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Re: Young Munsters

4. LIMERICK CHRONICLE, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1993

The pride of Munsters' best

A BALLAD written by Limerick's celebrated Paddy McCormack, head of Limerick School of Music, Mulgrave Street.

*Our joy and our pride
This Young Munster side
With the trophy of '93,
This fighting team
Fulfilled our dream
And heroes forever they'll be.*

*For their spirit and fight
With courage and might
We pledge our support and cheer
Black and amber will be
The colours to see;
Young Munster, again, have no peer.*

*With tears and with cheers
We've rolled back the years
Since winning that Bateman prize.
Once again its come true –
and now we have two!
Well done to the Young Munster boys.*

*And then there's the team
Who are part of the dream
Since winning the honours first time;
Those great pioneers
Who, down through the years,
Inspired the effort sublime.*

*And what of the fans,
Sideline or in stands
Who followed their team all the way;
Singing "Beautiful Munsters"
With Wilie and Punters
And 'star of my own fade away'*

*On cloud twenty-eight
In the heavenly estate
Such noise from the old Bateman squad,
Saint Peter looked in
To sort out the din,
But no, 'twas himself – Holy God.*

*Well done Munsters!
Paddy McCormack
15 February 1989.*

The sport of heroes

Imagine thirty hefty men,
All togged up to the nines,
Running helter-skelter,
In Thomond Park's
confines.
No, it is not a gold rush,
It is not that at all,
It's a game that is called
rugby,
Played with a little ball,
It is no game for cissies,
There's danger all around.
And often in the course of
play,
The ball cannot be found,
It gets quite lost in bodies,
A thing that's called a
'maul'.
The referee must be
Houdini,
For he cannot see the ball,
He blows his whistle, gives
a 'free',
For what he only knows,
Some fans get agitated,
And would like to break his
nose.
The he calls the linesman
over,
To ascertain who's to
blame,
The maul disperses and we
see,
Three big, strong men are
lame.
The whistle blows again —
half-time,
And we see on either hand,
The teams are
disappearing,
To underneath the stand.
All is quiet for a while,
But some fans are getting
sour,
For the heavens now are
open —
A freezing, hailstone
shower.
These are the hazards of
the sport,
Men must be stout-hearted,

And as quick as you'd say
"Up Garryowen",
The game it has re-started.
With this inclement
weather,
The ball has lost its feel,
Instead of dobbined leather,
It's a slithering half-stone
eel.
The ref is real frustrated,
Teams he cannot recognise,
For both sides are mud
plastered,
From their boots up to their
eyes.
And there's a scrum on the
twenty-five,
The ball comes back real
quick,
Like a shot from out a rifle,
A beautiful drop-kick.
But the referee is not
happy,
He's been up with the tide,
With a blast of his piercing
whistle,
He shouts "You were
offside".
Now the teams are getting
tired,
And the ball goes to and
fro,
It dillies and it dallies,
Not knowing where to go.
Suddenly there's a forward
rush,
One side have scored a try,
They also have converted,
We're beside ourselves with
joy.
Some more plodding to and
fro,
There goes the final
whistle,
And we make our way in
Thomondgate,
Proud as a Scottish thistle.

ARTHUR LYSAGHT

19 Lee Estate,
Limerick.

A Little Comment

From the Back of the Monument

The black and amber slippers were there,
For all and sundry to stop and stare,
The black and amber was the wall,
To stop the Shannon's flowing, rolling maul;
No way did black and amber travel by night,
Or slink away from Castle's light,
Or try to row beneath Thomond Bridge by boat,
But marches quite proudly, with band and goat.
Of black and amber we are proud,
We cheer our team quite good and loud,
And to that man at 38,
He'll get his reward if he will wait.
Because we are climbing to the top,
We are a team that's hard to stop,
On that cold and wintry January day,
Let me hasten, just to say,
In case you wondered where we were gone,
'Twas down to Temple Hill, to face the mighty 'Con,'
Our forwards played with might and main,
I'm sure they now have many a pain,
And thanks again to our speedy backs,
For mounting all those ferocious attacks.
Just like Sarsfield's men of yore,
They stood up proud in the colours they wore.
Although the day was wet and cold, from the start,
According to Van Esbeck 'twould "warm the heart."
Maybe those slippers, resplendent where they laid-in,
Could belong to our ace kicker, Aidan.
Through the Parish again we'll march, quite ably led,
Whether by goat, or Setter, red,
And so we'd like to thank Bus Eireann,
For supporting the colours we're wearin'
Our team we'll follow, to do or die,
Whether in hail or rain or clear blue sky,
Through Nicholas Street, Thomond Bridge and
Thomondgate,
To Thomond Park, and the cup to anticipate.
Our fans will travel by any means,
Full of pep, and full of beans,
Whether by artic, just off the Ro-Ro,
Or pram full of dogs, pushed by Do-Do,
The black and amber has been seen for many a year,
And to our eyes brought many a tear,
We played, we fought, we lost, we won,
But my memory goes back to the 79-80 season,
Again the forwards gave their all,
Pouncing on every wayward ball,
The backs, as ever, alert and ready,
Well supported by my son, Eddie;
Also our second team we thank for all their trouble,
For they were instrumental in winning the double,
And if you are worried when we go up,
We'll present St. Peter with the league and cup.

—TOM COSTELLOE