

The Arrow

There is a small village not far from my home;
In the days of my youth there I oft times did roam
To speak of a hero known many miles around;
A champion oarsman his name is 'Joe Brown'

Now this here I mention and his name I tell to you;
With the three 'Curry Brothers' made up that boat crew
Being oarsmen of valour they proved honour soon,
It was these famous four that belonged to Portmoon

The course being selected lay near Ramore Hill,
Where the boys of Portmoon met the men from Moville
In their fast racing dromedary called "Arrow" by name
Her crew and her coxswain – five heroes of fame

They came from Moville and from sweet Innishown;
To be beaten by any it never was known
But their glorious honour that day was pulled down;
By the three 'Curry Brothers and famed 'Joe Brown

As they lay there awaiting the start;
'James Martin' the coxswain, brought joy to their hearts,
For he says "my brave men" with a smile on his face,
"I'll steer you to victory and win this great race"

'Jackson Mill' from Portmoon when this great race was ore,
Met these champion heroes from Lochaber shore
Says "your victory this day proves your valour to all
From Fair Head in Antrim to famed Donegal"

Now to conclude and to finish my song;
I now leave it to others to correct where I'm wrong,
Near the famed "Giant's Causeway" in a quiet humble home
You will there find the author of this little poem

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Tonduff, (Causeway Road)

Bushmills

*Submitted to Uncharted Histories project by Maurice McCurdy