



The Hurlers ("foot-the-ball")

"The households of Mitwold engage in feuding and bitter rivalry... [Here] many of the best known ball games are played, and it is a regular occurrence for some dispute to be settled by a savage game of rugby, football or rounders"

A legendary game between the towns of Wayford and Hay is celebrated in this song and also provides an origin myth for some local standing stones!

by Kit Barbourne and Gerald Merrowvale

C (instrumental) G B \flat F G C G C D

8 G C G C C F G

13 C G C

17 G C D G C

21 Chorus: C F G C G

26 C D G F C C F

30

1. They ga thered by the gol - den fields, One
swore to sett - le the ri - val - ry of

2. glo - rious summ - er's day, And Hay, For Hur - ling is a
Way - ford and of

game for all, for rich, for poor, for fools, The bett - er for being

un - en - cumb - ered by such things as rules. The ball, the ball! There's

no - thing like the ball! None shall ev er stop our play and

none of us shall fall! We, the Hurl - ers, Mit - wold ri - vals, re - vel in our

G C G C F C G C

35

crime, And now we'll chase the ball fo - ev - er, til the end of time.

1. *They gathered by the golden fields
One glorious summer's day
And swore to settle the rivalry
Of Wayford and of Hay
For hurling is a game for all,
For rich, for poor, for fools,
The better for being unencumbered
By such things as rules*

*Chorus:
The ball, the ball!
There's nothing like the ball!
None shall ever stop our play
And none of us shall fall!
We, the Hurlers, Mitwold rivals,
Revel in our crime,
And now we'll chase the ball forever,
'til the end of time.*

2. *They kicked off at the Maiden Stone,
The ball placed on the ground
And as the ball bounced down the hill
Each shot off like a hound
Upon the ground behind the ball,
Their feet beat like bass drums,
And blue were the contusions
They got from all the scrums.*

Chorus

3. *Two pipers played a merry jig,
The music it was swirling,
And loud were all the lusty shouts
Of all who went a-hurling.
Oblivious to all the rules
Much to the ref's dismay
One goalmouth was the Wayford Inn
And one the Inn at Hay*

4. *Sometimes the ball went northward,
And sometimes to the south,
Sometimes a player had to spit
The teeth out from his mouth.
Sometimes they ran on through a hedge,
Sometimes into a pond;
At last the ball bounced to the south
Through the barley and beyond.*

Chorus

5. *And soon the Wayford boys seemed poised
For one last dash victorious;
One well-aimed shot through Hay's defence,
The ending would be glorious!
They'd pound their fists upon the bar,
Get drunk on Hay's fine ale -
But then the fellow with the ball
Turned ghastly white and pale:*

6. *The local killjoy, he stepped out
"This is no time for play
You should be all a-tilling crops
Not entering the fray
For you are all unvirtuous fools
And nothing can atone!"
The local killjoy waved his staff
And turned them all to stone.*

Chorus

7. *But if that was their punishment
Then none of them lamented;
The killjoy was a craven fool
To think that they repented:
For all the days within the year
Are now for hurling all,
And they shall be eternally
A-playing at the ball.*

Chorus