

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

When sixteen thousand on each side,
Buoyed up alike with hate and pride,
Would die or turn the battle tide,
 And furiously it raged.
There's William Lundon, he can tell
The story, for he knows it well;
Come Will! the chair is yours tonight,
And tell us of this glorious fight.

The Battle

Lord Thomas of Lancaster
 Long deemed an able prince,
Summoned the Pale from far and near
 To join their forces, since
They still had hovering round their gates,
 A bold, determined foe;
To whom their boasts of "conquerors"
 Seemed but a hollow show.
But as he looked across the plain,
He saw approach the Earl of Slane.
Who on his foes would vengeance wreak.
"What of the earls, Slane! speak, pray speak!"

"Of Desmond I have naught to say;
I don't believe he comes this way,
But Ormond's men passed up the glen
 As it was breaking day.

I took them to Kilmainham's prior,
A man I greatly do admire;
He still retains his youthful fire,
 Would rather fight than pray.
On Desmond we could ne'er rely,
A friend, perhaps an enemy.
He will not join in this affray,
But that need cause us no dismay.