

**To the County Minor Hurling Champions of 2008
St. Thomas's: Sons of Cúchulainn.**

(A poem by Matt Mooney.)

Sons of Cúchulainn

In the Annals of Cúchulainns sons
Appear the names of our ancestors;
Time of Land League, Landlords and Evictions:
When our Gaelic Games were spawned
While we waited for the dawn of freedom;
Floating on a tide of national pride
Between the nineteenth and twentieth century,
Barefoot players on pitches improvised,
Tournaments and marching bands
Of brass and reed and fife and drum:
The baronies hurling the troubled years away
With camáns shaped like camógs;
The flying Slitor a harbinger of peace
Sending shivers down the spine of time,
Raising up our ancient race
To feel again our rightful manhood;
Running on - this fever in the blood,
Leaving to posterity dexterity and style -
Present on the field of play today
In the genes of great grand children :
As accurate in every game
In their aim from centre field or side line cut,
And we cheer them from the stands
for they are Cúchulainns youngest sons.

Matt Mooney. Born in Kilchreest, Loughrea, Co. Galway in 1943.
He took up teaching in Listowel in 1966. His first book of poetry *Droving* was
launched in 2003.