

## WITH THE STORY TELLERS

But on the following morning when  
To chase the goats they try;  
They find them harder to approach,  
More timid and more shy;  
When all at once appeared a sight,  
That thrilled the hunters with delight—  
A noble herd of deer;  
The great red deer of Glennaflesk,  
Viewed from the hills appear grotesque;  
At close range, grand and picturesque,  
And now they wander here.

But Caolte fearful as the storm,  
And swift as a grey hound,  
At once pursued them spear in hand,  
With all the speed he could command,  
Gaining at every bound.  
O'ertook them when about to gain,  
The Main's low lying grounds;  
And though not one behind did lag,  
Pierced to the heart a noble stag,  
That weighed a thousand pounds.

Then to the camp he brought the prize,  
Seen and admired by eager eyes;  
Still viewing closely, Diarmid cries;  
Tapping him with his spear:  
"You well may gaze on him with pride,  
With branching antlers ten feet wide;  
Of nobler Stag none pierced the hide,  
Than lies before me here."

But when they next pursued the chase,  
Luchra, the dauntless, led  
The hunters, till they reached a cave  
Beneath Beenoskee's Head;  
When suddenly a boar rushed out,  
Hid by the mountain spurs;