

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Sore was the need of Omar then,
Pursued by Eire's fighting men,
Her bravest sons were slain.
The other troops in terror fled,
Through fields of wounded and of dead,
Nor longer fight maintain.

The Fenians came down to the ship,
To start upon the homeward trip,
And meet old friends once more.
While Oscar, Con, and Caolte fleet,
Diarmid, Ossian, and Luch all greet
Their comrades on the shore.
All Europe's conquest they might plan,
For they were wonders, every one;
Since Hercules, there was no man
That had acquired such fame;
No Sassenach came then to fan
Their discords into flame.

NINTH NIGHT

Pat Martin's Tale

Pat Martin now addressed the crowd,
Still clapping, and still talking loud:
"I'm glad to see Pat Maher's tale
Has met with such applause;
But there's a legend older still,
I know it well because
I was raised on Corkoguiny's coast,
Where Kerry's wild waves roar,
And I know well the story that
I heard in days of yore.

As soon as Eire's fighting men
Had crushed the Breton bands;