

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

From sighing, and lying, pray forbear!
On one condition your life I'll spare,
 If with it you comply.

There is in Wicklow a giant Who mocks
My faithful herds, and kills their flocks,
By hurling down the mountain rocks,
 Which near its summit lie.

If you approach this awful man,
Without some specious well-laid plan,
 He'll surely take your life.

While if his death you don't procure
Before the third full moon, be sure!
That hardships many you'll endure
 And lose your friends and wife.
Now take your choice, let's hear you say,
If in the moat you wish to stay;
Or meet this man that you must slay,
 If you'd prolong your life.

Says Larry, determined and grim,
"I know that my chances are slim,
 But I'll go for this giant,
 Who appears so defiant,
And perhaps I'll put one over him."
Very good, says the fairy: My man!
I hope you will hit on some plan;
 If you fail by the powers!
 In three moons you are ours;
Now go! and away Larry ran.

But little he slept through that night,
He would doze and wake up in a fright;
 Till a bright, happy thought,
 Brought relief that he sought,
'Twas a man of great muscle and might,