

## WITH THE STORY TELLERS

The harper then arose and said:  
    "The story is sublime;  
I'll cull from it a few excerpts  
    To pass away the time.  
But this you must remember  
    If you would grasp my tale;  
You're 'mid the hills of Wicklow now,  
    And not in Golden Vale."

## The Invasion

Immediately was fitted out  
    An expedition grand,  
Intended by King Richard,  
    To overawe this land.  
Three hundred ships soon brought across  
    Three times twelve thousand men;  
In Waterford he disembarked,  
And summoned to him then,  
All Ireland's Chiefs, so they could see  
The splendor of his majesty;  
    The might of England's King;  
Against whose power, what chief would dare  
To lift a hand; how would he fare  
To war against a monarch there,  
    Who could such myriads bring?  
  
Some timid chiefs said 'twas but right,  
And others dazzled at the sight  
Of England's King and England's might,  
    Did full submission make.  
Agreed their lands should henceforth be  
At the pleasure of his majesty;  
If they should fail in loyalty,  
    Reprisals he could take.  
The Royal Proclamation  
    Did not to him allure;