

SAINT DYMPHNA

My little verse is not too long,
I have not much to say.
'Tis all about St. Dymphna
and where we go to pray.
We know not much about her life,
but what we do we say.
An infancy when her mother died,
and in a foster care.
Her beauty was the theme of life,
she was sought by royal blood.
But her life was not on earthly things,
it was more the hand of God.
A young prince wooed her but in vain,
he was her father's choice.
There was no option but to flee,
in the dark and lonely night.
Two servants true and a little boat,
they reached Antwerp that night.
Next moving as they journeyed o'er,
a forest came in sight.
A little alter they made of wood,
to ask the Lord for light.
To keep them safe from their ordeal,
and guide them through the night.
The king by now is full of grief,
he cannot find his child.
But one small coin that they had paid,
to keep them for the night.
Had led the king to their abode,
and the end it was in sight.
The night passed on and morning came,
without a hush or sound.
The soldiers had surrounded them,
and when they knelt to pray.
Two servants and St. Gernedvan,
had lost their lives that day.
The King by now had loved his child,
and offered her his throne.
If she would leave and go with him,
and live her life alone.
"Father" she said "you are a cruel man"
was all the words she said.
The king had slain his only child,
and that is the mortal end.

THE MILLENNIUM YEAR 1999

The Millennium Year will come and go,
just like all the rest.
It will leave behind poor ninety nine,
and in it's place of rest.
Ninety Nine has brought us wars,
and now some hope of peace.
For many's the Father lies in his grave,
and many's the Child will weep.
Before he could even creep,
the little robin when the cold wind blow.
We will hear his little song,
as he sits upon the window ledge, chirping his little song.
But now his day is running out,
we will probably see no more.
The little Redbreast on the sprig or on the barn door.
He has fallen victim like all the rest,
to pesticide and spray.
His little song will pass and go,
and then we hope and pray.
When Christmas comes around once more,
and raise our hearts delight.
We can ponder now on our long past years,
and the long and lonesome nights.
God only know what man will do,
before his time is up.
To make this world a better place,
for young and old alike.

Written by Frank Kelly, 1999

©All rights reserved

THE DAY POOR SALLY DIED

The autumn leaves lie on the ground,
the frost has come at last.
Our eyes are saddened by our tears,
for a canine friend that passed.
She was a golden Labrador,
Sally was her name.
Her welcome bark outside the gate
was her call to fame.
The paw was always offered,
she would sit upon the ground.
To greet you with those saddened eyes,
and make your heart go round.
Sally was no ordinary dog,
She knew the highway code.
She would cross the road at Cleary's gate,
and cross it back again.
The Village wasn't far away,
'twas where she met her friends.
Sally lived to a ripe old age,
she was looked after well.
Shiela Healy was her boss,
and she knew Lena well.
Till sickness caught her one fine day,
and cast it's ugly spell.
The Vet he said "we can do no more,
we will have to put her down."
We said "Goodbye" to Sally,
and to a loyal friend.
Perhaps we will meet in realms anew,
and greet our canine friend.

Written by Frank Kelly, 2000
Sally was put down on 12 Dec. 2000.
©All rights reserved

SAD EYED JACK

Jack he was a Dachshund dog,
he was born to rise to fame.
He was only one and six years old,
when fatality was to blame.
His master who looked after him,
she could no longer cope.
When sickness stopped her in her prime,
there was no other hope.
Jack was fending for himself,
he could walk the fields no more.
He found himself in a big long hut,
and the bolt was on the door.
With Cups and Rosettes Jack had won,
He was the Best of Breed.
He would walk the cat walk on any show,
and always was supreme.
With head held high and tail out straight,
you could plumb along his back.
There is many's the young dog showing today,
could take a tip from Jack.
Fortune was to favour him there was a show at Swords,
and all the Dachshunds for miles around were strutting their stuff once more.
There was an elderly lady there her head was bent and low,
she stood along the edge of the crowd,
but who was there to know.
She was the owner of Sad Eyed Jack,
she had come looking for a friend.
For someone to look after him,
and mind her canine friend.
There were two faces in the crowd,
she had seem them somewhere before.
It was Sue and Rose from Salisbury,
with Dachshunds by the score.
"I wonder if you could help me" is what the woman said,
"I have a dog and his name is Jack and I'm willing to part with him.
If you can give him the kind of life that nature does intend."

