

A Visit to Kilronan by Helen Dredge

We followed our maps to the Kingdom of Ross
There forest floors were a carpet of moss

The moss crawled up the trunks of the trees
The trees stood in water up to their knees

The lake water shimmered in the evening sun
And sun reflected on the wings of a swan

Beyond the swans at the top of the hill
A castle and turrets and a dungeon stood still

And in the dungeon ghosts wailed a tale
A tale of a lord and his wife from the Pale

The lord was a sheriff and loved a good shoot
Three thousand pheasants in a season his loot

Louisa spent days with a pen and a pad
Her pen wrote of travels to the Holy Land

While her neighbours travelled deep underground
With lamps and picks under beams they were found

Found in thin seams of coal unable to stand
They came home at night with coal-blackened hands

St Ronan's ruined abbey stands still on the hill
Close to his daughter Lasair's Holy Well

Where O'Carolan played harp for weak and for strong
And Kilronan still wafts with the strains of his song

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