

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

SIXTEENTH NIGHT

In Which Both Sides Suffer Reverses

News of the viceroy's victory,
From Saxons won applause;
Gained over these fierce clansmen
Who hate their English laws.
So through the broad plains of Kildare,
His troops once more he leads,
Against the Dempseys and O'Moores,
And here again succeeds.
The clans lost just two hundred men
In that unequal fight;
In which they found themselves compelled
To cope with England's might.
Proud is the Lord Lieutenant now,
Of him the rabble sings;
Who slaughtered Art's confederates,
And clipped that chieftain's wings.

Lancaster now returning home,
Left Ormond in his stead;
To guard the fortunes of the Pale
To which he was so wed;
But death the zealous earl seized,
A soldier skilled and brave;
Whereon the council called Kildare,
Their interests to save.
This news caused the late deputy,
The son of England's king,
To pay a flying visit,
To Ireland in the spring.
Deposed Kildare and left him
To nurse his wounded pride,
And Stephen Scrope appointed
The ship of State to guide.