

THE GATEPOSTS OF IRELAND

I drove off the ferry, on the P and O dock. To visit a Causeway and pick up a frock.
But what I saw next simply did in my nut. Muckle great gateposts on a tiny wee hut!
Then house after house, in every street Their gateposts were fit for a big country seat.
So now I'm compelled for to write and to sing. Of the beauties of Ulster's unique gatepost bling.

*The pyramids of Egypt are wonderful things. They're big and they're pointy and full of dead kings!
But Giza is not the world's top beauty spot. The Gateposts of Ireland are best of the lot.*

So the druids of England constructed Stonehenge. And the good folk of Ireland exacted revenge.
They didn't waste time on a ring of big stones. They simply prohibited gatepost-free zones.
The old Taj Mahal can't begin to compare. To Ireland's fine driveways and gateposts so rare.
They signal to drivers and scenic bus tours. That my gateposts are more swanky than yours.

There are gateposts with lions and gateposts with lights. With eagles and horses and pixies in tights.
And as is the way in historical nations Some are festooned with august crenellations.
There's spikey ones, flowery ones, gateposts with gnomes. Some are like castles, with turrets and domes.
But problems are caused by this blithe ballyhoo. With six bloody gateposts a car won't get through.

So should we join in this absurd competition? Would gateposts at your place be a welcome addition?
Or would it be just a new suburban folly? And would you just feel like a great Scottish wally?
I'm sure in my heart it's not gateposts I need. My neighbours would think I had gone off my heid.
I'd urge you to eschew such a juxtaposition. And just trust the Irish to keep the tradition.