

THE VICTORY OF THE LIMERICK BOAT CLUB

AT CASTLECONNELL,

1876.

ALL hail, Garryowen, proud Shannon's Queen,
Glories thine for the victory won;
Bright is thy name afar in its sheen,
It tells of the deeds the Boat Club has done.

Proud Connell's rock, hoary and grand,
Approving shakes its majestic head,
To see that we in our Munster land,
Are worthy sons of the mighty dead.

Father Shannon, with gladsome waves,
Triumphant laughs in his marshy bed,
Whilst around him, in their reedy caves,
The Tritons hail him a victor led.

In vain assayed, the far-famed Blue,
With laurels crowned with victories fame,
To show that we, in the Boat Club Crew,
Are all unworthy of Shannon's name.

But no! Shannon, with propitious sway,
Breathed calmly on Tom Myles' crew;
On way he led them, victors are they,
Bravo! the L.B.C.—where is the Blue?

Then, like the thunder clap, rose our cheer,
As o'er Shannon's ripples flew,
Proclaiming to all, the news so dear—
The Boat Club wins from The Veteran Blue!

Champions of Erin, trusty and true,
Long may the laurel wreath round your name,
And the Black and White win many a fight,
And bring to Limerick increasing fame.

W.C.P.

29th July, 1876.

CREWS—

L. B. C.

J. W. LEE,
P. POWER.
R. J. LEE.
T. MYLES (Stk.)
C. COUNIHAN (Cox.)

D. U. R. C.

R. H. COURTNEY.
A. W. SAMUELS.
C. J. SMYTH.
G. A. E. HICKSON (Stk.)
E. R. BYRNE (Cox.)

A few days ago I accidentally found the above verses—written in pencil in an old note book—which have been in my possession for thirty-three years, and long forgotten. I have ventured to have them printed, framed, and hung in the Club reading room, in the hope they may recall a stirring episode in the history of the Club, to the few now left who were present, and be of some interest to the oarsmen of to-day and of the future. At the time the event was of considerable moment evoking the greatest enthusiasm, even causing one zealous follower of rowing to drop—like Silas Wegg—into poetry.

The Dublin University Rowing Club had won the Metropolitan Cup previous to coming to Limerick, where some four or five crews were entered for the City Cup, one being the L.B.C. senior four, much fancied locally, but someone blundered and the race was started without them, although quite near their stake boat—The race was won by the D.U.R.C. Subsequently they met on the Lee, six crews rowing for the Glenbrook Cup; the L.B.C. were winning when their boat was swamped a few yards from the post, and they had the cruel experience of seeing the D.U.R.C., who won, and another crew go by them before drifting past the post. Two days afterwards they met at Castleconnell, when the L.B.C. won amidst a scene of the wildest excitement.

1st December, 1909.

BRUCE MURRAY, HON. SEC.