

## WITH THE STORY TELLERS

And a bugle blew  
The cavern through,  
Then would each trooper a steed obtain,  
And Gerald would ride  
In all his pride,  
To end the bloody Saxons' reign.  
Him, pray excuse  
Till his horse's shoes,  
Which were in thickness a half inch clear;  
Shall be worn round,  
And the silver ground  
To the thickness of a kitten's ear.  
Then the miller's note  
Will sweep the moat,  
Far louder than the storm's wild blast;  
To rouse each clan  
And each fighting man,  
Against the fiends of Mullaghmast.

With hate inspired,  
With fury fired,  
Their country's enemies they'll seek;  
Who'll make a stand  
In that neck of land,  
Between Roscrea and Slieve Bloom's peak.  
There Eire's sons  
With pikes and guns,  
Will accomplish their overthrow;  
And crush for all time  
The murderous swine,  
And deal death to their treacherous foe  
Till not a man  
Of the Saxon Clan,  
Has been left to strike a blow.