

MASTER M'GRATH

Winner of the Waterloo Cup, 1869.

1869 being the date of the year,
Those Waterloo sportsmen and more did appear,
To gain the great prizes and bear them awa
With the champion of England and Master M'Grath.

On the 12th of December that day of renown,
M'Grath and his keeper they left Lurgan town ;
A gale in the Channel it soon drove them o'er—
On the 13th they landed on fair England's shore.

And when they arrived in big London town,
Those great English sportsmen they all gathered round—
When one of those gentlemen gave a ha, ha !
Saying, "Is that the great dog you call Master M'Grath."

When some of those gentlemen standing around,
Says, "What about you or your Irish grey-hound ;
For you or your grey-hound we don't care a straw,
We'll humble the pride of your Master M'Grath."

Then Lord Lurgan stepped forward and says, "Gentlemen
If there's any amongst you have money to spend ;
For your nobles of England I don't care a straw—
Here is 5,000 to 1 on Master M'Grath."

Rose stood uncovered, the great English pride,
Her master and keeper they stood by her side ;
They have her let off and the crowd did hurra !
There's the pride of all England and Master M'Grath.

M'Grath he looked up and he wagged his old tail—
I inform your lordship I know what you mean—
For your nobles of England I don't care a straw,
For I'll tarnish the laurels, said Master M'Grath.

Well I know, says M'Grath, we have wild heather bogs,
But in old Ireland there's good men and dogs ;
Lead on, bold Britannia, give none of your jaw,
Enough ! that's up your nostrils, said Master M'Grath.

The hare she led off on a beautiful view,
As swift as the wind o'er the green hills she flew ;
He jumped on the hare's back and held up his paw—
Give three cheers for old Ireland and Master M'Grath.