

Talk Celtic

"Johnny Thompson Song"

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A young lad named John Thompson,
From the West of Fife he came,
To play for Glasgow Celtic,
And to build himself a name

On the 5th day of September,
Against the Rangers club he played,
From defeat he saved the Celtic,
Ah but what a price he paid.

The ball comes on the centre too,
But John runs out and dies,
The ball rolls by but John lies still,
For his club this hero died.

I took trip to Parkhead,
To the dear old Paradise,
And as the players came out,
Sure the tears fell from my eyes.

For a famous face was missing,
From the Green and White Brigade,
And they told me Johnny Thompson,
The last game he has played.

Farewell my darling Johnny,
Prince of players we must part,
No more we'll stand and cheer you,
On the slopes of Celtic Park.

The fans a they all are silent,
As they travel near and far,
No more they'll cheer John Thompson,
That bright and shining star.

So play up Glasgow Celtic,
Stand up and play the game,
For in your goal a spirit stands,
Johnny Thompson is it's name.

Farewell my darling Johnny,

Prince of players we must part,
No more we'll stand and cheer you,
On the slopes of Celtic Park,
No more we'll stand and cheer you,
On the slopes of Celtic Park.

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