

## ***Cherry Gold***

Since Gladstone Road and Boscombe Football Club  
How many matches now spanning three centuries,  
How many stories passed on in the pub  
Win, lose or draw, of the Bournemouth Cherries?

Goldsands the stadium, Dean Court the ground,  
In such silences before applause is heard  
Raised hopes were dashed yet cherished; none proved sound,  
And 'premier' would remain a whispered word

'Til now; thanks to Eddie and the boys, why  
It's Cherries, Cherries, Cherries all the way!  
Their game became our game. Years from today  
They'll sing how Ritchie crossed and Marc Pugh swerved  
To have them eating Cherry humble pie.  
Grub's up. FULL TIME. And Bolton, you've been served!

James Manlow

*Poet Laureate for Bournemouth*

*A poem written in celebration of AFC Bournemouth's 3-0 win against the Bolton Wanderers and their promotion to the Premier League.*

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