

## WITH THE STORY TELLERS

On England's right now raged the fight  
More fiercely than elsewhere.  
Lord Thomas too, they see invite  
His fortunes for to share;  
Sir Hudson Tuite, with royal Meath,  
The prior too came there,  
And Birmingham, a valiant knight,  
To lend their aid to win the fight.  
Confronting them with pike and dart,  
Were Leinster's clans, with brave Prince Art;  
His friend, Red Kavanagh, in short  
All the McMurrough clan,  
Advance to meet their stubborn foes;  
The swords and spears exchanging blows;  
So furious the encounter grows,  
Whole lines fell in the van.

As sea-walls sometimes will give way,  
Before the furious spring-tide's play;  
While people look on in dismay  
At the destruction wrought:  
'Twas thus these fierce contestants met,  
With pike and lance defiantly set;  
Their eager thirst for blood to whet,  
And hard and long they fought.

Then fiercely charged O'Nolan  
The Methian royalists;  
His clansmen armed with sword and spear,  
Cut through their lines from front to rear;  
Shouts of defiance, hate and fear,  
Go mingling with the mists,  
That from the river seem to rise,  
And hover o'er the plain;  
Where now the warrior sinks and dies;  
The shouting rises to the skies,  
And echoes back again.