

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

No time was to be wasted,
They must come without delay,
Or with exterminating war,
The Palesmen will them pay.

The dawn was just appearing,
When gazing towards Kippure;
Way up the Dodder valley,
The sentry felt quite sure
He saw the foe descending,
Along its winding shore;
Then promptly the alarm gave
And walked his beat once more.

Then forthwith came the Earl of Slane,
A noble ready to sustain
Proud England's king and crown;
And as he turning southward gazed
Up Dodder's stream, he felt amazed,
At the vast army pouring down
From Seefingan to Tallaght town.
Gleaming in sunshine, pikes and spears,
How beautiful the vale appears
Where Killakee's heights show,
O'er Dodder's stream that flows straightway,
From steep Kippure to Knockanvea;
While furze and fern their sides array,
Where'er the troopers go.
And from this lofty range of hills,
Pour many streamlets many rills,
To swell the Dodder's flow.

But while the clans are dressing ranks,
In shadowy Glennasmole;
Within the walls of Dublin
The drums are beating roll.