'Tis said that Marshall founded our fair town in days of yore,
That he built the lovely castle that looks down upon the Nore.
Yet, I often wonder who it was that laboured with such pains,
To fill our grand old city with so many narrow lanes.
There's Jacob's lane, Gooseberry lane, Old Quarry lane, as well,
They're all within the sounding of St. Patrick's chapel bell;
While Father Hayden's lane, of course, leads one to Archer Street,
And just 'round that section old Asylum lane we'll meet.
We'll visit ancient Mary's lane, not far from Pennfeather,
Then Poyntz' lane with Collier's lane and Guard lane, all together.
And then we come to Chapel lane with cross lanes in between,
While Motty lane will lead us out on windy James' Green.
Newbuilding lane is further down with Evan's lane close by,
The Brewery lane is fronting both—a cool spot when you're dry;
The Butter Slip and Market Slip have stairs to help you down,
Then old Mill lane and Common Hall are found in Irish-town.
The Continent has Kelly's lane and Williams' old boreen,
With Gas House lane located near the famous Gallows Green;
There are many other laneways—relics of the days of yore,
That are out of step with progress in our city by the Nore.

MARTIN F. O'CARROLL.