

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

No other chief would dare dispute,
That all the lands I own
Through Leinster and through Munster wide,
Tyrconnell and Tyrone.

Then marched he to Kilkenny,
To Carlow next came down,
But from that place to Arklow
O'er castle, tower and town;
No flag waved but McMurrrough's,
"The Terror of the Pale"
So Richard must supplant it,
Or his expedition fail.
But to his haughty summons,
Prince Art said: "Twas but right,
For cowards to yield submission,
Who had no heart to fight.
For all his threats and bluster,
He did not care a whit;
His march through Leinster he'd oppose,
And never would submit."

Then blazed the huts along the track
Where England's army went,
While shooting peasants furnished them
A novel tournament:
Until Prince Art's guerillas
Around their camp appear;
Then foragers and looters,
And stragglers and freebooters,
And even the sharpshooters
Of the king had cause to fear.

No fuel or provender could
The army longer take;
Embarrassed by the woods and bogs,
Entangled in each brake: