

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

The chiefs and men together land,
As they had previously planned;
Upon a narrow winding strand,
That the steep mountain hides,
Of Beenoskee where the heather blooms,
Where high above it Brandon looms,
A mighty mountain mass;
That they can easily survey,
'Tis only a few miles away,
Towering o'er Brandon Head and Bay,
And over steep Slieveglas.

'Twas here the chiefs advised their bands,
Upon the spreading lea;
That some should search the neighboring lands,
With skeins and spears and battle brands,
And others fish the sea.
Those who for fishing volunteered
Nets for lines substituted;
They lower the boats upon the spray,
And as they pushed the craft away,
Their friends on shore saluted.

Forthwith swift Caolte and Oscar came,
And Diarmid by their side,
And Goll McMorna, the doughty chief,
Of Connaught long the pride.
These were the bravest fighting men
Of all the Fenian crew,
They were the greatest champions
Of Ireland through and through.

But while they stood there doubting
Which course they should pursue,
A novel spectacle was soon
Presented to their view.
A flock of goats attracted by
The strange craft and its sails,