

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

At length a favorite courtier
 She summoned to her side;
The plastic knight of Wilton,
 To stir his heart with pride.

"Lord Grey! it is my pleasure
 To Ireland you should go,
And teach her fickle chiftains
 Obedience they must show
To all our royal mandates;
 Accord them fitting dues,
Pledge to our throne allegiance,
 Or death if they refuse.
Two thousand men take with you,
 Those rebels well I know
Our church and state will higher rate,
 If dealt a crushing blow.
The pope rebellion teaches,
 His priests are all disloyal;
Let only those the pulpit fill,
 Who hold a patent royal."

Lord Grey bowed low and took the brief
 From out her royal hands—
"The power with which it me invests,
 And all for which it stands,
Will scrupulously be observed,
 And promise now I make,
That England's colors I'll uphold
 Till life will me forsake."

The squadrons soon were ready,
 And anchor now they weigh,
With shouting and repoicing,
 They enter Dublin Bay;
Where they receive loud greeting
 In Dublin of the Pale,
Lord Grey and his mailed warriors,
 Ten thousand voices hail;