his eighties and still thatching houses. Because of years spent constantly working in this rigid position, he had developed a condition known as thatcher's joints. His neck and head had sunken down between his shoulders. His knees had become bent and tended to protrude forward. Even his arms and elbows had become set in a steadfast position.

Unfortunately, the predictions certain people had made came about one day when a fall from a roof subsequently resulted in his death.

Tom Healy was not the only person in these parts to have a reputation as a thatcher. There also was the late Willie Dolphin who dwelled for a time at Mount Irwin. Many people around at the time would insist that he was a better skilled workman than Healy. An interesting situation developed many years ago, when by pure coincidence, both men found themselves working on the rooftops of two neighbouring houses situated alongside the public road. Naturally these two fine craftsmen soon became aware of the contrasting set of circumstances they were working under, and each put into effect every iota of skill he possessed.

At the completion of work, the great debate began, as to which of the workmen had come up with the finest piece of craftsmanship, and with each householder claiming that he was the best. A local man listening in on the argument intervened to say that the proof would come to light in time, when it would be discovered which coat of thatch had lasted the longest. In the meantime, however, fate intervened and overturned the competition when one householder erected a new dwelling and re-roofed his old one with galvanised iron.

I feel it would be unfair to wind up this article without mentioning the name of the late Andy McGann who resided at Ardrea alongside Ballymote - Gurteen road.



To the right of picture, the late Andy McGann.

Although never in the business of thatching houses for the public at large, the job of work and the skill he put into thatching his own house, was often the subject of many a discussion and compliment. No doubt about it, but he was a craftsman of considerable merit. A number of years ago, I can clearly remember travelling on foot, with a group of other lads from a fair in Ballymote, and driving our livestock before us.

As we passed McGann's house all of us stopped to admire a new coat of thatch that had just been applied to the roof. Two stacks of oats standing in the farmyard nearby were equally well thatched. With wide-eyed wonderment we surveyed an arrangement of ornamental rodwork carried out along by the roofs ridge and at the bases of the chimney-stacks. Everybody present agreed that this was a singular work of art. A well-spoken gentleman in the crowd summed up with this poetic phrase — 'Isn't Andy McGann a wonderful man'. His benign compliment did not ring hollow amongst the others, for a man with a loud voice concluded by saying 'Wonderful indeed, and only last month he won a hundred pounds in a Sunday newspaper crossword puzzle'. One hundred pounds was a considerable sum of money in those days.

The thatcher and the thatched house is now alas a thing of the past. Sometimes my mind wanders back to those bygone days when the discussion of the time wound round to the subject of keeping out 'the drop of ramdown', and with a householder inquiring where and in what locality was the thatcher last seen at work. He usually had a long list of people waiting on him.

One old man that I have known had his own special method of cajaling the thatcher. He would ask him to come along and just put a few streaks of thatch directly over his bed.

Nostalgic recollections often filter through my mind, and I look back over the years to nights spent around the fire in the little thatched house. There was the pouch bed fitted into an alcove near hand to the corner of the chimney place. It was the spot whereunder a frightened on the kitchen floor. Even the dog scurried in there when the boss of the house landed him with the toe of his boot because he didn't stop barking when a visitor arrived. Activity such as this often took place as we sat around the kitchen fire and the woman of the house poured out the tea and handed out some cake.

COLLOONEY FROM PAGE 1

He then started up another group of mills as a calcium carbide factory at an enormous expense. Shortly after Mr. Smith's death all the mills ceased to work which is very regrettable.

Before closing on Collooney it would be appropriate to give mention to the Priest of Collooney, the Right Rev. John O'Hara, then Bishop of Achonry, who to save the family estate at Cloonamahon for his brother, transferred it to a Protestant neighbour and great friend of theirs, one Lawrence Bettridge. This trust was violated; for when Bettridge got legal possession he put the O'Haras out, and they would have perished had not the O'Haras of Annaughmore given them a cottage and some land. Many Catholics had to resort to the same means of transferring their properties to Protestant neighbours. It must be said that in no other instance in the County was the confidence misplaced, the trust reposed being always strictly observed.

Markee, the beautiful Sligo home of Major Bryan Cooper, TD is also situated in the Tirree portion of the parish of Ballysadare. The Markee Observatory was founded in 1832 and is considered to be among the best in the Kingdom and some of the most distinguished astronomers have been in charge of this observatory.

Cloonamahon was the seat of the Meredeth family. This district was under the McDonaghs until the 16th century, and in the region of James I it was passed by royal grant to one Frances Annesley, Knight and Baronet, being then in the gift of the King as 'parcel of the lands of Mosish Keagh McDonagh McTeige Trowse, slain in rebellion'.

'Arigna' — A Place of Scenic Beauty, Industry and Tradition

It was a beautiful evening in last Autumn when we had our first glimpse of the valley. The sun, shining with all the splendour of an Autumn evening, was sinking to rest. As our car went slowly up a steep incline there was plenty of time to take in all the beauty. Arriving at the peak of the mountain, we stopped and got out to feast our eyes on a scenic panorama not to be equalled anywhere. Far off in the West the Ox Mountains could be seen distinctly and gazing North-West we could glimpse the Atlantic at Ballysadare nearer, and seemingly lying at our feet, the lovely lakes of Arrow and 130 nestled at the foot of the Curlew Hills, famed in song and story. Then Lough Key, with its wooded isles, the plain between dotted with many cosy well-kept houses.

Moving off we drove over a corkscrew road and crossed the summit of the mountain. A few hundred yards further on lay the Arigna Valley before us. It was so beautiful that we stopped to gaze and admire. The Arigna river lay about 900 feet below and flowed on in a half turbulent manner to join Lough Allen about five miles away. Lough Allen was plain to see and just beyond, the mountain of Slieve on Jarainn which raised in bulk almost from the water's edge.

The valley is about two miles wide and the mountains which hem it on both sides are well cultivated almost to their peaks and thickly populated. From where we stood the view was breathtaking. There are many ravines, and in the winter months, and frequently during the summer months when it rains heavily, the water flows from the mountain tops, converges and pours down the ravines and rushes on to join the turbulent river far below.

