

## WITH THE STORY TELLERS

When o'er their heads and tails and wings,  
The awful flail brave Oscar swings,  
And many a bird to earth it brings  
Among his feathered foes.

Then was a chance presented to  
Proud Diarmid, Conn and all;  
To rush down at their fastest clip,  
And get their weapons from the ship,  
And on the monsters fall.  
Both sides then waged a battle fierce;  
Such ne'er was seen elsewhere;  
One army fighting on the earth,  
Another in the air.

The birds at last seemed giving way,  
And in wider circles sail;  
While on the ground vast numbers lay,  
Who fell in the unequal fray,  
Which they had waged for half a day,  
Against both spear and flail.

The men hoist anchor and set sail  
For a haven to the east;  
And left this barren island where  
Those shocking vultures feast.  
They soon reach land, though steep Bray head  
Does not invite their stay;  
But driven northward by the wind,  
They entered Dingle Bay.  
Here was an inlet of the sea,  
That they could safely fish;  
Where the grim shadows ever change,  
Beneath the lofty mountain range,  
Of frowning, grey Slieve Mish.

On the north side of Dingle Bay,  
Just where the town of Dingle lay,  
Their ship at anchor rides;