

## WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Invited the cupidity  
Of greedy, border powers;  
Although we peaceful paths pursued,  
Till forced to take the field;  
That field with corpses was bestrewed  
Ere we were forced to yield.  
But hearing of the mighty deeds  
Achieved by Eire's band;  
Against the world's best warriors,  
On Ventry Harbor's strand;  
We have come here to seek your aid,  
And if successful in the raid,  
Which our chief men have planned;  
Eight casks of gold will be your share,  
Which in this ship, you'll homeward bear  
To your own native land."

The Fenians on excitement bent,  
A ready ear to him they lent.  
Aboard all went, they liked the trip,  
And back the Bretons steered the ship.  
They now unfurl great sheets of sail,  
And fly before the freshening gale;  
And ere the morrow's sun goes down,  
They hail once more their native town.

They now appoint a festive rite,  
And all the town grows gay;  
The Fenian chiefs they now invite,  
To pass with them a jolly night,  
In feasting, song, and story light,  
Until the coming day.  
Then rest another day and night,  
And all make ready for the fight.

On the third day their forces march  
Against Tolchester town;