

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Who now will lead that crushed array,
That short time since was proud and gay,
 When scorning fosse and wall.
O'erweening pride, of foes makes light;
So eager were they for the fight;
So confident in their own might,
 That they could conquer all.
Vain now is England's boasted pride,
Her veteran troops on every side
 Are fleeing from the fray;
Or seek to gain the opposite shore;
The river ford at Inchicore,
Whose waters soon ran red with gore,
 As surely well they may.

No need to tell the reason why,
The ford itself is called Athcroy;*
Where thousands of the enemy
 Have found a watery grave.
'Mid scenes they dare not look upon,
With all their hopes of victory gone,
But blessed night soon coming on,
 A respite to them gave.

Lancaster was to the city brought,
Where for a time the surgeons thought,
 His wounds would fatal prove:
But through their prompt and skillful care,
Affairs of State again he'll share,
But never more will that prince dare
 Against McMurrough move.

Though safe within Dublin's strong walls,
 Sad was Lancaster's plight;
Four thousand of the soldiers slain,
 He led into that fight.

* Athcroy, the ford of blood.