

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Says Larry, "I'd be very glad
To get back I'll go bail,
Though all my friends would think me mad,
Were I to tell this tale;
I'll get the cash unless perhaps,
While I am far away,
There may have been some more mishaps,
If so I'll get no pay."

"Hear me;" the fairy then replied,
"No accident can them betide,
My promise I'll fulfill;
The herds that you take in your care,
My subjects promise me to spare,
While grass grows on the hill.

The fairy seemed to grow more kind,
And Larry home-bound, more resigned.
The river's course they now pursue,
From Shannon's mouth to Killaloe.

O'er Scatterry's isle their flight they lower,
To view its churches and round tower.
They pass by in a lightning rush,
The town and harbor of Kilrush;
Nor wait the Limerick boat to see,
Nor pleasure seekers from Kilkee;
But Larry mounted on his nag,
Passes the Fergus, Dee and Maigue;
That from their channels deep and wide,
Pour floods to swell the Shannon's tide.

Still onward they keep going,
Nor stop at Garryowen;
But to the hill straightway they go,
And reached it by the first cock crow.
Then Larry yawned and rubbed his eyes,
And looked around in great surprise;
Yet not a thing was there, he swore,
But stock he watched the night before.