

# Lament for Mick Mackey

Song

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## **Lament for Mick Mackey**

From lovely Castleconnell where the lordly Shannon flows,  
Came a prince of Ireland's hurlers whose fame forever glows.  
His skill and craft and valour is known throughout the land,  
This man who held a hurley then just like a magic wand.

'Twas in the early thirties that Mick Mackey hit the scene;  
This youth, a hurling genius in Limerick's white and green.  
His name is proudly written now in letters made of gold;  
His deeds at home and o'er the foam will be forever told.

'Twas a sad day in September in the year of eighty two,  
This giant of our national game met with his maker true.  
And thousands from the Shannonside and places far away,  
Went down to bid a fond adieu and a loving tribute pay.

In Limerick's golden era of our grand old hurling game,  
The Mackeys and the Clohesseys have won eternal fame.  
The Ryans, Mick and Timmy then who played a gallant role,  
And the mighty Paddy Scanlon too, defiant in the goal.

So farewell to you Mick Mackey as you cross the great divide,  
Where hurlers of those happy days will gather by your side.  
And the stalwart men from Fedamore, Ahane and sweet Adare,  
Will all line up to welcome you, the hurling cavalier.