

Turn Off the phone it's February.

It all started in the snow and mud. After a phone call In February from Mr John Flood

We need you in Mullingar in a freezing hall. Not propping up the bar.

He said I want your kids in Kilkenny, Carlow, Kells and Athy

To come down and give this a try.

Riders, runners, swimmers and shots. Short and tall I need them all.

We've got to have another go at those terrible Scots.

Thousands of miles in the car; oh no not again to some place that's so far.

It's a long way from Cork up there to those places,

Come down here for a change; you should see all your faces.

So it's off to North Yorkshire, for a spin round the course on my crazy and wonderful horse.

The English will be here in lovely pink gear, Welsh all in Red

North Ireland hiding for an ambush under the bed!

East of England show up looking for the cup,

Last year Bedale was too far for some. This year I'm sure they will come.

The Irish are here again for the craic and sport, hoping not to sell ourselves short.

So thanks Floody for all your endeavour, I think we will all love you for ever and ever.

