

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

II.

Though all their lords around us,
Were anxious to confound us;
Or see their troops surround us,
 And shed our blood like rain:
We met them on the Glory,
No need to tell the story,
Its waters soon were gory
 With the bodies of their slain.

III.

But yesterday that nation
Was full of expectation,
Of our early subjugation,
 And that Prince Art 'twould tame;
Instead his chiefs and kerns true,
From the Blackstairs and Ferns too,
Pursued the foe by turns through
 The glens like startled game.

IV.

The Wexford and Idrone boys,
The cause of all our own joys,
Who fought it out alone boys,
 Of them now let us sing!
McMurrough's gallowglasses,
From Leinster's hills and passes,
Who slaughtered in such masses
 The forces of the king.