

IRISH CALYPSO

U.B.S.S., 1962

In Ireland in 1962

We saw faces that were old and faces that were new.
There was Guinness in the bottle and tea in the cup,
And if you shouted "David", five faces looked up.
On several evenings there were blanket hunts
And Pat Corry got whitened more than once.
You may think we've done everything in County Clare,
But I bet that we'll be going there again next year.

Poll Omega came quite high on the list,
With most of its passages doing the twist;
The 40 foot patch is not the last station,
We were given a Little misinformation.
When doing the second (of 80 feet, about)
A "Record Flood" came and drove us out.
And no wonder that Ireland is greener, when
We have a little cloudburst, now and then.

The number of ways into the Cullaun series
Makes nonsense of many of Rane Curl's theories.
In Cullaun II at least four were seen,
While in Cullaun I it is nearer fifteen.
It was right to the bottom we managed to get,
But in Cullaun V it was far too wet,
While at Nigel's hole in Cullaun II
We shouted and shouted, but nothing got through.

You might think, of the Goat, there could never be another,
But you'd be quite wrong: he's got a twin brother,
Who said to us, "I'm the respectable one,"
But of difference between them there is little or none.
On the surface the resemblance was quite amusing,
But down in Pollnagollum it was most confusing;
And Nature must have wanted something to do,
When she gave us not one Goat but two.

At O'Donaghue's Bar it was pints all round
And Tratty's engine was not very sound.
On the coast road he took the lead, but still
The Contraption passed him, going up the hill.
At the Castle gates he was eager to pass
So he took a short cut right over the grass.
And he won the race, there can be no doubt,
'Cause the Tratomobile was running on Guinness's stout.

O.C.L. 3.9.62