

### WITH THE STORY TELLERS

No prisoners take! 'tis better kill,  
Who laws defy and sovereign's will.  
Nor quit this gloomy vale until  
    Your swords have drunk their blood."  
Onward proceeds the British line,  
    Through the entangling wood,  
Unable clearly to define  
    Where clan O'Byrne stood;  
But soon was heard an ominous shout  
    Some distance up the glade;  
Volleys of musket shots rung out,  
    From ambuscades well laid.  
The skirmishers from Feach's command  
    Pour in a deadly fire,  
And cowardly Cosby's murderers  
    The first were to retire;  
But forward pressed the Englishmen,  
    To battle with their foes,  
And in that narrow strip of glen,  
Beset with brush and briar and fen,  
The sword and battle-axe met then  
    And deadly were their blows.

Lord Grey's courtiers their laughter ceased,  
    The volleys heavier grew;  
Attacks with sword and pike and gun  
    The combatants renew.  
His horse to charge the rebel flank,  
    He now seeks to employ;  
But on a rugged mountain side  
    Can cavalry deploy?  
He orders up all the reserves,  
    His footmen to support;  
'Tis plain Lord Wilton does not now  
    Think fighting is all sport.  
But on the left Sir Francis  
    Cosby, of hellish fame,