

### WITH THE STORY TELLERS

A frightful plot they hatched for those,  
Who helped them to defeat their foes,  
And should have shared their weal.  
These not suspecting any guile,  
The palace seek to rest awhile.

Meanwhile they view the country round  
A lovely land it seems;  
Where deer and antelope abound,  
And rills and sparkling streams.

Through cultivated fields they go,  
Where flowering shrubs and fruit trees grow;  
On to the summit of a hill,  
That makes their very heartstrings thrill;  
Such lovely views the place commands,  
Where crowning all the castle stands.

But once within the castle hold,  
A choir sweet music chants,  
And many youths of graceful mould  
Anticipate their wants.  
And now chief Lund makes haste to say:  
Come, "Men of Eire," be seated pray!

We strangers are no more;  
But exercise here lordly sway,  
While with us you will deign to stay,  
Until your wealth you bear away  
To Erin's lovely shore.

"Quick, waiters quick!" the Breton said,  
Serve viands rich and wine;  
But first their thirst must be allayed,  
Those valiant friends of mine."  
The Fenian chiefs soon felt elated,  
And swore that they had never tasted  
Old usquebaugh so fine;  
And so, they never hesitated,  
But, long they quaffed off unabated,  
The generous draughts of wine.