

Ballyconnell Mill

By Fintan Brough

*In Ballyconnell town at the foot of Mount Pleasant Hill
Silent and abandoned now
No more Paddy, Joe or Phil
Stands the old mill*

*Down the ages through night and day
The millmen worked for honest pay
Traffic going to and fro
We thought the mill would never go*

*The mill it was too old
Fell to progress we were told
Tired and worn, She'd had her day
Like millmen friends now passed away
Through day and night a song she hummed
A lullaby, carried on the Woodford flowing by
Now she too has lost her place
Flowing down the old mill race
Deserted now, her song now stilled
At the foot of Mount Pleasant Hill*

*A monument to years gone by
Past voices say, don't let her die
Developers say knock it down
We'll build new houses on her ground
It's only going to help the town*

*As I walk past her old walls
Happy memories I recall
When I laughed, and walked with millmen hosts
But now I only walk with ghosts*

Reprinted from Anglo Celt, 25th June 2009



1875