

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

The workmen shouted out with pride:
 "Come Judge! we're through preparin'
The place, where they must now decide
 The championship of Erin.
But on the crowd that stood around,
Fell silence deep, prolonged, profound;
 Showing interest ran high;
Though one small barony might them claim,
All Ireland could not bound their fame;
Well might Clanwilliam's sons exclaim:
 "All Europe we defy."

Then Jack McGrath first toed the scratch,
 The weight heaved yards eleven;
But William Ryan proved his match,
 He stood just six feet seven.
Then Dingley massive, tall and grand,
The stone threw with his good right hand,
 And shot it through the gate:
Tom Bradshaw grasped it in his hands,
His muscles firm as iron bands,
A foot past Dingley's mark it lands;
 The cheering now was great.

Though Jack McGrath tried all his might,
 'Twas plain his star was setting
But Jack Dunlea was out of sight,
 On him the crowd were betting;
Though why should I attempt to tell
How far they threw, who threw so well,
 Who filled us all with wonder;
Save that Will Ryan so tall and straight,
The capstone raised, nine hundred weight;
While Bradshaw jumped a six feet gate,
 'Mid cheering loud as thunder.

But on the road returning home,
 Just at the Hill of Cullen,