

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

And so the army orders got  
To march without delay,  
And show no mercy to his sept;  
But slay, and slay, and slay!  
Then hapless was the fate of those  
They chanced to overhaul;  
Still were there men within each glen,  
To battle after all.

Who fodder and provisions swept  
Out of the army's track;  
And with their leaders on each hill,  
Prepared a fresh attack.

Soon this unwieldy army  
Of English fighting men;  
Were put on quarter rations,  
Assailed in moor and fen;  
By Art McMurrrough's clansmen  
Who led in each attack,  
Who shot the vanguard in the face,  
The rear-guard in the back.

From Carlow town to Tullow  
He sees his losses swell;  
But crossing Slaney river  
Such members of them fell,  
That now the boastful Richard  
Sees nothing but defeat,  
And the pursuit is changed to an  
Inglorious retreat.

So tempting offers now he makes  
Of castles and of lands;  
If Art no longer would oppose  
The march of his commands.  
Henceforth this haughty Briton  
Crestfallen makes his way  
Through moors and fens and woods and glens  
Till he reached Dublin Bay.