

The when and where were settled fair, when Pat, as bold
 as brass,
 Cried, You know what we fight about, Mirkirky cried,
 Alas!
 And then in haste, and not to waste such very precious
 time,
 One primed without a loading, t'other loaded without
 prime.

Then back to back they stood, good lack! to measure
 yards a score,
 Mackirkincroft such honest measure never gave before;
 He walk'd so light, that out of sight full fairly he was seen,
 And Paddy shot a finger-post, some half a mile between.

Now Pat and Kate soon after that in wedlock's bands
 were join'd,
 Mackirky he kept walking on, and never look'd behind;
 And till this day, his 'ghost, they say (for he of love
 expir'd,)
 Keeps walking round the finger-post at which bold Paddy
 fir'd.



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