

U.B.S.S. 1960

IRISH CALYPSO

(Being a full, concise and true Account of our Expedition to
Co. Clare)

Our cavers in Ireland were half a score
And the weather was wetter than ever before.
Oliver took David and David and Dave
And some of Tratty's party needed a shave.
We climbed up the mountain to Coomshingaun
And swam there in the suits in which we were born.
And we know now for certain, whatever the weather,
That Poll Elva and Pollnagollum run together.

Down Poll Elva one day a party went,
While to Pollnagollum another was sent.
In the bedding cave they coloured the waters green
And a bright fluorescence in Poll Elva was seen.
Then we went to the end on our hands and knees
And talked to one another through a six inch squeeze.
So we know now for certain, whatever the weather,
That Poll Elva and Pollnagollum run together.

In Poll Cragreagh and in Cullaun V & II
We found ourselves with plenty to do.
For Tratty's theories needed further proof,
So we studied the behaviour of the beds in the roof.
But back in the castle he saw with a frown,
That not only in caves do the beds come down!
And we know now for certain, whatever the weather,
That Poll Elva and rollnagollum run together.

We flew our flag, as we have flown it before,
On Ballynalacken's castle tower.
But the tower was adorned as well, this year,
By various specimens of underwear.
And there they hung in the wind and rain,
Till the owners went to fetch them down again.
But we know now for certain, whatever the weather,
That roll Elva and rollnagollum run together.

Joseph O'Laughlin, whom we found on our rounds,
Said he wouldn't go caving for a thousand pounds.
But a stick of chocolate and a helmet and lamp,
And he came down with us, but he found it rather damp.
When the water poured in with a roaring sound,
He said, "By Jasus, shalln't we all be dhrowned?"
But we know now for certain, whatever the weather,
That roll Elva and rollnagollum run together.

There was flooding at Killeany and St. Brendan's and Doolin,
Which gave Barry and Tratty some surface foolin'.
Poll Binn and roll Nua are as long as we say
And the Cath's I tributary goes the wrong way.
Cahir cloggaun's just a dirty word,
And the rest of our adventures you sure must have heard.
But we know now for certain, whatever the weather,
That Poll Elva and Pollnagollum run together.

O.C.L.

26.7.60