

## WITH THE STORY TELLERS

So to the fairy cave he went,  
The genie to conjure,  
That boreas he should implore,  
To wreck the strangers on the shore,  
And thus their gold secure.

Next day the clouds obscure the sky,  
And winds and blinding hail  
Delay the chiefs, now homeward bound  
For the land of Innisfail.

For days those chiefs were tossed about,  
Shock fast succeeding shock;  
Until at length they're driven on  
The barren Skellig rock.

Here they feared much their fragile craft  
Would be to pieces dashed,  
For merciless appeared the waves  
By which that craft was lashed.

When lo, the sky began to clear,  
A calm came o'er the sea;  
Then joyfully they anchor cast,  
And landed hastily.

They talked and walked along the shore,  
The day had now grown fine;  
The sea around seemed full of fish,  
Each got his hook and line;

When down upon the fishers swooped  
Huge gulls and ospreys too,  
And used both wings, and bills, and claws,  
Upon the Fenian crew.

Before their fierce and sudden charge,  
The men to rally fail;

Till Oscar made his signal trip,  
And dashed back from the sea-lashed ship  
With his big iron flail.

Then o'er the monsters' backs it rings,  
And loud the noise arose;