

*At football or weight throwing their equals are scarce knowing,
and although you'll admit the place is but so small
to those who I mention they pay much attention,
but to tug-o-war, the most famous of all.*

*We first came to Mountbellew where I scarcely need tell you
contained many a fellow who knew how it was done.
They were full of conceit so they challenged to meet
and were sure that they would beat any team that would come.*

*When they heard we were coming they started a lumbering,
and said that that they'd pull us right into the lake.
The first one we held them, the next one we sweep them,
and we would pull them on since if the rope did not break.*

*We next came to Glan where we heard the tale ran
that each man weighed about fourteen stone.
We went there quite bold, our names to uphold.
It was left to be told that we brought the prize home.*

*Then Slieve did arise, said they would open our eyes
and give us a surprise in our own native town.
Every evening in Slieve they were learning to heave,
and many did believe they'd surely win.
They were all well selected, the poor ones rejected,
and everyone expected to see Springlawn get a fall.
The crowd was uproarious, the pulling was furious,
but Springlawn came victorious on top of them all.*

*Now here's to the names that took part in the game,
and long may their fame through this country resound.
Such men as Pat Healy, Thomas Higgins and Leahy,
their equals are not in this land to be found.
On Heneghan and Dillon I bet my last shilling,
They are always willing to do their own part.
While Flemming our trainer likewise the Sinn Feiner,
they know all the tricks off by heart.*

*Now Commins and Mullin are terrors for pullin,
although they live over in Annaghmore.
So in one point I'll agree, may we all live to see
Old Ireland stand free among the Nations once more.*

Author unknown