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### **THE GAME OF UNION**

Music by Gustav Holst (from the Planets)  
Lyrics by Bob Beresford (copyright)

10 October 1999

Update, 10 October 2003. When the IRB took Gustav Holst's brilliant music (from 'Jupiter', also became a hymn) and put rugby words to it for a theme song, they made a big mistake – they didn't ask me to help them. So I wrote this version that truly captures the spirit of Rugby and circulated it at the last World Cup, suggesting people sing it, record it, do a video to it. Apparently no-one did. But now I've decided to record it myself, so now, for real inspiration, you can download the song for free, in MP3 off our website – and the lyrics, too.

Verse 1                    There's a pain that I'm feeling  
                                  When I'm hurled to the ground  
                                  And a pack of rampant rugby forwards  
                                  Are trampling all around

Verse 2                    Then I raise my eyes to heaven  
                                  And I pray for my release  
                                  That the ref will blow his whistle  
                                  And soon restore the peace

Chorus 1                    Of the game of Union  
                                  It's the game I love  
                                  If I live to see tomorrow  
                                  A new day has begun

Verse 3                    We shall scrum for team and country  
                                  And we'll ruck for every ball  
                                  And if I get my hands on it  
                                  I'm going to show them all

Verse 4                    For I'll run the length of every field  
                                  And no tackle will I fear  
                                  Till I dive in graceful majesty  
                                  And all the crowd will cheer

Chorus 2                    As we try to score in union  
                                  And we play as one  
                                  If we come back from the dressing room  
                                  A new half has begun

Interlude 1                Hear the cries and hear the calling  
                                  Of the men who roam the land  
                                  As they ruck, maul and scrummage till they can hardly stand

