

The ballad of the blue and white

Somewhere between field one and two you'll find your mates having a beer
or two,

Our bond is not given from birth but we forged it upon this hallowed earth,
From the day our parents showed us the game we've all dreamt of finding
fame,

For as in life we place our bets and we train hard and lived without any
regrets,

It's because of our passion and pride that the strongest of men could never
divide,

For some of us are fast and quick and some of us are short and thick,
But don't you worry about the stats because at the end of the day it's about
winning as cats,

And as we stand from 1 to 15 you'll be hard stuck to find a harder team,
For we are brothers of the territory way, as much a part of the land as the cut
green grass and marked lines on game day,

Remember great men have worn your number and game day is no time to
slumber,

For if you are true to you and yours this fine club will help you open doors,
It's because we are not just players and mates but we are a legacy of true
rugby greats,

You may wonder why I penned this poem it is because if you get asked why
the cougars you can show them.

Written by the unknown Cougar