

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

They chill the trees but not the rose,
For in profusion here it grows.
They see thatched houses everywhere,
They seem peculiar to West Clare.

Now a romantic place they see,
Built round a cliff-locked bay, Kilkee;
The finest bathing town of all,
From Cork as far as Donegal.
But who e'er climbed famed Lookout Cliff,
Or ventured to it in a skiff?

But here the fairy flew across,
Upon the natural bridge of Ross;
'Tis nature's arch and at its feet,
The Shannon and the ocean meet.

What pleasure 'tis a boat to guide
Upon the Shannon's gentle tide,
 Its waves bathed in light;
But here who'd care the oar to ply,
Where waves are beating mountains high,
And spectral forms sweep o'er the sky,
 Like demons of the night?

'Mid such wild scenes 'tis surely meet,
The Shannon should the ocean greet,
 Beneath those dreadful banks;
While yet a mile or two ahead,
They see the light upon Loop Head,
And Larry showing no signs of dread,
 The fairy changed her pranks;
And said: if it is still your will
 To seek your native place,
I'll take you back to the fairy hill
 And this time when you face
The farmers, they will pay you rent,
 To save their stock from accident.