

### WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Now on the deck the ship's crew stand  
Gazing around on every hand;  
They view the town, they view the strand,  
Just as the chiefs draw near;  
The lovely sight has them allured,  
At once the vessel fast is moored,  
And by a hawser is secured  
To Kenmare's ancient pier.

The pretty Finnihy flows down,  
Beside Kenmare's romantic town;  
But on the opposite side,  
Comes tumbling in the boisterous Sheen,  
While the strong Roughty flows between,  
To swell the Kenmare's tide.

No finer river Ireland boasts,  
No deeper glens, no grander coasts;  
The oldest, grandest, circular fort,  
Is Staigue, according to report,  
Here is the gloomiest defile,  
And loftiest mount search every mile,  
From Malin Head to Blarney;  
The grandest lakes in all our isle,  
Are those around Killarney.  
Here are lofty cliffs, castles and halls,  
Frightful chasms and waterfalls;  
The arbutus that never fades,  
O'Sullivan's and Torc's cascades;  
Glengariff wild, and Cromwell's Bridge;  
Overhanging cliff and ridge.  
Such charming scenes West Munster boasts,  
Along her valleys and round her coasts.  
Let Adrigole Fall on Hungry Hill,  
Excite our admiration still;  
Or rugged grandeur of hill and brake,  
Surrounding lovely Caragh Lake.