

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

We kept the river on our right,  
Proceeding on our way;  
And entered Ferns' ancient town  
Before the break of day.  
All the belongings of the Pale  
We confiscated then;  
They took them from our fathers,  
So we took them back again.  
Later we entered Camolin,  
Where we found many a mill;  
Between the Slieveboy mountain,  
And steep Ballymore Hill.  
We drove away the cattle  
Of the Saxons dwelling there,  
And to the camp at Carnew,  
With our booty did repair.

Now Lord Lancaster's proxy,  
The shrewd diplomat Scrope,  
Found 'twas a most resourceful man  
With whom he had to cope.  
His plans against Prince Art's allies,  
Must for the moment cease;  
In fact the deputy himself,  
No longer felt at ease.  
Because to him those earls seem,  
Who Munster's plains divide;  
Too jealous of each other,  
To battle side by side.  
To overcome Prince Art of course,  
Would need a strong well equipped force;  
This could no man deny.  
If Fitz with Butler would unite,  
And battle hard for England's right;  
Their chance seemed good to win the fight,  
And Leinster pacify.