

# Ballad to Elijah



He wore his football coat,  
of colours white and red  
A football was in his hands  
a red cap on his head  
For football he loved  
never bothering with his bed

He walked amongst young men,  
with an expression that was most grey  
A red cap on his head  
and his step seemed light and gay\*  
But I never saw a boy who looked  
so wistfully at the day

I never saw a boy who looked  
with such a wistful eye  
Upon that oval of green  
kicking the ball to the sky

A ball that went drifting to the clouds  
up to the birds that flew by

He walked with a soul full of calm  
a football song he would sing  
And many wondering what the boy had done  
a great or little thing  
When a voice behind him whispered low,  
“That fellow can indeed swing”

The crowds can be like prison walls  
that can make him reel  
Like a casque of burning steel  
and though his body was in pain  
The pain he could not feel

There was never such a boy  
his humour was so bland  
Many of the people would laugh  
knowing his football talent was so grand  
Why are you tarrying; go hence  
Elijah’s football has been divinely planned

And this too, I know – and wise it were  
if all could know the same  
That every oval men build  
they are built for men to tame  
And his given talents that Christ can see  
He rejoiced in Elijah’s glory when it came

**By Grand-Dad**

\* ‘gay’ here used, with the old fashion meaning i.e. *happy*.