

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

The rapid brooks all find their way
From Slieve Mish range to Dingle Bay,
The goats dashed through their cooling spray,
With Caolte on their track.

And ere the chiefs their laughter ceased,
O'ertook the herd, one of them seized,

And flung it o'er his back;
And for the supper brought it in
Amid the laughing, boisterous din,
Of those who wagered he would win
Who hailed him with loud cheers.

"Who won the prize?" "What need you care
Since in it all of you will share,
That you'll have vension to spare
I entertain no fears."

They passed the evening merrily,
In feasting and in song;

But when they were prepared to dine,
Brought from the boat a cask of wine,
Their pleasures to prolong.

Next day they launch their boats upon
The mountain guarded bay,
And fish its waters all day long;
Enjoying at dawn the milkmaid's song,
At eve the shepherd's lay.

A shoal of porpoise passed them by,
Coasting the shore along;
Now think they heard the mermaid's cry
And not the mildmaid's song.

They seek at once to moor their boats,
For they fared very well;
Good takes of herring, cod and sole,
And hake and makerel.

A narrow haven soon they spy,
To the east of Dingle Bay,
Where in security they lie
Until the coming day.