

IRISH CALYPSO FOR 1961

Being a full, true and concise account of the U.B.S.S. Expedition.

In Ireland in nineteen sixty one
It was more than a week till we saw the sun.
We were glad to reach Ballynalacken again,
But as soon as we got there it started to rain,
For the next three days we had plenty of showers,
Then it started raining solidly for forty eight hours,
And the floods in the valley were having high jinks,
Going knocking down the wall between the Cragg Lodge sinks.

It was a sober crowd that went this year,
So of juvenile pranks we had nothing to fear.
We saw many old faces, for of Tratty's retainers
There were no less than nine seasoned Irish campaigners.
Pat Tangye came in the Thomson float,
And the Limerick Flier brought us the Goat,
While the floods in the valley were having high jinks,
Going knocking down the wall between the Cragg Lodge sinks.

Bumble Dingle came to test all the waters he could,
To see if they had as much lime as they should.
But some had much less and some more than they ought to,
And he even found calcium in the purest rain water.
He was on a good wicket, for the rain was ample,
So out he'd go and get another water sample,
For the floods in the valley were having high jinks,
Going knocking down the wall between the Cragg Lodge sinks.

David Houston was having too little to do
So he nosed round the roof in Cullaun II.
And whether he was clever, or whether he was lucky
Found a very long ox-bow, unknown to Paul Acke.
But the Sandhurst bods find the nastiest places,
For Poll Omega and Cahircloggaun are disgraces.
But the floods in the valley were having high jinks,
Going knocking down the wall between the Cragg Lodge sinks.

The Craven's Canyon is now clearer than before,
For we found the Productid bed in its floor.
The stalagmite grill has yielded, too,
For William stripped down and squeezed himself through.
But he got no joy on further inspection,
Though we heard him quite clearly through the other connection.
And the floods in the valley were having high jinks,
Going knocking down the wall between the Cragg Lodge sinks.

In St. Catherine's and Doolin we had another look
To try and get some pictures for Tratty's new book.
And if you wanted to visit it again
Don't ask Eric the way to find Poll an Ionain.
The Chelsea bods were just over the hill;
If they'd waited for their luggage, they'd be waiting there still.
While the floods in the valley were having high jinks,
Going knocking down the wall between the Cragg Lodge sinks.

O.C.L.
August, 1961.