

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Mounted upon a noble steed,  
That was of purest Derby breed;  
He bade his staff to take good heed;

    This day should bring them fame.  
Thus urged, they furious battle greet,  
And bear themselves as worthy knights,  
To battle hard for England's rights,  
Soon as the enemy they meet.  
If merciless the blows they deal,  
Think war is but a soldier's game;  
To win him an enduring fame,  
Ere some fell blow his life shall steal.

But stretched along the river front,  
His left opposed to England's right,  
That with the center bore the brunt  
Of battle, there Art's clansmen fight.  
These from Shillelah's rugged height,  
But those from Wexford's fertile plains;  
Fierce Hugh O'Toole commands the right,  
Where young O'Nolan too maintains  
Against Sir Perrier the fight,  
O'Byrne's gallow glasses brave,  
From hill and dell and mountain cave,  
    Lined up beside O'Toole;  
For they were veterans skilled and tried,  
Who oft before fought side by side;  
The rugged mountain oft did ride  
    To o'erthrow British rule.

The battle front seemed now extending;  
Advancing here, there backward bending;  
Arrows in clouds on it descending;  
    Loud! loud! the war-cries rose  
While blood flowed in a tide unending,  
    From the contestants blows.