Only a short distance from Cross Alts, but on the other side of the mountain, is the village of Keadue, convenient to Kilonan Lakes, the Pattern Well of St. Lasair and the bard Carolan's resting place. While on the subject a run from Ballyfarnon to Droma Lair is well worth doing.

Now on to the industrial side. Arigna's coal deposits have been worked for centuries, and at present more extensively than ever. Its iron ore deposits were worked for centuries, but for some reason not since 1788. Previous to 1765 there was a foundry in Drumshanbo and it may be assumed it used ore from Arigna. At that particular time all smelting was done by wood charcoal, and when the local timber supply ran out the foundry closed. There is a small mound near Drumshanbo still known as Furnace Hill.

In 1788 the O'Reilly brothers built a foundry beside the present village of Arigna. For the first time in Ireland the furnace was designed to smelt with coal. The ruins of this foundry existed up to the early fifties, when they were demolished. O'Reilly's capital came to an end. The O'Reilly's were financed by the La Touches — big Dublin bankers and according to tradition all the La Touches got out of it was a lovely pair of entrance gates. One of the O'Reilly's was shot at, and if not killed, was seriously wounded. That ended the foundry.

The O'Reillys seemed to be men of ideas. Instead of getting out coal by pit method they conceived the idea of doing so by the adit system, which means driving a tunnel into the coal seam. Their intention was to drive the tunnel right through the mountain from side to side and utilize the water of the mine to transport the coal in tubs or boats to the outlet.

A great idea, but unfortunately, the adit was driven too low in the mountain side and pits would need to be sunk in the seat rock, which is about 60 feet thick, to get the coal down to the tunnel.

Diving to the nature of the rock this was quite impossible, even though capital and facilities were available. The venture ended with the closing of the foundry. This adit served the purpose in later years of carrying the water pumped from one of the Aughabehy collieries to the outlet.

No real effort was made to work and develop the coal deposits until about the year 1888. The Walsh family did work mines previously

Corran Park Development

Interview with Mr. Edward McGettrick — Joint Secretary with the late John A. Barnes.

Prior to the year 1949 when the present Park was officially opened and named, the young Gael now accustomed to the gigantic scoreboard and all the other facilities provided at big games today, would find it difficult to picture the conditions under which the early matches were played.

Way back in the Eighties and Nineties there were few sports fields as we know them now. Games were played on fields lent by generous sympathisers. The goalposts were made from freshly cut branches of trees. There were no lawnmowers then to check the growth of the grass. There were no stands, sidelines, slats, and no railings to divide player from spectator, just the dykes and ditches to keep out those unwilling to pay.

All this was to change when the present Park site came on the market for sale. Being part of the late Very Rev. Cannon Quinn's estate a small group of the towns people from Ballymote, twenty in number, decided that the field should be purchased and used as a town Park. After many meetings and much talk progress was very slow, so Paddy Dwyer, a renowned sportsman in his early years, decided action was the best course to take. He approached my late father who was agent for the sale and finalised the deal at a figure of £800. Some fixtures were held during the remainder of that year.

In developing the Park the first task was the playing surface. In its original state one side was up and one side down. This was a major problem. As bulldozers from Ballyshannon and excavators from God knows where did not materialise, a mighty task presented itself. The work progressed by the use of the old reliable spade, shovel and pick. It was a desperate task of earth shifting accomplished by a band of willing workers to complete the pitch as we know it today. The funds ran out with much work to be completed. The late Fr. Denis O'Hara, C.C. organized a section of volunteers, and to these men our sincere thanks. Contd. on Page 13

Culfadda's Musicians, Singers and Dancers 1930 — 1940

About a mile from Culfadda centre in those days there was a townland known as Derreen. Noted for its music and dancing ability. Mick Derrig was an outstanding whistler, and equally as able a flute player. Alas, he emigrated to the United States.

In the same townland lived Philip Hannon, box and fiddle player. Philip had a distinctive method of his own—very rousing music indeed. Close to where he lived there were many pretty good set dancers. If they felt like a good set, their choice of musician to play for them was Philip. Some of the very fine dancers were John Hannon, uncle of the present John Stephen Hannon, Owen Feeney, James J. Killaran, uncle of Tommie Killoran.

Mick Derrig had a brother Paddy, a flute player as well. This area also had a very talented singer in the late John O'Gara.

Moving on to Seefin, in this area you had the late Ned Cryan, a very lively melodeon player, highly rated by his admirers. A cousin of his, the late Terrence Boylan another melodeon player had a unique style of his own. Probably his style has died with him and this is regrettable. About 500 yards from Terrence lived another melodeon player John Hannon better known as 'John Darkie'. He and John Joe Brehony a remarkably sweet violin player usually played as a unit for the country house dance. Half a mile away lived the famous flute player James Taylor, better known as 'Sonny Taylor', still living.

He and Benny Coughlan of Keash plus a few more in the Boyle direction were out on their own for top-class traditional music in those days.

In and around Culfadda we had musicians such as Thady McGowan, Papie Higgins, Mick Ward and Peter Ward. The late Thomas O'Brien of Bearlagh came to this area on 'big occasions', as did the late Tom Shiels.

In the era of the 'Card Dance', this area had no problem in finding willing musicians to play. When the 'Card Dance' was in progress, card playing took place in one room, dancing in the kitchen and refreshments in another room. The prize was most times 'feathers', either goose, duck or turkey, though in the war years it might be sugar, tea or paraffin oil.

In a tidy little cottage in 'Shraugh', a card dance had a prize of a donkey foal which roused much interest among gambling enthusiasts. Subsequently the law clamped down on such functions which resulted in ending this social amenity totally. Following this the dancing musicians and singers moved to the local hall, and then to the Pub or Lounge. What a shame that all this great tradition has gone but that's 'progress'.

In concluding I must give mention that although this era has passed, Culfadda still has many musicians, dancers and singers Pakie Feeney, John (Riley) Hannon, Tommy Killoran, Tom Corcoran, Babs Dyer to mention a few. These people help keep our tradition alive.

