

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

The Cosbys and their ilk are brave  
Against unarmed men,  
But be their numbers what they may,  
I'll fight them in this glen.

The English horse have reached the glen  
And pitched their tents close by;  
So dark and dreary were its looks,  
Its sides so steep and high,  
That they threw up strong breastworks,  
Lest clan O'Byrne should try  
To 'scape Lord Wilton's cavalry,  
And through the valley fly.  
The royal troops were ready,  
Well cowardly Cosby knew,  
Before he asked Lord Grey to come  
His hirelings to review.  
Sir Peter Carew also came  
To strengthen England's might:  
Unscrupulous and daring,  
Lord Wilton's fortune sharing,  
He was ready for the fight.

The English view the rugged slopes  
Above the tawny flood;  
And stillness brooded o'er the scene,  
Where those tried warriors stood;  
Scarce broken by the rapid flow  
Of Avonbeg, that down below,  
In divers channels strives to go,  
Through rocks and brakes and wood.

Why halts the brave O'Byrne clan,  
What does their chieftain mean?  
Abandoning that narrow pass,  
At crossing of the Polanass,  
Where drooping willows lean