



# A Poem for your Club

## Pompey Forever

Play up Pompey! Pompey play up!

And here at Fratton Park, we are the waves, the crescent and star dust of history  
a potato field morphed into a cathedral of miracles  
against the shadows of ships, where the tide teaches you to endure  
you became the irrepressible voice of belief  
a will collaged from the trinkets of fans and your work in the community  
and on another winter weekend, screeching wheels  
will grind resilience into our bones, and we come bearing courage  
we, voice of the blue army, before the wind lost its push upon us  
these stories were shared with families around meal tables  
young children guided by parents, passing down tradition by the grasp of an arm  
getting off trains, waltzing through the streets, gazing at the flood lights  
weaving through turnstiles, and like the many tides we have survived  
Pompey's chime rises and roars like the wars fought above this ground

Play up Pompey! Pompey play up!

You who once tottered at the edge of extinction  
you have become the miracle we never knew we needed  
after 1920 carried us into the Football League  
a club south of London ventured to heights no one ever imagined  
Wembley came calling in 1929 and '34  
you reached for glory but came away, short  
yet we sang, louder each time, because Pompey is not silence, Pompey is a song  
a song that became a roar in '39, lifting the FA Cup  
then the war broke through our joy, but the cup lived with us for seven years  
Pompey, keepers of the flame, holding light even when the world was dark

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And like a tide in full force, 1949 – league champions of England  
champions again in 1950 – Pompey returned as kings of the land  
but like the child of the sea that you are, by '59, topflight was gone, until '78  
we hung at the fourth deep, a giant on its knees



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and we clawed back, as we always do  
promotions in the eighties, heartbreak in the nineties  
just as we carried the grief of a young keeper  
joy in 2003, we did not resist the long return to the top  
2008, our second coronation – Wembley night and another FA Cup  
a sea of blue filled up the stadium, the stars aligned, for a moment the world knew our name

Play up Pompey! Pompey play up!

In those moments when the world forgets, it was always the fans who remained  
you carried Pompey in your pockets, lungs and heartbeats  
and slowly, with stubborn grace, Pompey rises again –  
League Two champions in 2017, League One champions in 2024, and  
now standing tall in the Championship  
here in quiet audacity, our legends live in the weight of this story –  
Jimmy Dickinson, whose shadow still walks our pitch  
Peter Harris, a hurricane of goals that filled the nets  
Alan Knight, the eternal sentinel, eight-hundred games strong  
this is Pompey: the red socks for remembrance  
blue shirts that never run, white shorts of stubborn light  
and here at Fratton Park, under floodlights or in winter rain  
this is for the fathers and sons, mothers and daughters  
whole generations carrying the chant in their bones like a first heartbeat

Play up Pompey! Pompey play up!

from bottom to the crown, from despair to defiance  
rewriting the story of audacity  
we are not just a football club; we are a people and community bound by sea and song  
and through every rise, every fall, every legend remembered  
we are the miracle we needed and created  
we remain, truly Pompey, Pompey forever!

**By Bash Amuneni**  
**Inspired by fans**