

A Poem for your Club

Ballad of the Blues

We're bound for the banks of the Darwen
And the stream that descends through the oaks
And we'll rise through the house that Jack built,
Awash with our nerves and our hopes.

It's Ewood we're bound, and there's only one way –
Along Bolton Road, like a river.
And, like a river, we're blue – no river more true –
We're hunting that old football shiver.

We've passed the same way, through cold days and rain,
So long, we're a hundred and fifty.
But we'll not stop now, we'll rush back again –
As loyal as that stream, and as swiftly.

No matter how wet, we'll be here years yet,
Right through the snows of the winter –
And we'll raise a right din when the ball hits the net,
Whether up against Carlisle or Inter.

Wild Rovers, they call us, and wild we'll remain,
And not change, no never, nay never!
Gold in great store or money all spent,
We'll be blue and stay true as the river.

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So here we come now, all singing the blues,
To find that one place, of all places,
That we think of as sacred and think of as ours:
Ewood, the home of our aces.

Rattle your rattles and batter your drums
And shout as high as the tower
That's watched every game, and never once paid –
And stayed true. And truth is a power.

It's Ewood we're bound, and there's only one way –
Along Bolton Road, like a river.
And, like a river, we're blue – no river more true –
We're hunting that old football shiver.

Bust the skin of your drum, break the blade
Of your rattle. Kiss the badge on the kit you were born in.
We've blue and white skin, and blue and white kin.
And the blue and white tide has come roaring!

By David Swann

Inspired by fans