What is a Credit Union?

I am sure you have often seen the offices of local Credit Unions in different parts of the Country. Have you ever wondered what a Credit Union is and what is its function? All local Credit Unions are limited companies independent in their own right and are affiliated to the National League of Credit Unions. A Credit Union is run by the local community for the benefit of the local community. The object of a Credit Union is to provide loans up to a maximum of £4,000, usually at a reasonable rate of interest.

In the present unhealthy economic climate, it is felt that Credit Unions can offer people the opportunity to plan their Savings and Borrowings in an organised and manageable way. The future for Credit Unions looks very bright because as Central Government cuts back on expenditure, local communities will be left to do more for themselves. A Credit Union is an ideal vehicle by which a community can help itself.

The Ballymote District Council is of the view that Ballymote needs a Credit Union and to this end it has organised a Public Meeting in the Loftus Hall on Monday, 11th MARCH at 8.30 p.m. The meeting will be addressed by people who have been involved in the setting up of Credit Unions in other areas.

If Ballymote is to keep abreast of the times, it is essential that there is a large turnout for the said meeting and that every effort is made to achieve the objective of setting up a Credit Union to service Ballymote and the surrounding district.

Remember a successful Credit Union is of assistance and help to everybody in the Community be they big savers or small borrowers.



**SUPPORT OUR
ADVERTISERS**

PARISH OF BALLYSadARE

Compiled by Pat Prince January 14th, 1988

Ballysadare was originally known as Easclara (the contact of the oak). The Parish was the scene of some of the most remarkable incidents in the history of the country. In 585 a meeting took place here which was attended by many of the Saints of Ireland, 'who had come from all parts of the country to pay their duty to Columbkille, as he was returning from the famous convention of Drumceat'. There was an Abbey erected here in the 13th century.

It seems that the milling industry had been cultivated at Ballysadare from time immemorial, it being recorded that St. Fechin constructed an oatmeal mill here, and since that time milling was carried on.

The corn mill on the right bank of the river was erected by the late Robert Culbertson in 1883 and later on he built the flour mills on the other side of the river. After the death of Mr. Culbertson the mills were acquired by Middleton and Pollexfen, who continued to work them energetically. The mills were improved by Messers Pollexfen & Co., who turned out the well known 'Avena' brand of flour.

The water power at Ballysadare was considered to excel any other in Ireland and Fraser in his handbook says it is 'decidedly the finest rapid in the Kingdom'.

Ballysadare suffered greatly from the cholera epidemic in 1832, the living scarcely able to bury the dead. It is stated by Dr. O'Rourke that William McDonnell who afterwards lived to be a centenarian, buried eight corpses in one day with his own hands and rose from his bed that night to bury the ninth.

The salmon fishing under the capable management of Mr. Scott, was a very successful and profitable industry. As many as 497 salmon had been captured at a draught, some of the fish weighting up to 27lbs. To have a look at a hatchery during this period of incubation would well repay a visit. The Angling at Ballysadare was unexcelled.

Close to the Village is Ballydrehid (Beul-an-droiched, the mouth of the bridge). It was formerly a place of some strategic importance from a military point of view, and contained a Castle of the O'Connors which was considered impregnable. Several blood-thirsty battles were fought here, notably one in the 17th century, which earned for it the name Drelid Martra, the bridge of slaughter. Several encounters also took place here between the O'Connors and the O'Donnells. Under the year 1495, the Four Masters say 'The Connacian army left great spoils of horses, arms and armour to the Kinnell-Connell on that occasion... the defeat at Bal-an-droichet'.

In the parish of Ballysadare is situated the battlefield of Carrick-na-Gat, and on the summit of a hill adjoining the road leading from Ballysadare to Collooney, stands the monument erected to the memory of Teeling 1898, in recognition of the bravery which he displayed.

Captain Teeling was chief Aide-de-Camp to General Humbert during the campaign, and after the Battle of Ballinamuck, when the French surrendered, there was an exchange of officers, but Teeling, as high-souled youth of 25, was tried by court-martial as a British subject, and executed at Arbour Hill. He belonged to a distinguished family of Irish patriots, who were devoted to Ireland before and after the ill-fated Insurrection of '98.

A DERROON BISHOP

JOHN BRETT O.P. Nothing is known of the young days of John Brett other than that he was born at Derroon House: A large building which might have been a coach-house is still there. There is a tradition that Cordan visited it when it was a place of some consequence. John Brett was a Professor of Theology at Rome in 1738 when his name was first mentioned for the Diocese of Killala, but a Bernard O'Rourke was appointed instead. He died in 1743 and this Derroon man was then appointed and consecrated on September 8th, 1743. He was translated to Elphin on August 28th 1748 and continued there until his death in 1756. He was only 58 years. It seems he died at Derroon and that is likely because although a Dominican he was buried in the local Franciscan Abbey in the Epistle corner of the Sanctuary what seems to be the earliest dated stone in the Sanctuary (and in the Graveyard) is inscribed 'Roger McDonagh, October 9th, 1712'.

Many of the Taaffes are buried in the Abbey, and the graveyard at Emlafad is the last resting place of many of them also.

