

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

“Your council prudent seems to me,
We’ll pass this day in jollity

 And with the rising sun,
To Wicklow we will wend our way;
But in its vales short time we’ll stay,
Tomorrow may bring serious play;
 Today we give to fun.

So harper! cheer us with your strains,
 And play your liveliest air;
For in the pleasures of the camp
 Today I mean to share.

Come let the men be feasted,
 And try our favorite rounds,
To throw the weight, or jump the gate,
 First prize is twenty pounds.”

The feasting over for the time,
 The contestants appeared,
And in the running broad jump
 Were twenty-four feet cleared.

And in the races that were run,
 Were men surprising fleet;
To see them taking the high jump,
 Was still a greater treat.

But while the contest with the weights
 Is stubbornly maintained;
A courier on McMurrough waits,
 His message thus explained.

“With twenty score, my chief, O’Moore
 Is coming from Athy;
To battle hard for liberty,
 Or on the field to die.

The welcome news was well received,
 O’Moore won much applause;
O’Nolan too had reached the camp,
 To strengthen Ireland’s cause,