

NO NAY NEVER

Pretiumque et Causa Laboris

*I went to an alehouse I use to frequent
I saw Fat Sam bastard his money was spent
He asked me to play & I answered him Nay
Cos rubbish like yours I can beat any day
& it's No Nay Never, No Nay Never No More
Til we play the bastard Rovers, No Nay Never No More..."*

Best served with a glass of claret

Being fortunate enough to be born in the Lancashire town of Burnley I am the proud inheritor of a football club with the greatest of traditions. The town, one of the founding members of the football league, has embraced every pleasure which the game can invoke, having won each division in turn, the FA Cup & as champions represented the country in Europe. On the flip-side of the coin the Clarets have been relegated from every division, been defeated cup finalists & championship runners up, were the first top-flight team to lose to an amateur side & only a last day victory twenty years ago prevented them from falling out of the league altogether. I first attended Turf Moor to see a 7-0 drubbing of Rotherham United in the eighties, & since then watching the team has supplied me with a great many feelings & emotions, for the fortunes of Burnley matter. It is with pride, then, that I have turned the clubs history to verse, bound intrinsically with the famous terrace chant of my fellow devoted; *No Nay Never No More!*

Well, mi dad is David Bullen & mi loyalty's a full 'un
& I've sang for Jimmy Mullen from the Longside at Turf Moor,
Weather shining, shite & sullen, always claret to the core
Only now & evermore

In the land o' pit & spindle, west o' Leeds & south o' Kendal
'Neath the lazy slopes o' Pendle in the hazy days of yore
Charlie MacKintyre floats a lovely pass across the floor
Albert Higginson must score!

Sends a shot across the cobbles, hits a kerb, ball ups & bobbles,
Goalie flounders as it wobbles in off Mrs Wade's front door,
All the happy lads & lasses smiling as the miners score
Sang,
No Nay Never No More

Tho' Burnley was good rugby ground, a better game it seem'd was found
To raise the local glory sound as proud, young sportsmen score
How swiftly Burnley's rugby clubs switch codes to full explore
Football's flowering rapport

From Olympia & Rangers to the Trinity, the Ramblers
The Wanderers, Hapton, Haggate, Spring Hill, Excelsior
But then the true eponymous that played upon Turf Moor
Grew harder to ignore!

Just a stone's throw from the centre & an ha'penny to enter
The fine grandstand where a ventor can anxieties outpour
Legs feeling every tackle's crunch, hearts missing beats & more
When the lads are set to score

How swiftly had Burnley FC absorb'd the town's hegemony
Sending scouts throughout the country, players well provided for
Producing true professionals all amateurs abhor,
For the fans prefer top-drawer

When McGregor of the Villa brought a dozen clubs together
Mister Armistead of Brunshaw helped to form old football's core,
Who, on the train from Manchester, as brown ale bottles pour,
Sang
No Nay Never No More

Our lot mixed it up wi' Accrington, those Rovers <spit> & Everton
Wolves, Bolton & the Albion, with games & goals galore
& every few new seasons league men add a couple more
Goal posts sprung from shore to shore

Then the board bought young Bert Freeman, full backs Halley Boyle & Watson
With goal kept by Jerry Dawson - from the Star Stands posh décor
They watched a famous cup run, thro' the polished turnstiles pour,
To an electric Turf Moor

Where by far the most exciting, when the kick-offs felt like fighting
With many dreams alighting as the team pushed up to score,
The glory of the FA cup, the magic of its roar
& No Nay Never No More

Our first semi made all frantic as striding like a gigantic

Boyle unleashed such a lightning kick the net shook as he scored
& when the whistle went the crowd, lifting him from the floor,
Sang

No Nay Never No More

Then Burnley was a ghost town, everyone had bugger'd off down
To see the palace & the crown, & the parliament'ry tour
Then when the match kicked off the ground was rafter packed & more
With men from the Mersey shore!

Those Scouse shouts dowsed by a sprinkler as Bert Freeman shot a twinkler,
Couldn't take a master thinker, then, to see the final score,
The Reds lay siege until the final whistle starts the soar

Of

No Nay Never No More

By the time the town had got home they'd been up all night & then some
But still made a famous welcome from the Mitre to Turf Moor,
As little Bob Lord saw the cup his heart was filled with awe

&

No Nay Never No More

Alas the swirl of world affairs caught plunged many folk into despairs
As everyone in Burnley shares the bloody loss of war
Brown, Hodgson, Pick'ring Lorrimer namore shall hear the roar

Of

No Nay Never No More

Then with the treaty of Versaille back came fixture list & cup-tie
So Burnley's board opted to buy a man they knew could score
Soon Scotland's great Joe Anderson was scoring goals galore
But the crowd still wanted more

& turn'd out stormblast, fog & rain as thirty games their boys did reign
Unbeaten thro a grand campaign, spurr'd on by Burnley's roar,
When all who watched the team would claim them, since the days of yore,
The best the world e'er saw!

A sweet shot from Joe Anderson clinch'd the title out at Everton
Sent the silver trophy on her maiden sailing to Turf Moor
Led by an army band with horns & drums & pipes galore
& the club flag to the fore

As things go up they must come down, & tho' Burnley had won renown
For football's beauty & the town with play that all adore
The team began to break-up from that all-conquering core
Creaking joints & saddle sore

Then the cotton turned to kindling & the gates they started dwindling
& the keeper started fumbling with this strange, new offside law
& the clarets started tumbling, relegation's rumbling maw,
Ah!
No Nay Never No More

There came a game we had to win, but the striker had hurt his shin
So Burnley moved their winger in & reckon'd six goals he's score!
Then with a hat-trick in each half thro' poor Birmingham tore
Louis Page for evermore!

Now the thirties were a struggle, when the club was in a bubble
Neither flying nor in trouble, neither brilliant nor poor
Just a single semi-final played to make the Turfites roar
Their
No Nay Never No More

When the global wars were over a young claret docked at Dover
Stood blessing his four-leaf clover that he had survived the war,
Gave ration coupons to the team, tho war had left him poor,
For his footy matters more

& immediate rewarded! His army wages afforded
Him both coach & night train boarded for those cup-ties shore to shore
When in the semi Liverpool reminded of the score
That had won our cup before

Then twas magical assembly when the Burnley went to Wembley
& the stadium resembled the Coliseums of yore,
'Lucky' Charlton nicked a winner, to the lord the lads implore!
As the Turfite throats sung sore

Bob Lord, the Lowerhouse butcher, bought the club & brought together
Robson, Adamson & Miller, formed a model football corps,
Convinced McIlroy & Pilkington, MacDonald & Blacklaw
Football's soul lay with Turf Moor

These were the days when Jimmy Mac picked up a short pass from the back

& with a glance starts an attack, crowd sensing we would score
& sure enough with a minute soon would rise the roar
Round telepath Turf Moor

From Old Trafford to Saint Andrews, yer White Hart Lane, yer Molineux,
& Ewood (whose team were no use), from the Palace to shop floor,
Men sensed that destiny was fusing with the tribal roar
Of
No Nay Never No More

& we called in the delousers when the hordes of roaring scousers
Left their filthy, flea-pit houses for the terrace at Turf Moor,
From knock-kneed Cockney, Geordie to the Brummie, Manc & more
All they hoped to do was draw.

Of all the clubs Burnley have played there's still one team the most afraid,
I think it's the passion displayed every time the clarets score
& none of us would trade the shirt for a zillion or more
To share the Ewood eyesore

Then Barlick, Hapton, Accy Road descended on a packed Maine Road
Where one win would duly accord the championship's awe
Where City raised their game helped by the great Manchester roar,
One-a-piece it seemed we'd draw

Then cheering skies filled with cloth cap, Meredith whacked a thunderclap
& Burnley put back on the map as the ref blew final score
& following the trophy to its new home at Turf Moor
Was
No Nay Never No More

With the glory of victory came the responsibility
Of representing the country in the European draw,
Off to Paris the team did fly, practicing their Bonjour
For a second Agincourt

With the natives getting restive Jimmy McIlroy was massive
As he played the Rheims team passive, beat them once & then once more,
The goals beamed live to England where they heard the Lanky roar
Of
No Nay Never No More

Our foe for the quarter-final, were the Germans, firm & vernal,

From yer corp'ral to yer colonel nobody mentioned the war
Hundreds of noisy klaxons descended upon Turf Moor
When we slotted three past Schnoor

As Lennon played a Hamburg pub the Burnley played their football club
But could not grasp the pitches rub & Blacklaw let in four,
Yet through one hundred thousand cheers the lads soothed by the roar
Of
No Nay Never No More

Then came the trip to White Hart Lane, a sea of mud after the rain
It seemed like the end of our reign, by half time we'd let in four,
With, "*Super Spurs!*" still ringing they closed the dressing room door
Pride in tatters on the floor

Hold to the truth! Thro thick & thin! Come watch the mad come-back begin
When every time we stuck one in the Tottenham sensed one more
The full time whistle came too soon, the match poised at 4-4
With Burnley about to score

Now the club maintained its bubble, set off charging for the double
But the dream would turn to rubble, rattles crashing to the floor
Spurs stole the cup while Ipswich nick'd the title from Turf Moor
Ah!
No Nay Never No More

But the there came the catalyst, a player all the town now miss'd
For Mclroy must top the list of players at Turf Moor
& as he went to Stoke the grieving folk of Burnley sore
Through season tickets tore

Still Burnley was a team to fear, maintain'd its role in the top tier
& in the English world cup year brought the Fairs Cup to Turf Moor
Where both Stuttgart & Lausanne Sports forced to translate the roar
Of
No Nay Never No More

Then Burnley flew to Italy, more like enemy territory,
Where our god in a green jersey frustrates Napoli's score,
Sending the lads thro courtesy of victory at Turf Moor
Those Italians blew sore!

Their fans threw rotten eggs & shoes as stewards punched & hurled abuse
Police tried t'arrest the claret blues & bullied our Blacklaw
But men are men in Lancashire, fought well the football war

Ah! No Nay Never No More

To Germany they next did fly where dreams of Europe hit the sky
One-one in Frankfurt! But the tie, was lost back at Turf Moor,
Beginning the depression that thro' town & team soon tore

For their glory days no more

Soon on a night without a friend, the inexplicable happened,
& relegation was the end of football for evermore
Fans whispering weird versions, as noisy as semaphore,

Of

No Nay Never No More

Any road, fans kept devotion & hunting for the promotion,
Led by mop-haired Martin Dobson thro the fixture list we tore,
Sixteen games passed without a loss, lads linking more & more

Top flight status to restore

With the lads back in the top-flight the Kippax & the Kop thought, "Shite!"
For Burnley boys won't shun the fight & they know we know the score
The Stretford End to Hillsborough, Leeds' Scratching shed & more

Felt like being at Turf Moor

& once we took the Chelsea shed, their Headhunters said we were dead
But no claret-blue blood was shed as the Cockneys hit the floor
Scriking their eyes out as the granite of the Pennines roar

Thro

No Nay Never No More

But by the drought of seventy-six the Clarets could not make the mix
The board was running out of tricks, & so down we went once more
Yet instead of getting better now the team was growing poor

& fell through the next trap door!

Where led by Billy Hamilton, the third division was soon won
& next they beat the Spurs four-one & Liverpool at Turf Moor
But the cost of all these cup runs was a wearying back four

& a relegation sore!

