

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

The mermaids love to sport and play
By towering rocks in sheltered bay
Amid its solitude,
And there while basking in the sun,
Some foolish swain's affections won
That chanced here to intrude,
And took him 'neath the crested wave,
To dwell in some deep ocean cave.

The Youths who climb the steep hillside
And follow some beaten path,
That's sure to lead them alongside
Of some lone moat or rath;
Invited by the soft sunshine,
Upon the green sward will recline
Heads pillowed in their hands;
Till strains of music round them flow,
Then in alarm off they go;
Such melody no artists know
Except the fairy bands.
Thus will those fairy tales of old
In youth that used our feelings sway
Please us again to hear them told
No less than in that olden day.

In summer ghosts cause little fright,
When day encroaches on the night;
For ghosts you know, avoid the light;
But whether summer or winter weather,
We oft would talk of them together.

For in each hamlet could be found,
Through Ireland's isle the whole way round,
Where story-telling used abound;
Some who'd amazing tales unfold,
About those elves in days of old;
When fairies used appear to men
By forest, hill, and lonely glen.