WITH THE STORY TELLERS

While nearly trice that number
His colors did desert;
In vain Sir Jenicho might try
His influence to exert,
Upon a thoughtless soldiery,
Demoralized by fright;
Who cast away their weapons

And safety sought in flight.

Of the splendid English army
That round Kilmainham drew,
One thousand warriors scarcely,

Held to their colors true.

The loss of this great battle,
Did England's prestige lower;
The whole province of Leinster fell

Into McMurrough's power. From Hook Head round to Dublin;

From Callan to the sea,
There waved no flag but brave Prince Art's
His province now was free.

But on the first day of the year Fourteen-seventeen, 'tis told, Prince Art within his palace walls,

'Mid wailings manifold;

Was there found lying still in death, The noblest of the Gael;

For whom his people east and west, For many a day shall wail.

He who for forty years had dared Proud England's power and might,

And beat the forces of the Pale, In many a stubborn fight;

With his chief brehon, Doran, Was drugged by wily foes,

He taught on many a battlefield,
To dread his deadly blows.