

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

So to the powerful earls, Scrope
A hasty message sent:
"To vanquish Leinster's prince seems now
My master's sole intent.
His loyalty I will commend
To England's lords and king,
And he'll stand high in their esteem,
Who will strong forces bring.

Meanwhile McMurrough's clansmen
Have left behind Carnew;
And passed through rough Shillelagh,
Where the stout blackthorn grew.
Swift rolling Derreen river
They crossed at Hackettstown,
And at Rathvilly, Slaney passed;
Slaney that flows with current fast;
One wonders how the flood can last,
The way it rushes down.

The town of Castedermot
Soon fell into our power;
Famed for its noble abbey,
And for its fine round tower.
But while we laughed and feasted,
The news was to us brought,
That the great earls were reconciled,
And had together fought
Against O'Carroll of Ely,
Who came with troops select,
To bring aid to McMurrough,
And tribute to collect.
From Ara and from Ownybeg
Came squads led by O'Brien;
These to Rathdowney came with speed,
Teigue Carroll's force to join.