With John Bond soon came "*Sack the board!*" he flit about like a gay lord,
Sold off the kids, a weary sword now hovered above Turf Moor,
That with a slice came down as we dropped to division four
Where the long ball is the law

Remember the Orient game! when tabloid rags & spreadsheets came
To drive a nail into our fame, the last league match at Turf Moor!
Nerves jangling before every shot, hearts beating more & more
Britton heads the winning score

One hundred years since her first kicks the club rose up a bright phoenix
Almost losing their football fix onto the pitch they pour
Fifteen thousand so jubilant each one upstanding for
The defence of old Turf Moor

So securing our survival there began the club's revival
Far behind our biggest rival in the old Division Four
Adding new weight & meaning to that song we all adore
O No Nay Never No More

You might think this out of order but I was an Accy Roader
& mi mam could not afford a ticket for me down Turf Moor
So I snuck in with the players about an hour or so before
They unlock'd the turnstiles' door

Where I read Roy of the Rovers, tannoys practicing voiceovers
Kissing all mi lucky clovers hid behind a toilet door
Then moving to the Bob Lord when the first Longsiders roar
Through
No Nay Never No More

& then there came the Sherpa Van when all of Burnley to a man
Jumped on the claret caravan like when Pals went to war
& tho' we lost 2-0 to Wolves no man or boy was sore
As our pride the boys restore

With Mickey Conroy's highland sword, Ooo George Oghani's ironing board
& Johnny Francis, goals were scored, Chris Pearce boogies as we score,
& when we clinched the league at York the songs surfed on the soar
Of
No Nay Never No More

As Jimmy Mullen built up steam about a very useful team

It took him just to years to dream of winning Wembley's war
Where at the play-off final Stockport buckl'd neath the roar
Of
No Nay Never No More

But this promotion false dawn proved & relegation soon removed
Our Mullen, as the board approved new managers galore
Both 'Inchy' Heath & Waddle stepped through the revolving door
Of the hot seat at Turf Moor

Frank Teasdale found a local man who took no crap, Stan had a plan,
Placed Andy Peyton in his van, a forward he knew could score
Our predator from Padiham brought up upon the roar
Of
No Nay Never No More

With Stevie Davis solid brick, the verve of a Glen Little trick,
Fancy football more poetic than in dreamy days of yore,
We nicked a win upon the road or when defeated draw
With a fortress at Turf Moor

& even our Suicide Squad, one step ahead of PC Plod,
Had upp'd their game with brick & rod led by 'top lad' Mick Moore
Like when they took on Wigan on their own patch
Each a dashing matador

Then with promotion well in sight we signed up Ian Wright, Wright, Wright
That genius from the top-flight, still the biz at thirty-four
& when he scored at Gillingham their 'stands' rang with the roar
Of
No Nay Never No More

It all went down to the last match from those same Gills the berth to snatch
Both playing on a different patch with the big screen at Turf Moor
& when the final whistle went the proud promoted soar
Along Saddleworth Moor

With Burnley verged on the big time, just one more rung the club to climb,
A milltown club had lost its grime thro the likes of Blake & Moore
Where one goal from the play-offs even Gazza couldn't score
At a modernized Turf Moor

So Stan the Man's done all he could, brought back a smile to Burnley Wood,
Six years of tears & fears & mud & the man still wanted more
That day he left, the London Clarets swore they heard the roar

Of

No Nay Never No More

For back where all of this started, where the fans are open hearted,
With a passion never parted from the players at Turf Moor
Stan can always buy a nice pie & can hear the Clarets roar

Only now & evermore

Then Stevie Cotterill had a pop, catching defences on the hop
With his fresh style of push & prop & passes along the floor
That every Christmas thereabouts we knock'd upon the door

Of the play off spots or more

But Stevie Cotterill hit a wall & rapid down the league did fall
For nineteen games the fans did stall without a win to roar
& still the fans clapp'd patient, the claret esprit de corps

& No Nay Never More

& then things change, as all things should, in steps a lad called Brendan Flood
A business man with claret blood & a fortune set in store

Willing to pour his millions into his dear Turf Moor

Former glories to restore...

