

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

When with a light armed cavalcade,
Through Oxmantown with naked blade,
 Count Dartois leads his troops;
While the main body hurries on,
Past the old priory of Saint John,
That three main roads converge upon;
 Loud rose the fierce war whoops.

How lovely looked the varied scenes
 Presented to their view;
The river smoothly flowing along,
 Shaded by beech and yew;
Their foliage presenting
 An ever varying hue.
But save the march of armed men,
There was no sound from copse or glen.
The cattle ceased their lowing;
The barnyard fowl their crowing,
And on the river rowing,
 You couldn't find a man.

The browsing horses seemed aware
That something strange was happening there;
They tossed their manes; they sniffed the air,
 And through the fields they ran.

Between the Liffey and the wood,
Where many a giant oak tree stood;
 Where now Kilmainham stands:
The armies with each other close;
Loud was the clamor that arose,
And louder still the clanging blows
 Of spears and battle-brands.

King Henry's son now joins the fight,
With courage high as was his right;
For he was no soft carpet knight,
 But held warfare his game.