

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

That in a dungeon or a grave
Hereafter you would stay.
Your fate they're now debating,
Get off at any cost!
If you value life and freedom,
Not a moment's to be lost.

With most provoking coolness,
Art to the Courtyard sped;
To where his noble charger
Was by the groomsman led.
Aware of his great danger,
Beset by treacherous foes,
He vaulted on his gallant steed,
And forward now he goes.
Then half a dozen palesmen,
At once rushed to the gate,
To block McMurrough's passage,
Ere it might be too late:
And called another yeoman
Who did the Irish hate—
Bold Singleton the swordsman
To seal the prince's fate.
Then forward dashed McMurrough,
Alone but undismayed,
And with his broadsword in his hand,
A passage soon he made.
A passage red and gory,
Recorded now in story;
Until the years grow hoary
With age, 'twill never fade.

First he attacked the foeman
Was holding on the left,
And with a blow of his broad sword,
His head in two he cleft.