

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

That in Kerry did chance to dwell,  
'Mong the hills, in a bright sunny dell;  
Where no landlord would dare  
Ask Shawn Fodha to share  
The harvests that grew there so well.  
Thought Larry, "if I could but get  
These giants their vengeance to whet  
On each other who knows;"  
And at once he arose,  
Crying: I've got it, my life I will bet!  
So to Kerry at once Larry goes,  
Bent on making those giants bitter foes;  
Sees Shawn Fodha, whose size  
Did him greatly surprise;  
Then his secrets began to disclose.  
"I'm not asking for any reward,  
Though I came to put you on your guard;  
For in Munster I pride,  
And I'm here at your side,  
To say there's an overgrown man,  
Who swears that your sides he will tan.  
He's an out and out fraud,  
And a lying blackguard,  
And says, once when you saw him you ran.  
But this time to your castle he'll come,  
Take your nose twixt his finger and thumb,  
And squeezing your nose,  
Shake you out of your clothes;  
And with your hide cover his drum.

So saying, he left Kerry behind,  
And to Wicklow proceeds like the wind;  
Sees the giant in a trice,  
And tells him there twice,