

## WITH THE STORY TELLERS

When they arrived in Dublin,  
The king again took heart;  
Forgot alike his failures  
And his promises to Art:  
Not so that prince, to whom it seemed  
Those pledges now should be redeemed,  
He gave him when distress;  
And so to Dublin straight he came,  
His wife's Kildare estates to claim,  
But Ormond played a subtle game  
And managed his arrest.  
Then hard with Leinster's Prince 'twould fare,  
Should Richard's minions only dare  
That doughty chief to kill;  
But since to England he must go;  
Lest war should follow such a blow,  
Their base designs they must forego;  
Though much against their will.  
But for the chief returning home,  
Another plot was laid;  
The Saxon lord of Talbotstown,  
Prince Art his guest has made.  
Within his splendid mansion, which  
The Irish call Glencree;  
He bade him and his harper share  
His hospitality.  
But when his faithful harper  
Suspicious movements spied;  
The gathering of armed men  
In the big court outside.  
He lost no time to intimate,  
His prince was then in peril great,  
Playing in thrilling Gaelic vein,  
Upon his harp this warning strain.  
"I've seen the faithless Sassenach,  
And even heard him say,