

## WITH THE STORY TELLERS

And vow they if at Dublin  
The doughty earls they meet;  
With toughened bows and bloody blows,  
They mean those earls to greet.

Outside the contest ending,  
Arose the loud hurrah;  
The victors cheered and toasted  
In cups of usquebaugh;  
While in the hall the harper  
Was in his happiest vein;  
Discoursing of those heroes,  
Who overthrew the Dane.  
The kerns and gallow glasses  
On oaten cakes regale.  
The flesh of geese and pigs and deer,  
Had helped to spread around good cheer  
And there were methers full of beer,  
And fresh goats' milk and ale.  
And there were songs and toasting,  
And tales that might enthrall;  
Of pookas and malicious sprites,  
'Till sleep o'ercame them all.

## SEVENTEENTH NIGHT

### The Battle of Kilmainham

We're tired of hearing shoneens boast  
Of battles won along our coast,  
Whenever we arose;  
Can no one here tell us tonight,  
Where justice triumphed over might;  
Where Irish valor won the fight  
Against our English foes?  
The greatest battle that took place  
'Tween English and the Irish race,  
Was at Kilmainham waged;