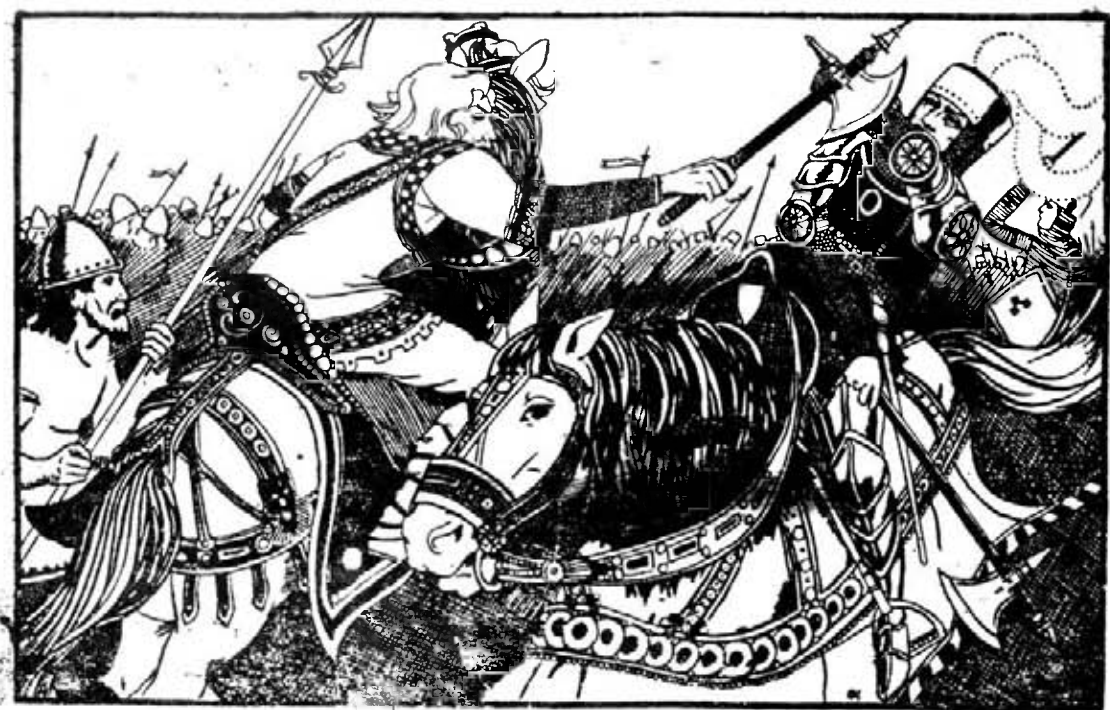
**SUPPORT OUR
ADVERTISERS**

**JOHN DODDY
BAR & LOUNGE
(with Meeting Room)
BP Petrol, Diesel,
Oils.**

OPEN 9 am — 11 p.m.



Richard the Lionheart
 King of England
 Richard the Lionheart
 King of England
 Richard the Lionheart
 King of England



Battle of Credan-Kille (Rosses Point) 1257
 now fierce O'Donnell thy battle axe wield'

TEMPLE HOUSE AND THE PERCEVAL FAMILY

A series of Es.
by pupi
Colaiste Mhui

By Sinéad Weir

Temple House gets its name from the knights Templar, a semi-religious army who built the original castle.

Quite close to the Castle is a beautiful lake to which fishermen from all over Europe come to fish. Great quantities of perch, pike and bream and other varieties move through the placid waters, providing of course that they are not caught. The lake contains many little islands and in the winter time it has been known to freeze solid in its whole width, making it easy to cross from one side to the other.

The beautiful demesne of Temple House is in South Sligo and at present the home of the Perceval family. It is situated off the main Tubbercurry-Sligo road at a point about nine miles from Tubbercurry and four and a half miles from Ballymote.

The Perceval family have been there for almost four hundred years.

The area of Temple House consists of approximately four hundred and sixty acres of grazing land. The remainder is wood and bog. There were seven entrances to the demesne. One was by means of a ferry on which the workers were given free transport providing they produced a coin which was issued to them by the estate. The toll was one penny for man and horse and one penny for man, horse and cow, half a penny for woman, sheep and pig. Later the ferry became obsolete because a bridge was built close by in 1812, and that served to convey all the people to or from the estate or the surrounding district. The other six entrances were off roads around the demesne.

THE HOUSE

Temple House estate contains the stately home of the Perceval family who have been there since 1665. The present houses stately facades and its masonry are of chiselled and polished limestone from Ballisodare. The terraces and gardens around the house surpass anything of the kind in the country.

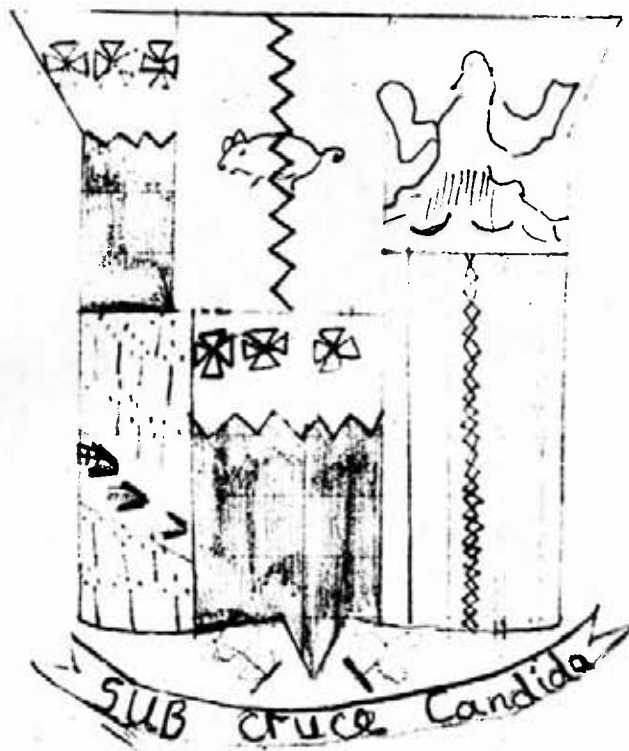
In the gardens there are many different kinds of rare shrubs to be

found. These gardens were laid out in 1864 in a formal Italian style.

The house consists of about ninety rooms although they are not all in use nowadays. But long ago when all the house was in constant use it was a very busy household. It was fully staffed with a butler, cook, kitchen-maid, parlour maids, chamber maid, dairy maid and governess and sewing maid all involved in the efficient running of the house.

Inside the house the ceilings have beautiful plasterwork and there is a lot of antique furniture in every room. The furniture was designed especially for the house by Johnston and Jeane, the architects. Every bedroom has matching furniture. The state drawing room has not been touched since the alterations in 1864. The drapes, chaircovers, paint and carpets are original.

It is a beautiful well kept house and is a credit to the Perceval family.



The Perceval Family

The ancestors of the Perceval family go back to around 1660. The family moved up from the castle to the present site in 1760. It was added to in 1880.