We followed her that evening along this winding road,
when we came upon this little house with roses 'round the door.
The hut was neat, the run was long,
but there stood sad eyed Jack.
He looked at us with big brown eyes,
there was no growl, there was no bark, there was no wag of tail.
He was parting with his long lost friend,
he would probably see no more.
We were proud of Jack that evening,

when last we brought him home.
With all his list of victories,
he is due the Hall of Fame.
Jack he is a veteran now,
and proudly struts his stuff.
He has fathered six fine healthy pups,
each one we do adore.
“Good bye” we say to our Canine Friend.
“We wish you Luck Galore!”

True story, written by Frank Kelly, Christmas Day, 2000
©All rights reserved

Copyright - All Rights Reserved

TRIMBLESTOWN GRAVEYARD

Oh Trimblestown I hear you sigh,
from far beyond the grave.
Your lonely castle high and dry,
Looks far beyond the Pale.
The Athboy River flows slowly by,
along it's weary way.
To join the Boyne at Kilnagross,
to wait the break of day.
The roll of the drum and the bugle sound,
are well now in the past.
Your lord and ladies we no longer see,
we only sing their praise;
Of mighty deeds on the battle field,
that brought men to their grave.
The castle, too, a lonesome sight,
her walls are crumbling down.
She has stood the test of Cromwell's might,
cannon, flood and rain.
A sentinel now she stands alone,
you can see her for miles around.
Against the background of the thunder clouds,
the lightning and the rain.
In the old graveyard not far away,
lie those who Rest in Peace.
The Barnwalls in their table tombs,
lie here side by side.
They were mighty men so history tells,
they stood the test of time.
But now they lie in Trimblestown,
to wait the bugle sound.
The autum moon shines brightly down,
and casts her shadows long.
On high gray walls,
of a castle proud that once was Trimblestown.
On the final day when Gabriel blows that long and lonesome wail,
we will pray to God we will all be there to greet poor Trimblestown.

Written by Frank Kelly, Kildalkey, 2000.

©All rights reserved

PADDY JOE AND MARY ANN

You can ask again poor Paddy Joe,
or little Mary Ann.
To mention who their father was,
or when their life began.
The family tree has gone for good,
there is no need to check.
Or walk the graveyard all along,
all in the dark of night.
God has ruled that all those things,
will help us on our way.
And make this world a better place,
until the bread of day.
Justice is not far away,
with storm and quakes and rain.
We do not know from where we came,
or where we have to go.
There is one thing sure we are in the queue,
let the time be long or short.
Keep your passport by your side,
and your knapp sack on your back.
Your mobile phone will ring aloud,
Through the long and lonesome night.
The answer it will never come,
you have left this lonely life.
I have bid my last farewell to all,
and to those that are living still.
With a saddened heart and a fond farewell,
to the school upon the hill.
The morning sun will rise once more,
to spread it's golden light.
On a weary world that passed us by,
we had no other choice.

Written by Frank Kelly

©All rights reserved

ST. DYMPHNA'S WELL

I will write a poem for what we know about St. Dymphna's Well.

The churchyard field where ere it lies could many the story tell.

In days of old when brave men fought and many's the battle won,

on the grass green sod around the spot that's now St. Dymphna's Well.

She was brave and young when she love her life from what her story tells

In a far off land far from home and far from Dymphna's Well.

We keep her in our hearts and mind and pray to her as well

To keep us safe through the long cold days and the lonely nights as well.

The Well we hope will take pride of place when we are dead and gone

Beside the graveyard high and dry and all those we knew so well.

As you walk across the hard packed ground where thousands of Norsemen fell

O'Neill he won the gallant fight and so the story tells.

St. Dymphna's colour blue and white we have proudly shown it well

On hurling jerseys, chapel gate and also on the Well.

The day will come and not too soon for us to celebrate

the opening of St. Dymphna's Well and then the Golden Gate.