Lets raise a cup for Owen Coyle, a manager on foreign soil
But many Scots had strove & toil'd before him at Turf Moor
Like when we fielded ten of 'em in Eighteen Eighty-Four

Each man Claret to the core

Soon Burnley, darling of the press, beat Chelsea through a game of chess
As Arsene's colts fail'd to address Coyle's claret conquistador
Putting to sword two of the so-call'd filial Big Four
Like Gandalf brought down Mordor

The semi played down White Hart Lane, rich rivalries renewed again
As Burnley played like Raul's Spain & were the first to score
But in a crazy second half the Tottenham scored four
Claret hopes seemed on the floor

But Coyle had built a loyal side, playing for Burnley & her pride

Such grit & graft the lads applied to even up the score
That when Rodriguez equalized you should have heard the roar
Of
No Nay Never No More

I was in India back then, watching Ten Sports from three AM
Some crazy backstreet drinking den in concrete Coimbatore
Then watched the second leg beside the silky Goan shore
Wishing I was at Turf Moor

Where in a classic season as the football cream of London
Like the layers of an onion peel'd off to the Wembley core
Two minutes from the final jammy Spurs broke off to score
Neath a rafter-pack'd Turf Moor

Now, most teams would drown dejected but the quality expected
Of the Clarets now deflected all depression out the door
& the push-up through the play-offs brought Steve Coppell to Turf Moor
Where his Reading were in awe

As three sides of the stadium rang with a great delirium
As Blake & Eagles dummied 'em & Carlisle boss'd the war
Nigh twenty thousand turfites singing til their throats were raw
Like the golden days of yore

Then Alexander's penalty defended down the Madjeski
Where Patterson seal'd victory through such a sublime score
With Burnley back at Wembley all the diaspora soar
Through
No Nay Never No More

Now two convoys in colour'd lines divided by the wide Pennines
Have grown excited as road signs read Wembley, how nerves gnaw
As eighty thousand take their seats, some loftier than Thor,
Singing like a troubadour

It was a nervous opening til Wadey drove in from the wing
Toward the box, nimbly leaving two blades upon the floor
A pass, a shot, a block, a swing, delirious uproar
For Elliot's meteor

From that point the Blades were blunted, hopeless hoofballs upfield punted
As our boys constantly hunted for a second goal or more

But off-the-lines & last-ditch tackles kept the match's score
Close enough to feel a chore

Then after thirty three long years, through Bob Lord's end, Orient's tears,
Colchester's pies & Grimsby's beers, Blackwell's Blades dropp'd to the floor
As Burnley earn'd a victory, with Coyle their Commodore,
Chested crests men proudly wore.

Wembley's no place to face defeat, half of the crowd soon fled their seat
But Burnley's half remain'd to greet the trophy's grand encore
Uprais'd by Stephen Caldwell to the greatest ever roar
Of
No Nay Never No More

So began swirls of emotion as the Clarets earn'd promotion
& a ton of cash & caution fills the coffers of Turf Moor,
For the town had won its pride back, now nobody could ignore
This new premiership pompadour

Twas the greatest of occasions when the Claret celebrations
Trundles home to salutations from fifty thousand or more
Lining the streets, singing so sweet, dancing like Terpsichore
For the lads they all adore

& as the town had dared to dream, believing in its football team
The Clarets join the football cream, far from Division Four
& that mad match, hover'd over oblivion's trap-door,
& now... great riches galore!

For Burnley furthers funds & fame playing the world's beautiful game
A world who slowly kens the name of legend'ry Turf Moor
A massive global audience learning the Longside's roar
Of No Nay Never No More

So now, wherever Clarets are, ex-patriots, fresh fans spread far
On t'internet, in slick sports bar, from Spa to Singapore,
The global brand of Eng-er-land beams Burnley shore-to-shore
Only now & evermore

& its No Nay Never, No Nay Never No More
Til we play ***** Rovers, No Nay Never No More