

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

But louder still the tumult grows,
As if the fiends of hell,
Had lent their aid to pike and blade,
The carnage for to swell.
Through Wexford's long, wide-spreading host
Count Dartois now a passage forced,
With veterans skilled and brave;
Who fought in Flanders and in France,
Now pierced its ranks and still advance
The Methians to save.
His strategy was bearing fruit,
So sudden the attack
That Gorey's famous regiment
That through the Gaels a thrill had sent,
Now overborne, broken and bent,
Was quickly hurled back;
While down on them Count Dartois swoops,
And breaks them in disordered groups,
Prince Art sends up his choicest troops
His line for to preserve.

While fiercer now the fighting grew
And spearmen and pikemen closer drew,
To Dartois' aid the Butler flew
With most of the reserve:
Then shouts arose for an O'Toole
Who might the furious battle rule,
With desperate strength and courage cool
Their purpose best to serve.
And aid the battling Irish right
Still strong in valor and in might
And help them in their sudden plight
To rearrange their lines.
Still to maintain the stubborn fight
And check the Count's designs.