

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

No doubt these little men will dream
Of melons and tomatoes;
But not a thing will I plant in
This field but early 'tatoes.

So when the harvest time came round,
The Dolans and the Careys,
Took the whole crop and left the stalks,
To satisfy the fairies.

He put one over on us now,
Next year we elves fare better;
Then we will take all under ground,
We'll hold him to the letter.

But the next year old Larry sowed
The field with oats and wheat;
And left the fairies but the roots,
This tricky, cunning cheat.

No wonder that they angry got,
For all the elves were boiling hot,
To find themselves outwitted;
And vowed that Larry they would get,
And make the rascal fume and fret,
Their vengeance they would nurse and whet,
As long as 'twas permitted.

Nor did they have so long to wait,
For one night home returning late,
One of the elves perceived him;
And yelled: "Here Larry Dolan comes!
The biggest fraud of all the bums,
Were ever raised in Limerick's slums
And then rushed up and seized him.

But Larry struck with dire dismay,
Was scarcely able a word to say;
While gazing at the angry fay,
That held him in his power.
It seemed to him, 'twas his last day,
Perhaps 'twas his last hour.