

The Caman Man

Verse 1

You're old and historic, evolved and mature
Like cask strength whisky, so strong and so pure,
You capture our heart, hold on with some style
Our highland religion drip-fed as a child.
An education of sorts, a mark of respect
To play this old sport, help villages connect.
For those who've not seen, it is hard to explain,
Just how much pride we have in our game.

Chorus

It's the game of the Gaels,
The language of our clans
No place for fear, or to commandeer
The heart of the caman man.

Verse 2

From the dawn of time, through mist covered glens
Clans once gathered, there were hundreds of men,
Now we call time, they'd last many days,
Wearing full highland dress, with their tartan plaids
For ninety short minutes, we contest and collide
And once it's all over, cast difference aside.
An offer of hand, to greet one another.
A nod of respect for your wood swinging brother

Chorus

Verse 3

Once my best friend, my release from life's throes
But now it feels right that I should let go,
I've had my time, which is hard to admit,
Life ever changing, no time to commit,

The Caman Man

Verse 3 (cont.)

Oh I'll miss to stand as twelve healthy men,
To toss a coin on which end to defend,
Hear the whistle ring-out, as the balls thrown high,
Fifty bright eyes cast towards the sky.

Middle 8

Take a knock, take a bang, take a smack, take a clatter,
In years to come none of it will matter,
To run like the wind and to leap like the salmon,
A small price to pay to say you've held a caman.

Chorus

Verse 4

You'll continue to grow, gather tales on your way
I'll never forget what were my glory days
We stood together as one hand in hand
The pipe-band tuned up at the back of the stand.
Those fond memories I'll hang onto and treasure
As I dust off a glass to pour a large measure.
To our ancient sport, to Scotland's fine son
I toast your health, my heart you've won.

Chorus