

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

In Carlow Art was biding
When news to him was brought,
That his allies were vanquished
In every battle fought.
Short time he lost in summoning
The clans from near and far,
Against the strongholds of the Pale
To wage a ruthless war.
McMurrrough's clan rose like one man,
On valley, moor and hill;
Attacked their treacherous foemen,
And smote them there until,
Through all that spacious country,
From Arklow to Athy;
The blaze of Norman castles
Lit up the autumn sky.

Prince Art has gone in person
To lead his choicest troops;
Down on the Wexford Normans,
Through Scullogue Gap he swoops.
And charming is the color,
The gap in autumn wears;
Two thousand feet above it hides
In cloud, or mist that here abides,
Where nought but the dread pooka rides,
On top of the Blackstairs.
But on the north side of the Gap,
There in profusion grew,
The furze and fern, that clothe in turn,
The slopes of dark Knockroe.
By mountain river wild flowers plucked,
When June its voice had hushed;
Into the Witch's cave threw stones,
Or from the pine trees plucked the cones,
And often nearly broke our bones
As down the hill we rushed.