

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Said Shawn: "I have eaten more than you,"
Which the other at once denied.
As you don't believe it, measure up!
"Tis the only way to decide."
Then a vat was placed in front of each—
Cried Shawn: "Are you ready or not?"
Then he stuck the knife in the goatskin pouch,
And its contents fell in the pot.
Now then bit for bit, and sup for sup,
As he handed Wicklow the knife,
Who seizing it ripped his stomach up,
And instantly lost his life.

Thus Larry who quickly detected
That giants are dull-witted, and prone
To mischief, won as he expected,
And longs to be free and at home.
Then at once to the moat he proceeds,
Where the elves of Kilgobbin hold court;
By the gleam of a light, on its lonely site,
He saw them dance, sing and sport.
Then at once to the fairies he goes,
Quite ready his tale to disclose
And reminded them then
What they promised him when
He last saw them, just two weeks before.
"To that promise we're true."
"Then I'm square with you
For the Wicklow giant is no more.
I got the big elf to kill himself,
And they all burst into a roar:
Saying Larry my dear! you have nothing to fear,
We'll nevermore darken your door.