

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Prince Art beheld with eager eye
O'Toole with his picked bowmen fly,
For well he knew that chief would die
 Or turn the battle tide;
Where Britain's hosts seemed to prevail,
Now arrows fell in showers like hail,
And streams of blood flowed through the vale
 But did not yet decide
Which side would conquer in the fray;
The Prior's troops might save the day,
But Dartois' lines were giving way,
 Who might the battle guide.

The English ardor seems to flag,
Behind their lines great numbers lag;
Lord Thomas cried: Is this the brag
 You made last even-tide?
Send Butler up with the reserve,
Our purpose it will better serve;
The laggards he will surely nerve,
 And rouse their dormant pride.

The Prior's troops can't save the day;
Count Dartois' lines are giving way,
 Or falling on the plain.
Birmingham dying on the field,
His new command is forced to yield;
 Sir Hudson Tuite is slain.
But worst disaster of them all,
 That caused their direst plight;
Was when his troops witnessed the fall
Of* Henry's son, who marshalled all,
And stood there firmly as a wall,
 Throughout the raging fight.

* The Earl of Lancaster, son of King Henry IV.