

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Its coasts were wild, the sky was blue;
From Caragh Lake to Caherdhu
The broom and fern a darker hue,
 To their steep sides had given:
In stinted fields along the shore,
The wandering bees their treasure store;
Culled from wild flowers o'er which they soar,
 Which constitute their heaven.
The woods with music seem to ring,
The birds in merry chorus sing,
That from Dunkerron's mountains wing
 Their way down to the coast.
The sun is gilding with each ray,
The broad expanse of Dingle Bay;
No other estuary they say
 Such scenery can boast.

For here were harbor, glen and wold,
And castle new and fortress old,
And mountain streamlets manifold,
 That from the heights poured down.
There the enraptured eye can see
Flowers in the vale, fruit on the tree,
And thrushes singing merrily,
 Whose voices seem to drown
The echoes of the waterfalls,
Where o'er the crags the Caragh brawls;
The owlet hoots, the cuckoo calls;
 All nature's full of life;
The eagles toward Mangerton soar;
We see the boat, we hear the oar,
The wavelets breaking on the shore,
 The wolf for mischief rife.
Sheep browse through lovely Caragh vale,
The red deer through Glenbehy stray,
Through Ferta goats have many a trail,
And wolves will find somewhere their prey.