

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

In this romantic valley,
Where Eustace Castle stands,
They rested and they feasted,
Those ready fighting bands;
But the next morning early,
With usquebaugh on tap,
They breakfasted and took the road
That led to Wicklow Gap.
On top of this romantic pass,
The clansmen make a halt;
Declare those hills, and lakes and rills
Are lovely to a fault;
Beneath their feet Nahangan lies,
And Glendalough so gay,
And round these lovely lakes and fine,
Many a legend doth entwine,
Of Holy men, of men divine,
Who here used fast and pray.
Some told us of Saint Kevin,
And of Kathleen's sad fate;
Some talked of bloody Sussex,
His treachery and hate;
When some one mentioned Cosby's name,
Their eyes with fury flashed;
Vented their feelings in a roar
While loud and fierce the clansmen swore
Their pikes they'd steep in his vile gore,
The fiend of Mullaghmast.

Just then addressed Lord Eustace
A well known mountain scout:
"I'll lead your men across the glen,
I know the quickest route;
Where the 'Firebrand of the Mountain'
Has gathered all his clan;
The English too are now in view,
Encamped around Lough Dan.