

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

The Pattern of Emly

At Emlys' pattern you might see
Old maids their long beads telling,
And young ones moved with piety,
Flock from their humble dwelling.
And some were there the truth to tell,
Who did not know their prayers so well,
But merely out for pleasure;
Who sauntered through the streets all day,
Past tents where pipers used to play;
Where crowds were feeling very gay,
And drinking at their leisure.
Until they might their brains replace
With alcoholic germs;
And for "a scrap" each other face;
Excuse those yankee terms.
For when their heads were growing dizzy,
'Twas then their sticks were getting busy;
But athletes sway the crowd—
Jumps they'll contest, both broad and high,
The hurdle race they'll run close by;
But first the heavy weights they'll try.
For here are champions proud.

Both Ryan and Bradshaw, gossips claim
Were looking very sullen;
The one from Cloghaready came,
The other came from Cullen.
Then Jack McGrath, a stalworth lad,
To test their mettle seemed quite glad,
And said he'd yield to no man.
Jack Dingley too, well known to fame,
All-Ireland honors he could claim;
Such legs, such arms, such neck, such frame
Ne'er graced a Greek or Roman.