

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

That to Kerry he's now forced to go;
Shawn Fodha was "knocking" him so—
 Said, you were a big stiff
 He'd knock out with one biff,
If you dared to come up to Dunloe.
But he's slow as a wagon of hay,
And can't walk a mile in a day;
 You'll enjoy the fun,
 When to Kerry you come,
To see him try to run away."
So to Munster the Wicklow gi'nt came
This boastful Shawn Fodha to tame;
Who ne'er saw with his eyes
A man of such size,
Then greatly he feared for his fame.
"Fear not!" said his wife, "I've a plan,
That will help you to vanquish this man."
 From his waist to his throat,
 She placed under his coat,
Before any contest began,
 Two goatskins she sewed,
 And away then she rode,
And directly the trials were on.
The giant from Wicklow drew nigh,
Asked Shawn Fodha what feat they should try:
 'I'll tell you," said Shawn,
 "Sure you're walking since dawn;
We'll eat first and fight by and by."

Then seven fat goats were on tables served,
 And a cask of usquebaugh;
The giants left nothing but the bones,
 And drank with a loud hurrah!
Now for every mouthful swallowed by Shawn
 He dropped two in the goatskin pouch,
But Wicklow, who played an honest game
 Looked tired, though he was no slouch.