

## WITH THE STORY TELLERS

He did not find  
Much peace of mind  
When this bright light he reached at last;  
There was none here  
To offer cheer,  
'Twas the big moat of Mullaghmast.  
But he'll go there  
Howe'er he'll fare  
He feels too tired to further stray;  
Besides the light  
Seems to invite  
Him to step in without delay.  
With fear and awe  
In there he saw  
Tables that seemed for an army meant;  
While troops all around  
In sleep profound,  
And fully armed, upon them leant.  
And in the stalls  
Along the walls,  
Were horses standing in a line,  
The intruder stept  
Where a warrior slept,  
Who waking asked: "Is it yet the time?"  
No, no, not yet,  
But don't forget!  
And then he gazed at the sinking moon—  
Columbkille well  
Did this foretell,  
The dreadful battle begins at noon.

By that seer of old  
Was this foretold,  
Who did the future understand:  
When a miller rose  
With a hooked nose,  
And with six fingers on each hand,