

## WITH THE STORY TELLERS

And every tourist and exile  
Will gladly travel many a mile,  
To see those caves; throughout our isle  
None with them can compare;  
But who at midnight would explore  
Those gloomy pits, or wander o'er,  
Where wicked elves and torrents roar  
Neath boulders stern and bare.

Beyond the lofty mountain's crest,  
The hounds no longer will molest  
The hunted stag, he'll safely rest  
By Muskery's lonely lake.  
Three mountain summits round it lie;  
Farbreaga, Galtybeg, more nigh  
Is Greenane's peak, so steep and high,  
O'er which the fierce storms break.

Near Shanbally Castle he seems to wait;  
What causes him to hesitate,  
Or dreads he that some gloomy fate  
Awaits him over there?  
Take either road, he's just between  
Clogheen town and Ballyporeen,  
Where frightful ghosts were often seen,  
And never failed to scare.

But he knew his friend was very low,  
So for priest and doctor he must go;  
'Twas three good miles from Carriganroe,  
And the hour was very late;  
So he kept on at his fastest pace,  
And when he had almost won the race;  
He met the demon face to face  
Before the pastor's gate.