

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

By telling them of mighty men,
Of whom they loved to hear.
For he would willingly discourse
Of heroic chiefs of old;
Of Finn McCool, and Oscar too,
Ossian, and Diarmid bold.
A legend old, he forthwith told,
That smacked of ancient Greece;
When Jason and the argonauts
Brought back the Golden Fleece.

The Story

The Fenians of the olden times,
Were celebrated in the rhymes
Which we have still at hand;
Matchless in strength, and skill, and speed
They had no equal, that's agreed,
In courage, or in daring deed,
Throughout their native land.

One day some chiefs tired from the chase,
Which they had followed to this place;
While taking a much needed draft
Of Glannarought's dark ale;
Stood gazing at a foreign craft,
That Kenmare's tide did safely waft,
Without a jib or sail;
To where the Sheen and Roughty meet,
Beside Kenmare well built and neat,
In Kerry's brightest vale.
So when the cruiser seemed to lag,
Without a sail, without a flag,
The huntsmen seemed surprised,
Watching this vessel in her plight,
Her starboard black, her larboard white,
Presenting quite a curious sight;
Her object none surmised.