

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Kept drawing closer to the spot
Where stood those sportive Gaels.

"Now Caolte," said Oscar laughingly,
I'll wager you a pound,
That you don't overtake the herd,
Before it gets around
The spur of yonder mountain,
Fast as you skim the ground.
For if you fail to catch them
Before that point they gain,
In tangled brush and ferny brake
And copsewood bordering the lake
Such game you'll seek in vain.

The words though spoken in a jest,
Caused Caolte to arise,
And said: who laughs the last, laughs best
And though with me none vies,
The largest in the flock I'll take,
Before the foremost reach the lake,
And lay it here upon the stake,
Before your very eyes.

Said Oscar: "The wager stands the same,
Make good your boast, produce the game!"

There words proud Caolte's spirit lashed
But answer he made none
Though from his eyes the lightning flashed,
As after them at once he dashed,
Who never was outdone
In race or chase by any man,
From Bandon river to the Baan.

The mountain sides were steep and tall;
The narrow vales between,
Were rent by streams that leap and brawl,
From Dingle Bay to Anascaul,
Forming many a waterfall,
And most romantic scene.