

THE HALF WHEEL TROPHY

(With apologies to Alfred Lord Tennyson)

Half a wheel, half a wheel,
Half a wheel onward,
Into the valleys of Wales
Rode the 2 Mills Riders.
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs not to make reply.
Into the valleys of Wales,
Rode the 2 Mills Riders.

Pot holes to right of them,
Pot holes to the left of them,
Rained on and thundered.
Stormed at with mud, but what the hell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Those that had ridden so well,
Back from the mouth of hell,
Came the 2 Mills Riders.

Here is their half wheel trophy,
Fought for so long and so well.
Who is the winner you are asking?
Will they say "Thank you." Or what?
We, who have so honestly voted,
To decide who is this year promoted,
Will it be a gal or will it be a guy?
Who cares, as long as it is not I!

Bob Witton March 2009