

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

The brave O'Byrne, the fierce O'Toole,  
McMurrough or O'Moore.  
He then a courier dispatched  
Prince Art to him to bring;  
But that proud chief scant honors showed  
The envoy of the king.

"What news is this my worthy sir,  
From Richard that you bring?  
Will he grant me an English shire  
If I call him my king?  
For though you have come over here,  
Still nothing have you said,  
Of what your king's intentions are,  
But mine would learn instead."

"The king sends greetings to prince Art,  
And with them some demands;  
Which I shall now explain to you,  
Such are the royal commands.

"You must surrender your domains,  
And fealty pledge beside;  
Then out of his vast plenitude,  
He'll other lands provide."

"Your sire's so kind, ambassador  
This message to him bring!  
I'm king of Leinster and that means  
The equal of your king.  
Naught mean I to surrender,  
As long as I shall live;  
But who so would my lands invade,  
To him hard blows I'll give."

The king on learning this was wroth,  
So loud and fierce he swore;  
The whole McMurrough clan could scarce  
Sate his fierce thirst for gore.