

Love Benny: My dad Brendon, was a very interesting, intelligent and challenging person. His balance was affected by the loss of toes on one foot so he looked tipsy even without a drink. Mentally he was very disturbed and this was exacerbated by drink. When well he was great company and worked very hard.

He kept a lovely well maintained garden and worked in the the local "Boot Factory" <https://www.padmore-barnes.com/about-us/for> many years and retired very young on medical grounds after several hospital admissions for chest and other related illnesses. He could see I was not happy at hom and encouraged me to take up the Chefs course/and eventaully to emigrate to England in **1975**

Love Benny

Born in Kilkenny, Bennetsbridge by the Nore
The cottage in Annamult, now family folklore
Father a mason, a carpenter, a hard man to score
A red crop for Benny, and a wiry frame
A fiery temper only Joanie could tame

A cobbler, a tanner, a shoe factory man
Off to work by bicycle, or like others he ran
I'd pass by at lunch, he'd wink, say "skip along"
Off to school, him to work, now bell and hooters gone

A hurler on the wing, for the bridge and factory team
In the Army, after work, green uniform to be seen
Big brown rifle, brass buttons, shining bright he'd gleam
Big top coat, in the winter, on our bed, as we dream

The garden at the side, very neat, every bit he'd sow
All the crops, like the army, in a drill, in a row
First the spuds, then cabbage, follow carrots, in tow
Bright green lettuce, tall spring onions, in the spring, all grow
And the rockery, full of flowers, the carnations really proud
Many passed, admired the colours, it always drew a crowd

Mother's calling, we're out to play, hear her calling again
"One more goal" we all say, as she calls again in vain
Stands at the door, one loud whistle and we're there
Food's on the table, never be late, clip on the ear
Those were the days, of happy memories, still so clear

Lost some toes on one foot, made him limp with a hop
Scars like a rail crossing, on his chest many an op
Took to drinking, bigger limping, no more factor for our pop
No more Army, no more garden, it went to pot
Study form and place a bet

On the last race raise a sweat
In the corner of O'Gormans he'd stay put

Pint of stout and a navy cut
Talk of glory, every story, a bit of a lark
Newpark Sarsfields, best team on the park
Over the bar with Lowry Maher
On the volley, saved by Ollie

In the net, our goal you bet
Up the Black and Amber, as ahead we get
Saved by Skehan, like a cat, in the net
Final whistle, up steps Kerr, no sweat

Hard times with no pay
Many time tempers would fray
Just some handouts as ill he'd lay
Always Joanie to save the day

Never saw enough of the best
Before we laid him down to rest
Never said his love to anyone
But we knew it anyhow

The day before, they stood in line
Score after score came in just fine
In line for hours, to pay respect
All friends now, no one he'd reject

Factory men his guard of honour, his standard to fly
All hats donned, as his cortege passes by
Shoulder high to his grave, by six sons, his big mates
Many hundreds at the cemetery, through the final gates

No more time must we have
No more time to cut and shave
No more garden, the plot's his grave
Love Benny



Benny in the Irish Army, first from the right 1960



Hurling Team (Podmore & Barnes) third from the left.