

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

With pike well poised and axe swung high,
The bloody weapons fast they ply,
Beneath their blows, what numbers die
The early morn disclosed.

The English cause seemed hopeless;
Lord Grey and his courtiers,
That their retreat would be cut off,
Now entertain grave fears.
So they are quickly mounted,
And safety seek in flight;
But they will get a "roasting"
Since after all the toasting,
The feasting, and the boasting,
They're in retreat tonight.

The pompous lord of Wilton,
Who came O'Byrne to smite,
Will tell exaggerated tales
Of that proud chieftain's might.
A thousand of his fighting men
Left on the mountain slope,
Who never more will battle
Nor e'er express a hope;
While Feach's brave clansmen proudly roam,
The hills and valleys round their home,
From hostile foe secure;
For half a century no troops
Dared enter Glenmalure.

Notes

Commeraghs—A mountain range in the northwest of Waterford county, for centuries a noted retreat for outlaws.

Suir, pronounced shure.

Omadhaun—A simpleton.

Leprechaun or cluricane was a little fairy shoemaker, having always in his possession a crock of