

## WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Still wine for them they freely pour,  
Till fell their weapons on the floor,  
And helpless was each chief.  
Then did the Breton princes praise  
The strategy of Lund;  
Who found for them the means and ways  
Of saving such a fund.  
Not gold alone their actions sway,  
In this revenge its part must play.

Said Lund, "where Ventry harbor stands,  
The king of the world gave his commands,  
And the king of Ireland did agree,  
That on that strand the fight should be.  
'Twas there I saw my brothers fall,  
My cousins, relatives, and all;  
The bravest men of Lichtendahl,  
Struck down by Oscar's flail!  
And there my father too was slain,  
Although he tried to dodge in vain,  
Swift Caolte, who cut him in twain—  
The fiercest of the Gael.  
But now we'll send to long repose  
Late friends, who were our fathers' foes,  
So deal them out your heaviest blows,  
There's none their fate to wail.

But Luchra's son, who with a band  
Of chieftains loitering on the strand,  
Were startled by a cry;  
And mixed with it were awful sounds;  
A man came rushing through the grounds,  
And quickly drawing nigh,  
Cried: "Comrades haste, avert their fate!  
Fly quicker than the deer;  
One minute lost, 'twill be too late."  
Each grasps his doughty spear,