

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Has left exposed the English flank,
They flee like startled game,
He and his troop of yeomen
Have struck their fastest pace;
But shouts like thunder strike their ears,
Round them the nimble foe appears;
Cosby! well grounded were your fears,
Here are the men of Leix!

Of all his bloody murderers,
Fully one hundred men;
Not one escaped O'Morra's wrath,
Their blood streamed through the glen.
The execrated Crosby
Lay there among the slain,
The bloody fiend of Mullaghmast
Had tried escape in vain.
And still they say when hail and storm,
And lightnings rend the sky;
That round the moat of Mullaghmast,
Fresh horrors lending to the blast,
His hated form they spy:
Into the labyrinth he pries,
Or at its entrance groaning lies,
Rousing the herdsman's fears

Gazing into the blood-stained lair,
Where sat the guests he slaughtered there,
Shrieking, vanishing into air,
The specter disappears.
O'Byrne's avenging mountaineers,
Have pressed the English sore
Down on their broken front and flank,
His gallow glasses bore:
When clan O'Moore returning found
The English left exposed;