

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Then passed we through Kildealy,  
Along the Dufferin road;  
And halted at the Urrin,  
That by the wayside flowed.  
Sweet scented hay around us lay,  
The sun had turned brown,  
Whence we marched down to Slaney's banks  
By Enniscorthy town.  
The day was dawning in the east;  
The town serenely slept;  
When like a rushing spring-tide wave  
Through its drear streets we swept.  
Then having seized the sentries,  
We forced them with us go;  
And captured the strong castle  
Built by Raymond le Gros.\*  
Disarmed, free passage gave them,  
Their banner quickly lowered;  
Once more the sunburst hoisted  
Where England's pennant soared,  
Their arms and stores, save just a few,  
We left with the townsmen,  
With whom we did the plunder share,  
To keep our banner flying there,  
Till we came back again.

That night we followed Slaney,  
'Till hindered by the Bann,  
That from the Wicklow border,  
With a swift current ran.  
Three miles from Enniscorthy,  
These rapid streams unite;  
We crossed the latter by a bridge,  
That served us well that night.

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\* Gros pronounce Gro.