

### WITH THE STORY TELLERS

But Luchra met him with his spear,  
The son of Luch, who knew no fear;  
And ere the hunters had drawn near,  
He tossed him in the furze.

This was the great Dunkerron boar,  
That ravaged hill and down;  
And havoc played for miles and miles  
Along the river Laune,  
And swam its strongest current when  
Its floods were running brown.

Though stunned the savage beast came back,  
Determined now to worst  
The chief, and made a fresh attack,  
More vigorous than the first.  
But Luchra struck him with such force,  
The huntsmen heard the sound;  
Thought him attacked by some wild horse,  
And so came hastening up of course;  
But only saw the monster's corse,  
Reddening the field all round.  
His comrades then cut off the head,  
In size a startling sight;  
More than enough for all of them  
To feast upon that night.

The fishing crew returned to camp,  
The supper to prepare;  
Examined with intense surprise,  
A head of such unusual size,  
And long as it did stare.  
What an exciting chase they had!  
Will they have any more?  
That we should miss it makes us mad,  
To see the man we'd be so glad,  
Who fought that awful boar.