

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

And place it first in Oscar's hand,
Who felt immediate relief;
Then in clear tones he gave command,
To pass the ring from chief to chief.
And every chieftain in his turn,
Felt all his former strength return,
And vengeance fierce within him burn;
For the drugged wine he quaffed.
Ah! they'll have cause to weep and mourn
Who lately at us laughed.

But now the Bretons in their plight,
Their former foes to them invite,
To lend them needed aid;
Or Wessex sons would surely feel,
The weight of Eire's polished steel,
If that aid were delayed.
So now their forces they unite,
Against the Fenian chiefs to fight.

There upon Oscar fiercely swore
That he would shed the Breton's gore,
Until it reddened all the shore,
Where now their good ship lay.
But leave a few behind to store
Eight casks of gold, and perhaps more
For us to take away.
Our suffering we'll now avenge,
Their treachery calls for revenge,
And soon on them 'twill fall.
Nor will we leave here while one foe
Throughout this land is free to go,
Let battle axe and halberd's blow
Exterminate them all.

Then quickly taking up the word,
Each warrior drew his keen edged sword;