During the famine the Percevals took no rents and fed the tenants on the estate. The family then went bankrupt and sold the house to an English family who were not liked. The tenants wrote to the third son Alexander who was making a lot of money in China. He agreed to buy back the house and it is he who was responsible for the rebuilding in 1864 and its present enormous size.

The Percevals have always lived in the estate and were never absentee Landlords.

says written
ils of
ire, Ballymote

Caves of Keash

The Caves of Keash were scientifically explored by members of the Royal Irish Academy in 1901, and are supposed to have been formed by water falling into the fissures on the summit, and after penetrating into the interior, forcing its way out through the side and carrying within its flow the decomposed limestone, thus enlarging by degrees the orifices of the outlets.

The archaeologists discovered a large amount of mammalian remains discovered a large amount

The archaeologists discovered a large amount of mammalian remains during the exploration; also remains of fishes occurred both in the surface stratum and in the clay of one of the caves. The only amphibian whose remains was discovered is the common frog.

Bones of the Arctic lemming, red deer, reindeer, wolf, bear, swine, horse, ox, goat, sheep, ass, dog and fox were also discovered.

The famous hill of Sheash rises 1163 feet above the sea level. It is said that Diarmuid and Grainne had their home there before Diarmuid was killed while hunting the wild boar at Benbulbin. Opinions are divided as to the origin of the name Sheash, but the most probable derivation is from cuas, a cave.

On the summit of the hill there is a cairn composed of loose stones. It is supposed to be built on the grave of some king or great chief just as the cairn on Knocknarea is built on the grave of Queen Maeve of Connacht.

Many tourists climb the hill when weather permits going right up to this cairn. From there the tourist has a magnificent view of counties Sligo, Mayo, Roscommon and Leitrim including the 12 Pins of Connemara and Croagh Patrick.

THE CAVES of KEASH and TOOMOUR

By Maura Killoran

Toomour Abbey

The ruined Church of Toomour stands in the townland of Toomour. Here, the famous priest St. Kevin of Glendalough was ordained in the little church by Bishop Luidhigh about the year 560. It is also thought that the church itself was built by St. Patrick and it derives its name from the holy well nearby, Toomour (Tuaim Fobhair) signifying the hollow of the spring.

The present name of the spring is Kingstown. Well, referring to the kings or chiefs buried in the adjoining church.

On the west wall there is laid a range of seventeen rounded sea-stones marked with several incised lines. This flag is called the Altar-table and under it a stone stands bearing an incised cross. Six similarly incised crosses, one a piece for the kings, appear on the circular flag that covers the grave, each being five inches by five. In this covering flag there are two small depressions, which as the legend goes were made by the knees of the saint of the place by his constant prayers at the altar.

The enclosure spoken of as the altar by the people is in reality the burying place of the chiefs or kings who fell in the battle of Keash. Human bones have been found beneath the covering flag, which apparently have lain there for upwards of 900 years.

The archaeologists concluded that it may be doubted whether any other single grave, containing so many kings or princes, can be pointed out in Ireland. There is certainly nothing like it in Sligo, so in this respect the Church of Toomour enjoys a great distinction.

CORRAN RESTAURANT

BALLYMOTE

4 Course Lunch
£3.95

A La Carte Menu
Last order 11 pm.

OPEN 7 DAYS

Christenings,
Birthdays, Office
Parties, any Other
Occasions

PHONE: 83372

Michael & Patricia Hurley (PORTERS)

O'Connell Street, Ballymote,

for

* Newspapers & Magazines * Confectionery *
* Tobacco * Stationery * Toys *
National Lottery

SHOE REPAIR AGENCY

PHONE: 83185 :: OPEN 8.30 am - 8.30 pm

Fastprint

SLIGO

'Fawlty Towers'

O'Connell St., Ballymote.

Lounge • Bar • Meeting Rooms

BALLYMOTE SHOW ANNUAL SOCIAL

— IN —

CASTLE HOTEL

— ON —

EASTER SUNDAY, 3rd APRIL
Music By: DELTA DAWN

ADM.: £5

DANCING 10-1.30

The Late Michael Gilmartin

A tribute by P.J. DUFFY

The death of Michael Gilmartin has removed from our area one of the best known and highly respected members of the farming community.

To his numerous friends and acquaintances scattered across the countryside he was popularly known as Sonny, the nice obliging man who dwelled near hand to Ballymote town.

For almost half a century he diligently farmed his holding of land which stretched for a good distance alongside the public road at Tieveboy. His situation here, coupled with his friendly disposition, had during his lifetime, brought him into contact with hundreds of people.

Those of us who had known him for a number of years had come to regard him as somebody who was larger than life, a down-to-earth fellow who had no time whatsoever for those pert vanities that all too often, are characterise of our ways of life. Sonny was also a devoted family man, and a shrewd businessman, cast of course in the mould of his generation. He was seldom seen to be caught wrong footed in any of his business transactions.

Although well on in years, he at no time showed any signs of aging, and could always get around on his ~~bid~~ ^{bid} ~~days~~ his death brought genuine and sincere regret. Yet, he had a full and rewarding life spent within a community where two generations, his, and that of his children had come to know and respect him.

To his bereaved wife and family we tender our deepest sympathy.

May his soul rest in peace.

P.J. Duffy

SUPPORT OUR
ADVERTISERS

BALLYMOTE HANDBALL CLUB

By the late Michael Hannon

Ballymote Club is built around the youth. We have about 100 members in our club; 48 players under 16, 25 under 18 and the rest are adults.

We travel 1,000 miles every year. We take part in all championship games, Community games and Tailteann games. To date we have won 9 All-Ireland, 4 college, 1 vocational school medals. We have also won in minor, junior and senior grades and two Top Ace (RTE) awards.

We intend to build a dressing room in the New Year. We also run school boy

leagues: Dan Colman Cup under 11; E. Hannon Cup, under 13; James Hannon Cup under 15. Some of our members competed well in three All-Ireland minor singles, minor doubles and under 21 singles and doubles. We won the U-21 doubles. Other wins recorded by the club were the National League in 1966 and club championship in 1969 which makes a total of 18 All-Irelands.

