

## WITH THE STORY TELLERS

“Come haste the meal! you’ll be surprised;  
Boar’s head will taste so fine;  
And ducks are not to be despised  
Washed down with mead and wine.”

The night was growing late, the crowd  
Must bid their host adieu;  
And many a one thought Martin’s tale  
The better of the two.

## TENTH NIGHT

### Larry Dolan and the Fairies

“In stories like the one last night,  
I certainly take great delight,  
And so I think ’tis only right  
This tale of mine should follow;  
So I could make you all admit,  
That an old man with lots of grit,  
By dint of cunning and of wit  
Beats giants and fairies hollow.”

---

The early springtime of the year  
Found Larry pale and famished,  
For he stayed digging every day  
Until the light had vanished,  
The fine grass field that stretched around  
The big moat of kilgobbin,  
A frightful spot, a lonesome place,  
And Larry’s heart was throbbin’,  
As he beheld before him there  
A sight that made him shiver;  
A hundred elves all crying at once  
To throw him in the river.