

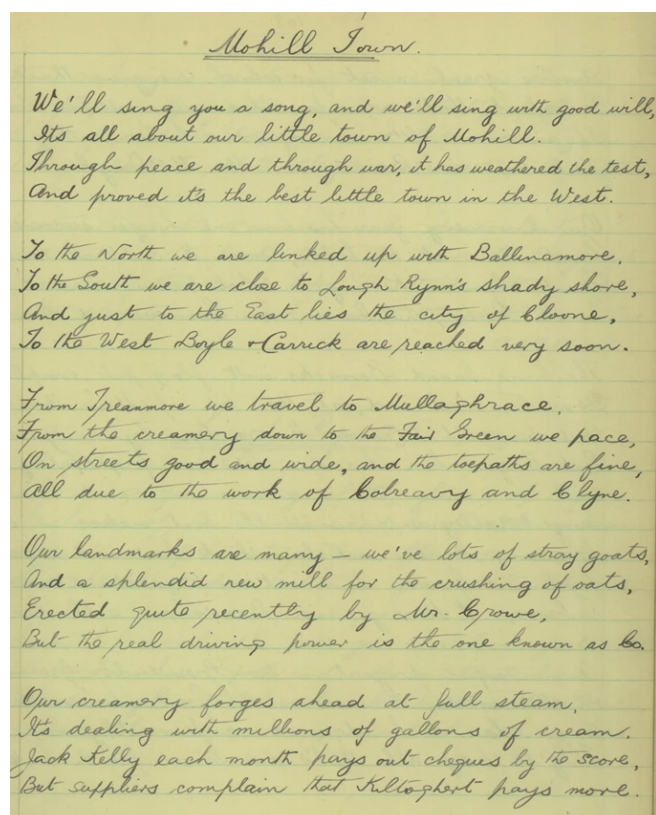
In 1937/38, teachers around Ireland were tasked with gathering stories from pupils about their home places, customs and stories. All the submissions are collated in the Schools Collection on dúchas.ie.

In Mohill Boys National School, Archibald Oliver Edward (A.O.E.) Bradshaw submitted a number of poems. This one provides a detailed vignette of the people and places that made Mohill in that era. It's called Mohill Town.

Only some of Bradshaw's verses are reproduced here. Read the full poem [on Dúchas.ie](http://onDúchas.ie)

The additional verses were written by Fiona Slevin as a contribution to a Heritage Week event in 2024.

Mohill Town



We'll sing you a song, and we'll sing with good will,
It's all about our little town of Mohill.
Through peace and through strife, it has weathered the test,
And proved it's the best little town in the West.
Surrounded by Treanmore, Boeshill, and Ussaun,
And Shannagh and Cappagh and sweet Coolabawn,
The streets good and wide, and the footpaths are fine,
All due to the work of Colreavy and Clyne.

Our landmarks are many - we've lots of stray goats,
And a splendid new mill for the crushing of oats,
Erected quite recently by Mr. Crowe,
But the real driving power is the one known as Co.

Our creamery forges ahead at full steam,
It's dealing with millions of gallons of cream.
Jack Kelly each month pays out cheques by the score,
But suppliers complain that Kiltoghert pays more.

Another great asset for which we give thanks,
Is the fact that we're furnished with wonderful Banks,
If an overdraft's needed, or a loan - so they say -
Just tap Mr Beattie, or Mr McVeagh.

Our Show every year has been one huge success,
Great men at the helm, sure it could not be less,
Frank Flynn & Kenny - what treasures we've got,
In the Rector, the Canon, Tom Gannon and Knott.

The Civic Guard Barracks with flag pole complete,
Is in the West end, at the top of Main Street.
And Sergeant O'Connor knows law by the yard,
But to give him his due, he's not frightfully hard.

George O'Malley supplies all the best makes in cars,
Canning Brothers & Dolan stock beer and cigars,
Hart and Gannon turn out most excellent suits,
Gibson, P. Henry and Bradshaw sell boots.

New verses

We mourn for the days of the town's thriving shops,
Like Meehan's for papers and two Logan's for chops.
And Luke Early's - a grocer, pub and undertaker,
But Rowleys still come when you meet your maker.

So many gone, but our thirst we still douse,
In Gordon's, Cusack's and Carroll's: each a fine public house.

Callaghans' music and sport makes a great social hub,
Though I long for the days of the old singing pub.

But Paul's is going strong and still making great cones,
And we still have one bank for giving out loans.

You can buy gifts and earraí tí in Ann Duignan's Selections,

And get nails and a tan in Liz Bohan's Reflections.

We meet friends in Boyce's and Berry & Brew.
And savour Mitchel's black pudding, and Zam Zam's fast food.

And Main Street looks well with new surface and lighting

And high-rising totems shout Maothail is fighting.

Truth, we rely on the likes of Mary and Bridie
And their band of hard workers to keep the place tidy
But there's life in the town, and belief in us still,
For this place we call home, our sweet old Mohill.