Written by Frank Kelly, Kildalkey 1999.

©All rights reserved

ST. DYMPNA'S WELL PROJECT

Here we are no one complains for what we set out to do.

We are five strong men some women too and everyone in their prime,

To rebuild the past and do our best as brave men always do.

To bring to life St. Dympna's Well and her memories, too.

On the 14th day of Sept grand the year was '99,

All headed for the graveyard field each one held their line.

To start the vital piece of work, we had the brains and brawn.

Birdie Murray with spade in hand stood by to dig the sod.

To start the job at her command was all we had to do.

Dick McGurl, the heading man, his brains we all looked to.

Dick marked out the white chalked lines where the foundations had to go.

Breda Murray held the tape and where they had to go.

Bina McGurl not far away was sitting in the car.

With one leg out upon the ground she let this terrible roar.

I think she said "You are all gone mad, you are all gone past your prime.

To start a horrible job like this you must be all sublime."

Patsy McGurl not far away, he was our prop up man.

He had all the gear for the heavy work and also an extra man.

Young Patsy crossed the graveyard field, tractor and mixer at the back.

The foundation went in in no short time, God bless his little heart.

We brought the stones from far and near to build our little well.

The steps they came from Town Hall, Trim and some of the flags as well.

We don't mind where they came from, each memory is in the past.

The Heritage Stone where ere they come with them we will never part.

Bartle Curran on the trowel, we had a skillful man.

He worked the daylight; he worked the dawn.

And many's the night as well to finish the stonework on the wall was his job to complete.

We thank you Bartle Curran, your job is now complete.

Tommy Reynolds to you can't leave out - what do you have to say.

He mixed the mortar with skillful hands and not a word to say.

We thank you Tommy for the part you took and the way you helped us out.

In no small way we thank you now until our time runs out.

At ten o'clock Jack Farrelly came, he hadn't much to say.

He knew the job was facing him. It seemed a long hard day.

He looked around the gang was small but in it we all stood tight.

To help him out on that find day and make his burden light.

The Angelus Bell chimed out her time; the job was half complete;

When someone said "the rain will come", we had no job complete.

Luck stood by us on the day the floor Jack finished well.

More memories of our folklore days will be written about the Well.

The well is nearly finished now, our job is near complete.

A few more slabs across the field and finish off the stile.

But who would think nine months ago on the damp and sodden ground,

That five old men with heads held high would accomplish such a feat.

St. Dympna, we hope, will look down on us and keep us in her mind.

For the job we done through hail and snow and through those trying times.

We pulled and dragged for days on end and missed the mortar, too,

But extra help would never come, we say good bye to you.

Written by Frank Kelly, Kildalkey Active Retirement - St. Dympna's Well Project
Started on the 14 Sept 1999.
©All rights reserved

Copyright - All Rights Reserved

THE BIG WHITE HARE

My name is Francis Kelly, I have no claim to fame.

Kildalkey is my Parish, and where I got my name.

To hunt and run and follow hounds, was where it all began.

Father Ryan was our Parish Priest, he had always kept some hounds.

For the open coursing at Crookedwood, and several other towns.

I would walk the dogs for hours on end, after leaving school.

To keep them fit for the open course, and keep within the rules.

The times were bad around thirty-five, there wasn't much to eat.

A full size rabbit in the pot, was a nice and hearty treat.

There were no televisions ten, there was not much to do.

But to hunt the fields on long weekends, and all the Sunday, too.

There was a man lived down the road, he had two half-breed hounds.

We would chase the hares for miles around, through every bush and gap.

From Curraghmore to Kilnagross and back by Reilly's Gap.

There was on hare, her colour white, she had beat the dogs but twice.

She had run the gauntlet more than once, we knew it wasn't right.

To beat those dogs in their prime of life, it was our marching song.

We surrounded her in Bonbers Field, she didn't stand a chance.

The Dogs were nice and fresh. They made their way up round the Hill,

Everyone held their breath.

We didn't have to wait too long, we heard the yelping sound.

The big white hare had broken free, and headed for the Gap.

