

CLOCH-NA-BHIEN

REV. GEORGE KNOWLES
MINISTER OF BIRSE, 1750-1789

See, as an instance, on the airy brow
Of yon bleak hill which bounds the southern sky,
A huge black rock o'erhangs the dale below
And seems just tumbling headlong from on high.

That rock, says vulgar fame, was placed of old
Low in a plain with tufted heath o'erspread,
And thus, as our forefathers oft have told,
It was transported from its antient bed.

The Devil and his Dame, in contest fell,
Had waged infernal war for many a day ;
At length they left the darksome deeps of hell
And came to yonder hill to end the fray.

Long, long they strove, and Satan nothing gained,
His Dame still louder roared with frantic brow ;
His vengeful wrath no more could be restrained
And down he rushed into the plain below.

Yon rock, itself a mountain, up he tore
From its old seat in yonder shaggy plain,
Upon his shoulders the huge mass he bore,
And quickly hied him up the hill again.

Again the infernal fury raised her voice,
The horrid sound rung through the echoing wild,
While rocks, amazed at the terrific noise,
Stood trembling like the goblin-frighted child.

Have at you now, you Beldame, roared the fiend,
And hurled the rock through the resounding skies :
Dreadful it fell, and crushed his breathless friend,
And there entombed her hellish highness lies.

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