

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Throughout the fourteenth century,
Each king who conquest tried,
Had found the house of McMurrough
A thorn in his side,
Hence to Lancaster's anxious quest
Ormond at once replies:
"If Leinster's prince you would destroy,
Commence with his allies."

For half a dozen years or more,
Peace reigned o'er Wicklow's land;
Until this new viceroy appeared,
To take supreme command:
Declared on those unruly chiefs,
He soon revenge would take,
And strong support he got at once
From Dublin's mayor, John Drake;
Who took his place at the head of
The city royalists;
While the viceroy, some troops of horse,
In the same cause enlists,
And with an overwhelming force,
Comes with the dawning day;
And there 'mid Wicklow's hills and dells,
Five hundred clansmen slay.
All of the brave O'Byrne clan
Who occupied Glencree,
And both sides of the Dargle,
To Bray built by the sea.
Now maids and matrons through those glens,
Send up their tearful wails;
For those who never more shall break
The silence of those vales.