

# The Mighty Mussel

by Robert E. Wilson, Co. Antrim

At the risk now of startin' to blow,  
The whole blinkin' lot of us know  
When it comes to cuisine  
That Ireland's supreme  
And has to its credit a great gourmet scene.  
But, surely it's time now to shout  
'Bout a secret that's bound to get out;  
Sure, from Cork to Fermanagh,  
Tralee to Falcarragh,  
The word's going round about – *psssst!* – *Connemara!*

You see, when it comes to a dish,  
We Irish are fond of our fish;  
Ach, you just can't go wrong  
With the Dublin Bay prawn  
And think of those lobster-pots pulled up at dawn;  
And then there's our prized local salmon,  
Caught fresh from the banks of the Shannon!  
*But...* from Tullow to Tara,  
From Cork to Cloondara –  
There's talk of the wee *mussel* in Connemara!

Sure, you're thinkin' that mussels are small,  
To catch them, you don't need to trawl,  
Or cast out a line  
When the forecast is fine,  
But, hey! Just you try them with cream and white wine!  
Now, some are prepared to go far  
To sample the best caviar,  
But they'll come from Alaska  
And Guadalajara  
To savour those mussels in old Connemara!

So, maybe you're missing a trick  
If you don't get to Tullycross, quick!  
There's a lot of elation –  
In all of creation,  
Has such a small shellfish seen such celebration?  
Those humble wee mussels have – well,  
Now really come out of their shell!  
So, wheel your wheelbarra'  
Through streets broad and narra'  
As long as those mussels are from Connemara!

*Then, let's take a break from the hustle and bustle,  
And raise high our glasses to one mighty mussel!*