

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Then swore the king a mighty oath,
His vengeance soon would fall
Upon the whole McMorough clan,
Their chieftains fiefs and all;
To serve his purpose he would take
An army o'er the sea,
And every ship of thirty tons,
Should give him passage free.

The harper ceased his thrilling tale,
While marveled those around,
That voice so clear, and song so sweet,
Could 'mid those hills be found;
With one whose locks were hoary,
Whose head was bowed with years,
Who knew so well the story
Of the Wicklow mountaineers.
But now appeared the butler,
Bearing a massive tray;
Upon it bowls of usquebaugh
To wake the harper's lay,
And rouse the interest of those
Who quaff the flowing bowl;
With lemon sliced and nutmeg spiced,
Of love and mirth the soul.

I.

Come drink the air grows sharper,
Drink to the faithful harper!
Drink while the night grows darker,
To him whose castle stands,
A menace to those strangers,
Whose presence bodes fresh dangers;
Whose thieving lords and rangers
Would steal away our lands.