

Mick Mackey and his men

by TOMMY POWER, Effin, 1940.

Oh Limerick is beautiful as everybody knows,
'Tis there the early flowerlets spring and summer grandeur
glows,
In days of old, its men were bold and fought like heroes then,
And their renown is handed down to Mick Mackey and his
Men.

We followed you through Munster and cheered you for
your fame,
On Dublin's far famed pitch we stood that bears a glorious
name,
And cheered with joy each man and boy each maid and
matron when,
We saw the sheen of white and green Mick Mackey and his
Men.

From Corrins heathclad slopes we came along by Galtymore,
From sweet Tipperary's border towns away by Shannonshore,
From the Banner County's hills, we came around by Foynes
and Glin
To cheer that day the grand array of Mick Mackey and his
Men.

'Twas well we knew the game would be both fierce and strong
that day,
When the Noreside boys came on the pitch all eager for the
fray,
Resolved were they to win their way and gain the crown again.
But we said "No! 'twill surely go to Mick Mackey and his
Men".

It was a glorious sight to see, sweet music filled the air,
The happy throng were gathered round and had no room to
spare,
In proud parade and undismayed, each side came out to win,
We said "No doubt 'tis coming south to Mick Mackey and
his Men".

To each and all our gallant band, a tribute would I pay,
The great Mick Mackey first of all, was the hero of the day,
And Paddy Scanlan tried and true has proved his worth again,
Repelled attack with lightning crack for Mick Mackey and
his men.

There is a boy from Fedamore, Paddy Clohessy is his name,
A star with lustre bright, undimmed and nationwide his fame,
And from Knockaney's storied ground, this year a man came
in,
'Tis Tommy Cooke with slash and hook for Mick Mackey and
his Men.

Then Timmy Ryan at centre-field, you've heard his name
before,
His prowess at the ancient game is known from shore to shore.
Mick Hickey fierce and strong would face a lion in his den,
But he'd rather stay to win the day with Mick Mackey and
his Men.

Of Jim McCarthy, Feenagh's pride, Mick Kennedy and Ned
Chawke,
Of Peter Cregan, Jackey Power, I'd like to sing and talk,
John Mackey and Dick Stokes, my boys, all fought like tigers
then
And Jim Roche so true from Croom abu with Mick Mackey
and his Men.

Now Paddy McMahon from Ahane, I never can forget,
A tiger in the onset bold, he's the man to smash the net,
Then cheers for all the gallant band again and yet again,
The great fifteen in white and green Mick Mackey and his
Men.

I'll go down to Castleconnell and I'll stay for an hour or two,
And I'll call out 'Tyler' Mackey to some cosy rendezvous,
We wont talk of County Councils, Boards of Health or things
akin,
We'll make no boast but drink a toast to Mick Mackey and
his Men.