

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

The noble bridge o'er the Sneem I ween,
From Kenmare's banks is plainly seen;
Where mountain torrents foam and brawl
O'er many a tiny waterfall.
And Waterville has a lovely site
If viewed from Caherdaniel height,
 Upon that narrow way,
Where Commeragh a flood pours down
Through Lough Currane, thence through the town
 To Ballinskellig's Bay.

Here nature would each spot adorn,
 In what more fitting place,
Could the Liberator* have been born,
 The champion of his race.
Were I to mention each grand scene,
From Kenmare round to Cahirciveen;
To describe their beauties I would fail,
And you'd grow weary of the tale.
So let's return to Kenmare's pier,
And learn what brought those strangers here.

"What seek you?" Oscar promptly cried;
"You are to us unknown,
And hope you long here to abide,
That thus you anchor close beside
 Our docks and busy town.
What come you to this place to seek?
Speak captain, be not backward, speak!"
"My name is Lund, from Omar's Strand;
 My country needs relief.
These are the nobles of that land,
 And I their humble chief.
No standing army to protect
 A prosperous state like ours,

*O'Connell