

## WITH THE STORY TELLERS

A vast amount of treasure fell  
    Into the victors' hands;  
Which they conveyed in their trim ship,  
    Preparing to set sail,  
For the land they had so lately left,  
    Their own loved Innisfail.

His kingship met them on the way,  
And said: "With us you'll surely stay,  
And we will reckon you alway  
    Our bulwark and our pride;  
For here we grant you lordly sway,  
With varying pleasures for each day;  
By hill and dale, by lake and bay,  
    While with us you reside."  
Then to the king's seductive words,  
    The Fenians made reply:  
"Your generous offer make to those,  
You never treated as your foes;  
Who never smarted 'neath your blows  
    And on it might rely.

Reserve for them your gracious mien,  
Your base ingratitude we've seen;  
    So now we will not fail  
To take away those casks of gold,  
And stow them safe in the ship's hold,  
    And with them homeward sail;  
So part we here, we're going to join  
    Our comrades at the ship;  
Who gallantly have done their share,  
And anxiously await us there,  
    To make the homeward trip."

The humbled king his steps retraced,  
    Through his vast pleasure ground;  
And strange to say, while on his way,  
    The magic ring he found.