Our greatest set back is the Croke Park court with the glass back wall and side wall. The boys have not got used to it yet.



Winners of the M.H.B.D. 1976 and Under 21 S.B.D. 1979. Left to right: Michael Porter, Michael Hannon, Chairman of Ballymote Handball club, and Francis McCann.



Community Games in Butlins 1977. Left to right: Martin Golden, Tommy Connell, Pdraig McCann, Pat Egan and Jude Cassidy. Presenting the medals was Tommy O'Brien of the Central Handball Council.

174 RENTALS OF THE ESTATES OF LANDED PROPRIETORS OF THE COUNTY SLIGO IN THE YEARS 1633-6.

FINN FAMILY.

PARISH OF EMLAGHFAD.—Lisananeymore, 1 qr.; . . . worth £12 per ann. Imlenaghten, $\frac{1}{2}$ of a towne . . . (amongst the duties is a cosher at Christmas) . . . £17 0s. 4d.

PARISH OF KILMORGAN.—Laghagh, $\frac{1}{2}$ qr.; . . . it is good arrable lande and good for sheepe, it hath a good weare for fishinge uppon the river Unshin; . . . worth £5 per ann.

PARISH OF KILSHALVY.—Colrinde, $\frac{1}{2}$ qr.; . . . worth £10 per ann. Lecarownagh, $\frac{1}{2}$ qr.; . . . worth £6 per ann. Clonconey, $\frac{1}{2}$ qr. . . . they give my Lo. Taaffe some rent to uphould it to them . . . worth £7 per ann. Ronlaghta, $\frac{1}{2}$ qr. . . . worth £10 per ann. Balinitroan, $\frac{1}{2}$ qr.; . . . some interest to Mr. Dodwell, but they are not fully agreed as yett . . . worth £10 per ann. Finisklin, 1 qr.; . . . Mr. Dodwell hath the 8th part of this quarter to himself.

PARISH OF TOOMOUR.—Levalleymorey, 2 qrs. . . . it is some parte good arrable lande, it hath good fir-wood, and a greate scope of the hill of Kesscorren . . . worth £20 per ann. Carowreagh, 1 qr.; . . . worth £9 per annum.

SCULLY'S
BALLYMOTE. PHONE: 83418
SINGING LOUNGE
MUSIC EVERY SATURDAY



EILEEN'S

**HAIRDRESSING
SALON**

BALLYMOTE

GRATTAN CLEANERS
GRATTAN ST.,
BALLYMOTE.

DRY-CLEAN DRYING
ATTRACTA JOAN
PRESSING LAUNDRY
WELCOME
YOUR CUSTOM
OPEN DAILY 9.30 - 7 p.m., TUES. - SAT.

McDONAGH'S
KEASH

Grocers & Undertakers

Keash, Ballymote.

THE HIDEOUT
BALLYMOTE. PHONE: (071) 83472

*Traditional Music Session
every Thursday night*

Darts Competition Friday

Music every Saturday

'Arigna'

Contd. from Page 4

and for some years afterwards. Mr. Michael Layden, fore-runner of the Arigna Collieries Ltd. started to develop some mines around this period, and after many set backs, he finally succeeded and paved the way for greater expansion by his son, the late Michael Layden, and other members of his family.

The Arigna Mining Co. Ltd. was formed in 1888, and was the first limited liability company to operate there.

The mines after many years went into voluntary liquidation and their royalties were taken over by the Arigna Collieries. At present and for some years back, a number of companies and private individuals are working options all over the area.

The trouble with the coal proprietors of former years was the difficulty of disposing, except seasonally, of their product.

Though there was plenty of lip service, not even the County Councils of Roscommon, Sligo or Leitrim used it in their boilers.

The Cavan and Leitrim Railway did to a great extent and was very satisfactory. Nowadays and for some time past, it is pleasant to see a steady market and with the ESB coal generating plant on the spot it should make for continuous employment and a happy and prosperous countryside.



**CORRAN
HERALD**

A

Ballymote
Heritage
Group

Production

Editor: James Flanagan

Printed by:
FASTPRINT, SLIGO.

Corran Park Development

Contd. from Page 4

The Park was officially opened on May Day 1949 and an official programme to mark the opening was issued. That programme did not contain the name of the Park, because up to the opening ceremony the name was the secret and choice of the Very Rev. Cannon P.J. Roughneen, P.P. V.F. When the name Corran came over the loudspeaker, nobody asked why, as a more fitting name could not have been chosen for a playground in the Barony of Corran. Fr. Dennis performed the blessing ceremony.

This was a big day in the history of the town when an immense influx of visitors kept the business people engaged beyond their expectations. Varied were the comments on the progress made in such a short time. Members of the Louth and Mayo teams were so pleased at the reception they received that they promised to come again when requested.

Most Rev. Dr. Fergus who was received with enthusiastic applause said it was a great pleasure for him to be there that day to have a part in the ceremonies, P. Keenan Johnson thanked his Lordship on behalf of the Park Committee, the Secretary seconded the motion of thanks and stated that his Lordship's visit would inspire the Park Committee's younger members to the commitment of greater effort so that the Park work would continue.

At present we see the completion of the Dressing Rooms and a start being made on the erection of stands. It will take many more years to complete the sloping banks and other facilities. In passing today one sees the development of a further section of the site as a community pitch. The work carried out here to date is a credit to the Committee involved and it would appear that the remaining section will also be developed for further sport facilities. All this work creates a much better impression of what the Park really is. A sense of proud ownership and unselfish co-operation gives enough courage to make light work of the future developments.

Vincent McDonagh

FOR
TELEVISIONS, VIDEOS,
WASHING MACHINES,
GAS & ELECTRIC COOKERS etc.

Teeling Street, Ballymote.
Phone: 071-83351



FULL SERVICE (most popular makes)
FROM: £35.00

TYRE PRICES:

Remoulds: 155 x 13 £12

165 x 13 £15

Mini £9

New: 155 x 13 £19
165 x 13 £21

All other sizes and makes
to order

The Late Gerard O'Donnell RIP



Even now it is difficult to accept that Gerard O'Donnell is no longer with us. He always exuded such vitality, and life was something which he ever appeared to enjoy to the full.

