

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

For if he conquers Wicklow  
We cannot save Kildare.  
So whet your pikes and oil your guns,  
Your powder keep secure,  
For mark me! you'll have need of them,  
With Feach in Glenmalure.

So to Idrone and Offaly  
Where stately Barrow flows,  
We now must bid a fond farewell,  
We're off to meet our foes  
Tonight at Old Kilcullen  
The Liffey we will pass;  
'Tis but a few hours march from there  
To Ballymore Eustace.  
And what a wealth of scenery  
Awaits the clansmen there,  
On one side Wicklow mountains,  
On the other side Kildare;  
With the river Liffey boiling  
In eddies at their feet.  
They hear the frightful rumbling,  
The crushing and the jumbling,  
Of boulders downward tumbling  
Their presence there to greet.

The fall's named Poulaphuca,  
Thrice fifty feet in height,  
And down that dreadful precipice,  
The pooka comes each night;  
Wrapt in the mist and vapor  
That from the falls arise;  
He comes to seek his weird abode,  
Over a track none ever rode,  
His hideous form he only showed  
When lightning lit the skies.