

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Whose people learning that their foe,
Was one they vanquished long ago;
Smile at their hopes to strike a blow,
That might restore the crown,
That formerly prince Lubeck wore:
Then fiercely every Tolchian swore,
That heavier blows were still in store
For that rebellious clown.

The armies quickly come in sight,
And both make ready for the fight.
Loud and more loud the shouting rose,
As the combatants meet;
With deadly blows, those ancient foes,
Again each other greet:
But now the Fenian chiefs appear,
And bid their friends be of good cheer;
While like a whirlwind on they go,
And spread dismay among the foe,
Along their entire front.
No troops such valor could withstand,
They smote the foe on every hand,
Left but a broken, shattered band
To bear the battle brunt.

The victory was soon complete,
Their foes no longer stand,
And to the Bretons as was meet,
Restore their gold and land.
The latter now returning home,
A council quickly hold;
Decide those chiefs from Scotia's land
Should share none of the gold.
But dreading much the mighty blows
They saw those heroes deal,