



A Poem for your Club

VIS UNITA FORTIOR

Statues abound around the ground, Sir Stan, Banksie, Big John

history worth recalling, but the future beckons on.

McGrory, Waddo, Lou, TP,

brought in legends we've thrilled to see.

Managers come in, and players come and go

but we're always here, come rain, or hail or snow,

we're the 12th man, loyalties never switch

and we'd give all we have to be on the pitch.

We've hosted great teams, but cheered on our own,

though we're just a bit fickle and sometimes we moan –

we analyse every move in the game,

and when all else fails, the ref is to blame.

Through every emotion, we've stuck with our team

seen promotions, cup finals and we always dream –

“this is our year, we'll make them sit up”,

fantasise of Europe and a run in the cup.

We've sung songs to our heroes, lauded their names

taken it to heart if we've lost a few games.

The club's in our blood, our beings, our souls

and means so much more than just cheering the goals.

Our hearts beat in time with our football club,

this family friendly, community hub.



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Outreach at its centre appeals to the fans,
ticket prices, free travel, ever new plans,
with quiet purpose measured, not in trophies won,
but welcoming, compassion, and when each season's done
and holidays await us, and we miss our football fix
ponder who we'll sign up next, who the manager picks,
the backroom staff still function, and outreach still goes on,
no-one is forgotten, aged 3 to 91.
Much more than just a stadium, or players in red and white,
we embrace this clay-built city, quietly doing what is right,
each little piece important, each person met with smiles
whether living round the corner, or travelling many miles.
Though trophies have been few, the victories made more sweet,
for we're not glory hunters here, our club far more complete;
and through both tears and laughter we know we will endure
Stoke City FC – Vis Unita Fortior!

By Alan Barrett

Inspired by fans