She soon found out she was closed off, she had no where to go.
But to face the hounds in the big pool field, and round and round they go.
The Brindle dog was closing now, the young dog not far behind.
She had taken the dogs twice round the field, and in a record time.
She headed for the widest gap, Jack Ward stood his ground,
With her ears clasped tightly to her head, she made her final break.
She passed him like a streak of light, the hounds no where to go.
She headed straight from Curraghmore and safely to her home.
She scurried across the fields that night, like many's the night before.
Poor Tommy Doran left this life and she never cried no more.
She was the big white hare by day, and the banshee free by night.
We never seen the hare no more, she had lived out her life.

Written by Frank Kelly
True Story.
©All rights reserved

THE OLD WOMAN OF THE ROAD

Oh to have a little house to own, the hearth, the stool and all.

The heaped up sods against the fire.

The pile of turf against the wall.

To have a clock with weights and chains,
and pendulum swinging up and down.

A dresser filled with shining Delph,
speckled with blue and brown.

I could be busy all the day cleaning and sweeping the hearth and floor,
and fixing on their shelf again my white and blue speckled store.

I could be quiet there at night beside the fire and by myself,
sure of a bed and loath to leave my ticking clock and shining Delph.

Ach, but I am weary of mist and dark,
and roads where there is never a house or bush.

And tired I am of bog and road,
the crying winds and the lonesome hush,
and I am praying to God on high,
and I am praying him night and day,
for a little house, a house of my own,
out of the winds and the rains way.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

It was the Schooner Hesperus that sailed the wintry sea and the Skipper had taken his little daughter to bear him company. Blue were her eyes as the Fairy Flax. Her cheeks like the down of the day and her bosom white as the Hawthorn buds that open in the month of May. The Skipper, he stood beside the helm. The pipe was in his mouth and he watched how the veering slaw did blow. The smoke now west, now south. Then up and spake an old sailor, had sailed the Spanish Main, "I pray put into yonder port, for I fear a hurricane. Last night the moon had a golden ring tonight no moon we see." The Skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe and a scornful laugh laughed he. Colder and louder blew the wind, a gale from the northeast. The snow fell hissing on the brine and the billows frothed like yeast. Down came the storm and smote again the vessel in it's strength. She shuttered and paused like a frightened steed, then leaped her cables length. Come hither, come thither my little daughter and do not tremble so, for I can weather the roughest gale that ever the wind did blow. He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat against the stinging blast. He cut a rope from a broken spar and bound her to the mast. "Oh, Father, I hear the church bells ring. Oh, say what may it be?" "Tis a fog bell on a rock bound coast" and he steered for the open sea. "Oh, Father, I hear the sounds of guns. Oh, say what may it be?" "Some ship in distress that cannot live in such an angry sea." "Oh, Father, I see a gleaming light. Oh, say what may it be?" But the Father answered never a word, a frozen corpse was he. Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark, with his face turned to the skies. The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow, on his fixed and glassed eyes. Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed, that saved she might be and she thought of Christ who stilled the wave on the lake of Galilee. And fast through the midnight dark and drear, through the whistling sleet and snow; like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept towards the reef of Norman woe. And even the fitful gusts between, a sound came from the land. It was the sound of the trampling surf on the rocks, on the hard sea sand. The breakers were right beneath her bows, she drifted a dreary wreck; and a whooping billow swept the crew like icicles from her deck. She struck where the white and fleecy waves looked soft as carded wool. But the cruel rocks they gored her side like the horns of an angry bull. Her rattling shrouds all sheathed in ice, with the masts went by the boards, like a vessel of glass she stove and sand, ho, ho, the breakers roared. At daybreak on the

Black Sea beach, a fisherman stood aghast, to see the form of a maiden fair lashed close to a drifting mast. The salt sea was frozen on her breast, the salt tears in her eyes, and he saw her hair like the brown sea weed on the billows fall and rise. Such was the wreck of the Hesperus in the midnight and the snow. Christ save us all from a death like this, on the reef of Norman's Woe.

Frank Kelly

©All rights reserved

(Poem Re-Written from Ireland's Own)

Copyright - All Rights Reserved