

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Down on his comrade then he bore,
Who soon was lying in his gore,
And still he left one palesman more,
Of strength and life bereft.
Then next engaged him Singleton,
Who was the Saxons' pride;
But his strong blow was parried so,
It merely grazed his side.
Then fearful grew McMurrough's face
With anger and disdain;
As forward leant that doughty chief,
Tightening his horse's rein.
Then with a lightning downward sweep,
The Saxon doubled in a heap,
And left grim death a harvest reap
For Singleton was slain.
But the gate-keepers on the right
Who saw those deeds were seized with fright,
And safety sought in hasty flight;
Nor once looked back again.

So now the foe retreating,
An open passage made;
No other foeman daring
To block his exit stayed.
"Hear, traitors hear! before I go
Deem not your walls so great;
Your bodies soon will feed the crow,
Your lands I'll confiscate.
Your vaunted swordsmen I defy;
Your traitor nest I'll soon destroy."
Then galloped to Kippure close by,
Where clansmen for him wait.

Against the English settlers,
Through Wicklow as he sped;
He roused the Irish chieftains,
O'Toole his clansmen led,