

Talk Celtic

"Hampden in the Sun"

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Oh Hampden in the sun,
Celtic 7 Rangers 1,
That was the score when it came time up,
The Timalloys had won the cup.

I see Tully running down the line,
He slips the ball past Valentine,
It's nodded down by 'Teazy Weazy',
And Sammy Wilson makes it look so easy.

I see Mochan beating Shearer,
The League Cup is coming nearer,
He slams in an impossible shot,
The Rangers team has had their lot.

Over comes a very high ball,
Up goes McPhail above them all,
The ball and Billy's head have met,
A lovely sight the ball is in the net.

Young Sam Wilson has them rocked,
But unluckily his shot was blocked,
Then big Bill with a lovely lob,
Makes it look such an easy job.

Now here is Mochan on the ball,
He runs around poor Ian McColl
Wee George Niven takes a daring dive,
But Smiler Mochan makes it number five.

Down the middle runs Billy McPhail,
With John Valentine on his tail,
With a shot along the ground,
The cup's at Parkhead safe and sound.

Here comes Fernie, cool and slick,
He ambles up to take the kick,
He hits it hard and low past Niven,
The Tims are in their Seventh Heaven

