

**POEM COMPOSED BY ROSE KENNEDY, AHOGHILL**  
**EUCCHARISTIC CONGRESS JUNE 1932**

For the text of the poem see [here](#).

As we embarked for Dublin  
On the bus at Broadway Square  
It was a lovely morning  
With a cool and balmy air.  
There was nothing there unusual  
So far as we could see.  
Until a mile out of the town  
The place they call Ballee.

An arch was there erected,  
Of orange and blue  
With 'to hell with Pope and Popery'  
Above as we went through.  
To it we gave no notice,

As on we did pass  
Till a stone came through the window  
And broke a pane of glass.

Success to Mr Sheridan  
He is a gentleman.  
He soon rang up 'headquarters'  
And protection did demand.  
We all did him appreciate.  
He showed himself so kind.  
Lest any of the pilgrims  
They would be left behind.

There were logs put on the railway,  
For to knock off the train.  
But all that they could think or do  
Their work was all in vain.  
Surely they were helpless,  
Or otherwise, were blind  
To think that they could stop a train  
That day upon the line.

As Christ himself was with us all  
We had no right to fear

The sun it shone so bright above  
And all the way was clear