

*BLACK BULL OF COLLIN*

*THIS IS THE STORIE OF THE BLACK BULL AND DEN MCGAW,*

*Den was a butcher, who lived in little thatched house as white as an egg,  
at the top of Collin mountain, a small man, the full of the door, and as  
fat as curd, with a red round laughing face, and red whiskers, With a  
happy go lucky, come day go day god send Sunday attitude,*

*Now Den lived not far from the big river of Tor-na-roy, and that is the  
place where old folk will tell you the King of the fairy's had his castle in  
olden times, Den of course believed in fairy's, His own mother was taken  
by the fairy's, After a year and a day she was returned, seven times  
more beautiful, and that's the story told around the hearth fires of  
Dundrod, Tor-na-roy, and ballincollig to this hour, Now there was a  
public house in Ballincollig at that time, and that was before the tribes of  
hanna's had came near the place to give their name to it,*

*Den called there one night had a few drinks told a few stories and sang  
some, it was late when he took the soles of his feet and set his face for  
home, he went to his sleeping room to sleep, but sleep he didn't get  
with the noise out side his window, the fairy's were singing and dancing  
and hee-hawing, Den looked out and see the fairy's dancing around the  
fairy thorn in a blaze of colour, So den thought he wouldn't get putting  
his eyelids to gether this night, so he loads up the old blunderbuss to  
give the fairy's a fright and fires, it kicks like a mule, now the fairy's  
didn't take kindly to this, so the next morning he looked in the mirror  
and discovered his face all scrounged up, this disfigurement stayed with  
him for the rest of his life,*

*Then one day a neighbour called to get him to kill a pig for him, at the  
other side of the glen, so that evening at the edge of dusk he set of  
down the glen path towards the stepping stone's of the river, there was  
the quiet of the quiet in that shadowy place, just the murmur of the  
water, Den stepped onto the stone, he looked ahead and seen an  
enormous black bull ready to charge,*

*So Den went up the river and down the river but every where Den went the bull was there ready to charge, So Den took his butcher's knife from his sheath, and threw it with all his might at the bull but the knife just bounced of the bull and enraged it, so made charged across at Den, so Den took of following his feet as fast as they could Carrie him with his face heading home and collapsed into his house,*

*Now, when Den told his story his neighbours went to see if there was any trace of the bull at the stepping stones they found Den's knife bent like the silver sickle of new moon.*

*And if you want proof of Den's story, sure the walls of his house are standing yet on Collin mountain, and in the middle of the river near Collin bridge there is a limestone bolder with the hoof print of the Black bull, if you take the time to look.*

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