

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

To raise a powerful army  
    To vanquish all our foes,  
And drive them from this province,  
    Is what I now propose.  
To teach its lawless people  
    That forces we could bring,  
Enough to crush forever  
    This self-styled Leinster king.”  
So from the Boyne to Barrow’s mouth  
    The word was passed around;  
In Dublin to assemble,  
    The fittest rallying ground;  
From its large population,  
    And from its English tone;  
Ten thousand men they could raise in  
    That borough town alone.  
The summons it was answered,  
    And troops kept pouring in;  
Until to Lord Lancaster,  
    It seemed time to begin  
War on McMurrrough’s clansmen,  
    In Wicklow’s deep defiles;  
On the O’Tooles, O’Byrnes and  
    The Kavanaghs and Doyles.  
These warlike preparations  
    Did not escape Prince Art,  
Full well he knew, the Saxon crew  
    Against him soon would start.  
So trusty scouts at once he sent  
    All Wicklow to patrol,  
To urge the clans to come with speed  
    As far as Glennasmole;  
If they would save their hearths and homes  
    From England’s blighting hand;  
Aye, save their wives and children,  
    Their houses and their land.