

A Poem for your Club

The Hatters' Call

*I'm proud to be a Hatter, feeling strong and proud,
Come on, you Hatters, lift your voices loud!
I'm proud to be a Hatter, in orange, blue, and white,
They see us as the underdogs, but we are ready for the fight!*

In a town where both dreams and planes take flight,
We harness our passion, our hearts burning bright.
Through streets of our Luton, with scarves held high,
Our footsteps like drumbeats, our songs touch the sky.

With belief as our compass, we are charting our course,
Fuelling our journey with unstoppable force.
We stand and cheer, and we'll shake the ground,
As we rally together, our spirits unbound.

From the famous Eric Morecambe, that star on our screens,
To the orange sunrise, fulfilling our dreams.
Past terraced red bricks where the town sings loud,
We push toward the ground, proud in the crowd.

Through the highs and the lows, we stand side by side,
Chasing glory, powered by pride.
At the turnstiles we gather, the Hatters unite,
Kenilworth calling, its lamps burning bright.

*I'm proud to be a Hatter, feeling strong and proud,
Come on, you Hatters, lift your voices loud!
I'm proud to be a Hatter, in orange, white, and blue,
They see us as the underdogs, but we show what we can do!*

As the whistle blows, hear the roar of the crowd,
We're your 12th Man, with our heads held proud.
The stadium opens, the bowl comes alive,
Where echoes of history and passion survive.

We wear our colours, bright as the sun,
With the heart of a Hatter, we're second to none!
From terrace to terrace, our anthem takes flight,
Together we thunder, together we fight.

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Respect for the struggle, sharing the grind,
In the pursuit of our goals, our dreams are aligned.
Focused on triumph, we chase what is ours,
Under these floodlights, we reach for the stars.

Luton Town shines, and our dreams take a stand,
With passion and pride, the Hatters' together band.
This is our temple, where legends are told,
In orange and blue, our fire takes hold.

*I'm proud to be a Hatter, hear the thunder roar,
With passion unbroken, we will give them more!
I'm proud to be a Hatter, our colours burning bright,
With hearts united, and victory in sight!*

From humble roots, this club has grown,
From the streets of the Town we've made our own.
Through every setback, we rose again,
The spirit of Luton will never bend.

Luton Town, our voice, our song,
At Kenilworth Road where we all belong.
From past to present, the fire burns clear,
Each win is sweeter, each roar sincere.

*I'm proud to be a Hatter, let the rafters shake,
For the spirit of Luton, no rival can break!
I'm proud to be a Hatter, forever we'll stand,
With one voice united, the pride of this land!*

*I'm proud to be a Hatter, hear our story told,
The Town and its people, with hearts of gold.
I'm proud to be a Hatter, raise your scarves on high,
For Luton forever, we'll reach for the sky!*

**By Naz Knight
Inspired by fans**