A man with a great and practical faith his generosity to those in difficulty was well known particularly to his colleagues in the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Another association to which he gave life long loyalty was the Pioneers.

His interests were manifold. He was a man of the land and a great student of nature. He was a tremendous craftsman and leaves behind many magnificent pieces in mahogany and other hard woods.

Contentment and happiness are two words I always associated with Gerard. While he enjoyed to the full his travels to faraway places he was always so content at home in Rinbane and later in Keenaghan. He loved to recall his days as a young boy at Carrowrile National School — and did so with great clarity.

However the most abiding memory of Gerard is surely the unflinching love and devotion to each other which he and his beloved wife May shared.

Go dtuga Dia solas na bhFlaitheas da anam uasail.

COACHING OUR YOUTH IN THE G.A.A.

By JOHN CUNNINGHAM

Coaching is now regarded as part and parcel of the G.A.A. The modern process is not meant to produce a race of robots programmed to perform in uniform monotony, nor a band of hyped-up juvenile monsters, neither would I tolerate a process which stifled the style and grace of the natural player. I would not like to see a system which debases or dilutes the amateur states of the game.

Amateurism is sometimes described as doing a job poorly or unprofessionally, so therefore, it is the love of the game that brings people into the Association, no matter what their particular talents are, be they coaching or any other aspects of either football or hurling.

It can be asked why do we need coaching? In the past you were either a natural player or a poor player. Relatively speaking the in-between player was going nowhere; he remained static. Skill was innate, learned naturally, or it was picked up by imitation. The honour of playing for the Village was stimulus enough. If this were true, which I doubt, it no longer is.

Urbanisation has meant that children don't have the space or the opportunity to play informally. We can no longer rely on schools as the mainstay or reservoir of coaching or training. Despite the pressure of qualified P.E. teachers in Secondary and Vocational Schools, I still believe that students of Christian Brothers Schools gain more as the good Brothers have a greater football and hurling. Looking back I believe they were responsible for the grooming of many top class teams and players. Trends have changed in this country; we no longer see groups of young boys playing football or hurling in local fields. If there is no organized training or coaching you will not get a group together to play or train.

Most youngsters need to be introduced to the game. They need to be won over. They want training, need individual coaching which they see in other games and if they

don't get it from us, they will go elsewhere to get it. The G.A.A. needs to sell the game; it must be attractive and compare well with other sports.

Coaching youths, needs common sense. Field work is essential in coaching: Kicking, Blocking, Solo Run and picking up are basic fundamentals in football; hurling is much the same. Developing skills and team spirit is the initial procedure. After that targets are set and motivation is then programmed and instilled into the players. Rules, procedures and discipline follow. There is no magic formula in solving problems. Nobody elevates players; they do it themselves.

Dedication by the coach is of utmost importance just the same as for the players. Practice and a desire for personal achievement is a common factor. Things do not happen anymore without coaching. Let it be organized to such a degree that each individual is competent to play the game at whatever level is demanded. Without coaching our club would never have any success in either football or hurling at underage level. This must be continued with these players right up to senior level by qualified people, who have a sound knowledge and insight into the game.

Coaching courses are common in the G.A.A., but I am a firm believer in common sense allied to a 'good eye', and a quick sense of thought, which are all needed when managing a team at any level. I foresee in the future permanent team coaches and managers at intercounty level. This would awaken more conviction and a more distinguished application of the games rules. Whether it would improve the game is debatable.

**SUPPORT OUR
ADVERTISERS**

Griffith's Valuation

BY TOM McGETTRICK

When one comes out from Marren Park and turns right to go towards the Lottus Hall or the Church, one is passing through what was up to 1898 known as Main Street. Indeed it is a name which is still quite frequently used. All the houses on the right hand side on the way down are officially in the townland of Stoneparks.

In the Griffith Valuation of 1857 the first house at the top of Main Street was number 177 and belonged to Philip Gumley (that man again!).

It then became the property of the Reynolds family — many will remember Mister Jimmy and Miss Lettie. Today local businessman Mr. B. Cryan owns it. The last house in the street beside the Loftus Hall was Patrick Coghlan's. It became Tighes — number 209.

There is not a name along that street now which might point to a descendant of a family of Griffith's time, most of them have changed in our own time. But there are two

names there that recall a sordid event in the history of our town. Phibbs and Callaghan are side by side. Their story is told on page 145 in McDonagh's History of Ballymote. Many of the names in the list are still quite common in our town and parish. A Coughlan who went as a young man to Australia from Ballymote in 1831 rose to high rank in the Government, and in the business and social life of his adopted country.

VALUATION OF TENEMENTS.

PARISH OF EMLAGHfad.

