

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Kathleen and Saint Kevin  
(With apologies to Tom Moore)

I.

Here in the quiet mountain shade,  
Beside the lake, Saint Kevin laid  
    His plans for seven churches;  
Built them of stones and lime and sand,  
Upon this corner of the land,  
    That every tourist searches.

II.

One Kathleen came the saint to tempt,  
That of his vows he might repent;  
    Her words were her undoing.  
He little heeded her "hot air"  
But left here quietly sitting there,  
    Some further mischief brewing.

III.

But when she to his stony bed  
Did penetrate, the saint, 'tis said,  
    While muttering a pater,  
Exclaimed: Oh Lord, come to my aid;  
Then clasped his hands around the maid,  
    And dropped her in the water.

IV.

Although the winds with violence break,  
Upon the surface of the lake;  
    They lend to it a charm.  
Though tempests wildly howl and roar,  
There's scarce a ripple on the shore;  
    For Kathleen rides the storm.