

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

The palace grounds they quickly gain,
Where many nobles still remain
 Around the council board.
Some boldly counseled and some planned
 Measures not yet disclosed,
Giving advise on every hand
Where to unite and where to stand,
And overwhelm the tiny band
 By which they were opposed.

Charge! Charge! said Oscar, on that host,
But first on those who loudest boast,
 Let your keen halberds play.
Surprised the Tolchians quickly fled,
But after them the Fenians sped,
And those who boasted and who bled,
 Were filled with dire dismay.

Nor did they stop the slaughter there,
But kept pursuing them everywhere,
 Smiting them in their tracks;
And fearful was the din that rose,
As gathering bands tried to oppose
Those furious chiefs, who on their foes,
 Swung the dread battle-axe.

As sweeps the storm along the height,
When thunders rattle and lightnings smite,
 And mountain torrents pour.
They madly rush into the fight,
And scores of Bretons put to flight,
Or change their day to endless night,
 Amid the battle roar.

What vails the battle to prolong,
'Gainst men so valiant and so strong?
 Nought that prince Lund can see.
Against a troop each one would strive,
Receive deep wounds and still survive,
 And win the victory.