	Names.		Description of Tenement.	Area.	Rateable Annual Valuation.		Total Annual Valuation of Rateable Property.
	Townlands and Occupiers.	Immediate Lessors.			Land.	Buildings.	
				A. R. P.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
	STONEPARKS— <i>continued.</i>						
	TOWN OF BALLYMOTE— (Ord. S. 33.)						
a	Capt. Richard Gethin,	Sir Robt. Gore Booth, Bt.	Land,	46 3 14	50 0 0	—	50 0 0
	Philip Gumley,	Same,	Land and herd's house,	28 1 12	29 5 0	0 15 0	30 0 0
	TOWN OF BALLYMOTE. MARKET-STREET,						
177	Philip Gumley,	Sir Robt. Gore Booth, Bt.	House, offices, & garden,	0 2 0	1 0 0	17 0 0	18 0 0
178	Matthew Clifford,	Peter Cannan,	Ho., off., & sm. garden,	—	—	5 0 0	5 0 0
179	Bartley Cawley,	Thomas Hely,	House and yard,	—	—	4 0 0	4 0 0
180	Bridget Dyer,	Same,	House & small garden,	—	—	2 10 0	2 10 0
181	William Cornyn,	Letitia King,	Ho., off., & sm. garden,	—	—	8 0 0	8 0 0
182	Peter Cannan,	Sir Robt. Gore Booth, Bt.	House, offices, & garden,	0 0 16	0 5 0	12 10 0	12 15 0
183	William Kelly,	John Morrison,	Ho., off., & sm. garden,	—	—	3 0 0	3 0 0
184	Bartholomew Scanlan,	Miss Mary Cogan,	House and yard,	—	—	1 10 0	1 10 0
185	Mary Walsh,	Same,	House and yard,	—	—	1 10 0	1 10 0
186	Mary Higgins,	Same,	House and yard,	—	—	3 0 0	3 0 0
187	Mary Gaffney,	Same,	House and yard,	—	—	3 0 0	3 0 0
188	Edward Hunt,	Same,	House and yard,	—	—	2 10 0	2 10 0
189	Michael Preston,	Same,	House and yard,	—	—	2 10 0	2 10 0
190	Bernard Cogan,	Sir Robt. Gore Booth, Bt.	House, offices, and gar.	0 1 15	0 15 0	15 0 0	15 15 0
191	Maurice Henry,	Miss Mary Cogan,	Office,	—	—	1 0 0	1 0 0
192	Joseph Loughhead,	Sir Robt. Gore Booth, Bt.	House, office, & garden,	0 0 25	0 10 0	13 0 0	13 10 0
193	Martin Quigley,	Joseph Loughhead,	House, office, and yard,	—	—	5 5 0	5 5 0
194	Catherine Roddy,	James Daly,	Ho., off., & sm. garden,	—	—	5 0 0	5 0 0
195	Andrew O'Brien,	Elizabeth N. Irwin,	House and garden,	0 0 12	0 3 0	11 7 0	11 10 0
196	Matthew Phipps,	Same,	House,	—	—	5 15 0	5 15 0
197	William Callaghan,	Same,	Ho., off., & sm. garden,	—	—	8 10 0	8 10 0
198	Robert Ford,	John M'Manamy,	House and yard,	—	—	6 0 0	6 0 0
199	Robert P. O'Donohoe,	Same,	Ho., off., & sm. garden,	—	—	14 0 0	14 0 0
200	Archibald Lawson,	Same,	Ho., off., & sm. garden,	—	—	16 10 0	16 10 0
201		Robert Ford,	Ruins,	—	—	—	—
202	Patrick Gardiner,	Robert P. Donohoe,	House,	—	—	0 8 0	0 8 0
203	Catherine Kerins,	Sir Robt. Gore Booth, Bt.	House,	—	—	0 10 0	0 10 0
204	Bridget O'Callaghan,	Honoria Drury,	House,	—	—	0 5 0	0 5 0
205	Honoria Drury,	Philip Gumley,	House,	—	—	0 10 0	0 10 0
206	Henry Rogers,	Sir Robt. Gore Booth, Bt.	House and offices,	—	—	12 0 0	12 0 0
207	Unoccupied,	Henry Rogers,	House, offices, & garden,	0 0 24	0 5 0	6 10 0	6 15 0
208	Michael Deavy,	Same,	House and yard,	—	—	4 0 0	4 0 0
209	Patrick Coghlan,	Sir Robt. Gore Booth, Bt.	House, offices, & garden,	—	—	12 0 0	12 0 0

RESTAURANT

A la Carte Menu

11 am - 1 am

TAKE-AWAY

9 pm - 2 am

Picnic Basket

Restaurant

LORD EDWARD STREET, BALLYMOTE.

*Full Meals Available
Breakfast, Lunches, Teas.*

*WE CATER FOR PARTIES FOR ALL OCCASIONS
Bookings Required*

Special St. Patrick's Day Lunches

Special Communion and Confirmation Lunches

PHONE: 83538

Prop.: Imelda Healy

APOLOGY: The Corran Herald wishes to apologise to the Picnic Basket for the omission of Christmas Greetings and the word 'Menu' in their last advert.

Johnson Furniture

BALLYMOTE

See our large selection of
Household Furniture
at Unbeatable Prices

FREE DELIVERY
PHONE BALLYMOTE 3326

Ulster Bank

BALLYMOTE



Ulster Bank

MANAGER: Kieran McGowan
ASST. MANAGER: Nobby McGuirk

The Sheep's Farewell to Keash Hill

*A Tribute to Keash
written forty years ago*

I'm only a sheep, can you hear me
... Ba-Ba, I take after me father and
after me ma-ma.

I've been on the Hill now, oh many
a year, but the boss says he'll sell me
and he means it, I fear.

I see by Old Moore there's a fair in
the town, tomorrow me thinks he'll
be drivin' me down

So Goodbye, Beannacht leat, dear
Keash Hill of the coves, no more
shall I skip through your heathery
groves.

I've heard the bell peal in the chapel
for Mass, and the strains in
Whitehall as ye danced, lad and
lass.

I've danced jigs on the Hill as they
danced at the feis and yere great
football team held the medals for
Keash.

They tell me that down there King
Cormac was born, when his mother
woke up he was gone in the morn.
I know the spring well where
they started the pipes to bring water
to town for the whiskey and pints,
And the women in there like a good
cup of tay, just as much as the
women of Keash I must say.

I have watched that mad bus tearin'
by on the tar, shure myself don't
feel safe and me up here so far.

As it takes all the turns from here to
the town, it's a wonder to me there's
not some one knocked down.

I've seen many sad trains wind their
way to Knockbrock, but shure me
being what I am knows He'll
answer their knock.

I've seen ye lave Foxes all hours of
the night, good friends all the same,
neither cross word nor fight.

Ye've a cramery down there and
with startin' and stoppin', Ye've no
need to be churnin' and washin' and
sloppin'.

And the shop at the Cross where
they sell what ye want, ye've no
business in town now ... except for
the jaunt.

Me sheep's eyes fill with tears and
me lavin' the fun, it's the best place
in Ireland, Keash, bar none.

As I told ye above to the butchers
I'm bound, but I'll be back here
next week at four shillings a
pound.