

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Though here the fairy did not wait,
But spread her wings and kept on straight
Northwestward to the sea.

They passed by Lisdoonvarna's ridge,
A glimpse caught of Spectacle Bridge,
And of the Corkscrew Road,
And flew o'er Ennistymon's falls,
And stood upon the frightful walls
Of the sea-nymphs abode.

On Moher's cliffs they don't delay,
But passing o'er Liscannor Bay,
They stop at Lahinch on their way,
And as they passed it on their rounds,
Found both golf links and cricket grounds,
And every English sport.

In this most Irish town of all
There was no hurling or football,
Nor far as he can now recall,
Trace of a handball court.
They leave this place without regret,
That seems completely to forget
What every schoolboy knows;
That it owes faith to Ireland yet,
Forgiveness to our foes.

Miltown they reach without delay,
They view the town, then view the bay,
From Spanish Point to Caherrush,
A place in which the herd would stay,
If he were free and flush.
From Annagh bridge they onward go,
And many streams to Annagh flow,
But not a tree seems there to grow,
So strong the howling west winds blow.