



Ode to the Dysart Days by Malcolm Wallace (Wally)

There once was a place that was close to my heart
It's a pub near Richmond and it's called the Dysart.
From there we played Rugby, drank beer, sang songs too.
There were numerous characters, I'll name just a few.

Dear Blod the boot would occasionally miss his round
He'd show empty pockets and say "look I haven't a pound"
Dai Pring would try and skip his round too
By escaping through the window out in the loo.

Jimmy and Noel would sing an Irish ditty
They'd also tell jokes, oh so witty.
Neill Matheson and Bill Sanford they played on the wing
But on a Saturday night, my you should hear them sing.

Tom Turnball could kick the ball so very far
But on a Saturday night he was always in the bar.
Jack Neate would sing "Soldiers of the Queen"
He would tell us, in all, 4 armed forces he'd been.

Jon Dance composed a song "He remains a Grasshopper"
Though now RFU President to us he's still a topper.
Glyn Jones would sing a Welsh song each week
Some say when he was born, in his hand was a leek.

John Crotty was the oldest to hold the scrum up
He told us he'd been playing since he was a pup.
Our scrum half was the wonderful Nadger
He had the speed and guile of a badger.

Fred Hallows would make speeches from the top of his head
And we'd all shout out : "Stand up Fred".
Jim O'Neil was big and strong like Mafias Luigie
we'd often hear him shout "Where's me oojiemoojie".

Dear old Emmie would shout "come along you rugby boys, it's way past time"
I think perhaps she'd like my speech in rhyme.
Emmie is still very close to my heart
Though she's now pouring pints in the heavenly Dysart.

Now please raise your glasses for this is now your part
And the toast today is **remembering the Dysart.**

‘Fortis in Animo’