

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Lord Eustice somewhat startled,
Northeastward bent his gaze,
Between the lake and Roundwood,
Like a vast field of maize
He sees the English breaking camp,
By Laragh road they go,
For they must cross the Avonmore
By the bridge of Annamoe.
"Scout, lead our men across the glen!
We'll then arrange the fight;
For Wilton's troops will be encamped
In Glenmalure tonight."

In a few hours the vale is crossed,
The Glenealo too is passed,
Whose waters are so pure,
Before we gain the hill-top quite,
We face another glorious sight,
Where Lugnaquilla's lofty height
Stands guard o'er Glenmalure.
While now we're closing up our ranks,
O'Byrne's men draw near;
'Mid waving hats and shaking hands
The chieftains now appear.

Thus spoke the lord of Baltinglass
"Six hundred and three score
Of clansmen true we bring to you,
You have as many more,
To meet the ravager who fires
Our churches and our homes;
Who boasts he'll feed us to the crows,
The hills strew with our bones.

Said Feach: "Our boys are ready,
To dare proud England's might;
The O'Toole and the McMurrough
Are expected here tonight;