

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

And after resting there a while,
They seek Quin Abbey's noble pile,
 Where some short time they stay.
Without, there was a fortress tall,
Within it abbey, cloisters, all,
Ten arches pierce its somber wall,
 Through which the moonbeams play.
For through each arch, the faint light stealing,
Was half revealing, half concealing,
The tracery of shrines and ceiling,
 And wall flowers grew all round;
The convent bell now began pealing,
 And at its shrilly sound,
The calf was frightened, that's a cinch,
But didn't make the herdsman flinch.

 The moon sank in a fleecy cloud,
 The light was growing dim and faint,
 And Larry saw what seemed a shroud,
 Within the shroud a saint.
And then a note rung in his ear —
Beware; Beware! approach not here;
He who would desecrate this hall,
On earth or heaven will vainly call.
The calf herself with terror shook,
The abbey walls at once forsook,
And straight her charge to Ennis took,
 Who gladly would betake
Himself again to Arra's side,
And watch the streamlets downward glide
Along its slopes, to Shannon's tide,
 Or to Derg's winding lake.

Now from his reverie he starts,
And at the calf a stern glance darts,
 Then pauses for a while;