

wildered lords of the council, who had drawn round the throne, while he stood alone on the opposite side of the table with the sword in his hand :

"This sword your monarch to my father gave,

When civil tumult vexed our Irish land ;
And with it added power to smite or save.

And justice deal with an unsparing hand.
Full well my sire obeyed the high command,

Taming each rebel chief and tanist soon ;
Witness Knocktow, MackUlick's scattered

band,
Imaile's dark glen, and wilds of Glan-
croon.

For this what were his thanks?—a scaffold
and a tomb.

"And therefore came I at your feet to fling
This pageant sword and—*there* the bauble
lies.

Mine own I draw, and, Saxons, tell your
king

That Offaly his utmost rage defies,
Warring to death with him and his allies!

Bear witness Heaven and sainted Bridget's
shrine,

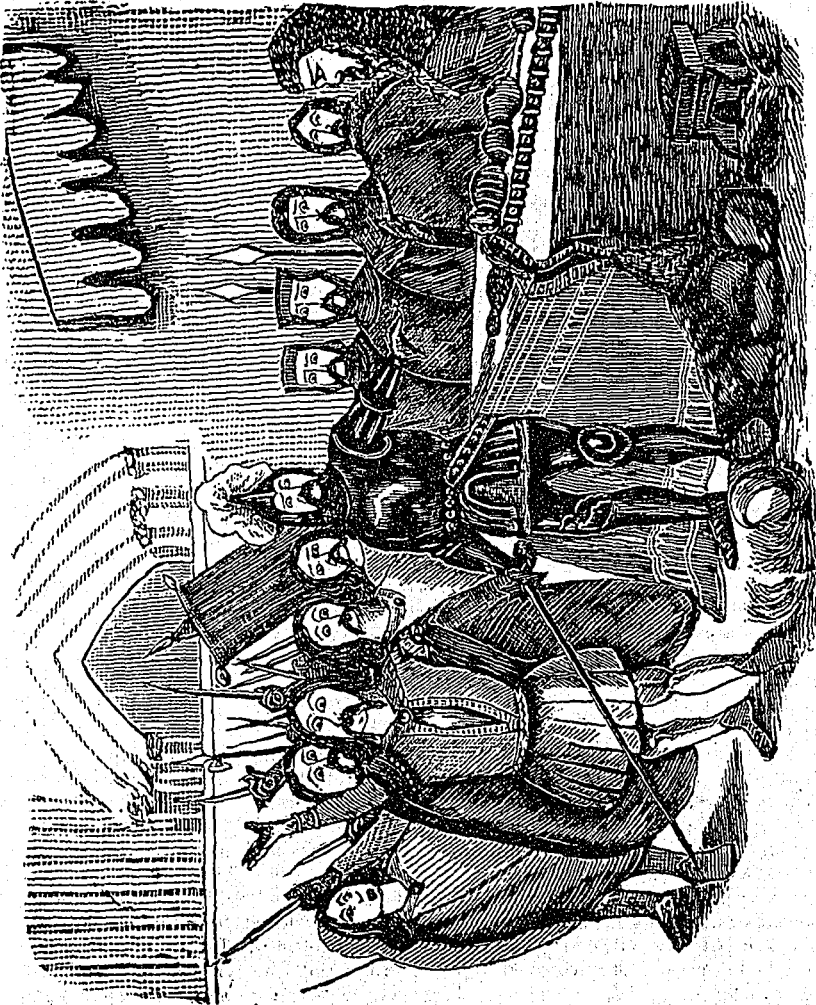
That to the winds I top all English ties ;
And Ormond!—foeman to my house and

line—
Behold! I do defy thee! I, the Geraldine!

"For ye have wrung me unto this with lies,
And written fabrications, foul and vain ;

My father's blood smokes on the earth and
cries

For vengeance. And deep that crimson stain



SILKEN THOMAS RENOUNCING HIS ALLEGIANCE TO ENGLAND.