

Balad of Ballincollig

In the meadow of a stranger
lives a man, not in anger,
he told me at last,
there was a magic moment in the past,
when the sun was shining
and the birds were singing
in the wilderness near the river Lee,
animals and plants were living free.
The Bear and the Hazel made an agree,
something very special, with a good fee,
they build together a wall and a tower
with the bean force of power,
far from here to see,
and people, like you and me,
start to live there, safe and free,
and the valley of the Lee,
became a place of natural beauty,
with emotion and destiny:
Ballingcollig was born,
and the history was going on.

Until Charles Leslie built barracks and gunpower mills
away with the amenity waving windmills,
and we have been through the mill,
for long times the nature and people became sick and ill,
but the gunfire stopped and the gunman were gone,
the buildings became roofless and heavily overgrown,
the balsam of the green fire has overcome,
now it is again a place of heritage and bygone.

Ballingcollig is back in town and nature, where it began,
The houses of music and songs are opened again,
the booming and blowing city is now an actuality
fairy tales have become a reality.

Butterflies are floating into the sky and clouds,
Greenschools and Tidy Towns are very proud,
It is more than a nice plantation
The power of this town is the participation,
The pianoman is again in a good mood,
Nobody forget their roots,
Protect the nature, the people and all goods,
The quality of live gives them boots.

I arrived as a stranger in the meadow and the night,
I leave as a friend of the wonderful green Ballincollig light.

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Nico Brink
Dutch member of the International Jury of Entente Florale
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*A tribute to John the gardener from Clonegal and
Ann Donaldson the storyteller from Ballincollig*