

MOSSLEY LIFEBOAT

**A COLLECTION OF LANCASHIRE DIALECT
POEMS REFLECTING LIFE IN TAMESIDE**



JAMES JOHNSON

FORWARD TO JIM JOHNSON'S POEMS

These Poems were written by James Johnson 1926 -2008

Jim was educated at Moravian`s Primary School and Crescent Rd Secondary School in Dukinfield before starting an Engineering Apprenticeship at the National Gas & Oil Engine Company in Ashton. During this period he lived with his parents on Crescent Rd (Crezy Broo) and then after marrying his wife Mildred, on King St and Pickford Lane in Dukinfield. When the National was bought out and closed down by Mirrlees Diesels, Jim was one of the workers picked to transfer to Hazel Grove. He then moved home to Gee Cross to be nearer work and for the fresh air and magnificent views from Werneth Low, he continued living there for the rest of his life.

After a few years Jim left Mirrlees and then worked for several other companies including Bell Brothers of Denton, Harndens of Hyde, and he continued to work part time for Chemquip of Chinley into his seventies. He made many friends at these companies, some of whom have the dubious honour of appearing in his poems.

Jim was a prolific poet, his speciality being humorous dialect poems and a couple of them were used on records by The Fivepenny Piece. Following his death his two sons have collected together the scraps of paper he left scattered all around the house and compiled this collection for posterity.

A NICE GIRL

That a nice girl like thee wants go out wi me
Is more than mi poor `eart can tek,
When words I try t`utter, I stammer and stutter,
Tha meks mi a shiverin wreck.

When tha looked oer thi loom in yon darkened room
Well t`sun seem`t` bi shinin in thee,
But could I walk over and maybe talk over
My thoughts about thee, well no fear.

I`m towd bi mi friends that when piecing loose ends,
Tha spakes very kindly o` me,
And if I were bolder an appen a bit older
I might ask thi wom for thi tea.

Though mi face is too `omely and th`art really comely
I`ll still ave mi dreams about thee,
But until I`m sure, there can bi no cure
For the doubts that I carry in me.

A WARTIME GOURMET

Once durin`t war when bananas were few,
We chanced to hear from a boy at our scoo
About how he`d seen some, in greenhouse in`t park
So down wi me mate we went after dark.

I climbed on his showders,
He were bigger than me
And then one big bunch,
I snatched off that tree.

Down bi cut side, well away from me dad,
We ate them o up, but by ell we were bad
When thi stomachs getten used to dried egg dust see,
Green bananas are no good for thee.

And now when I have,
A ripe one for tea,
I think of the green bunch,
Up theer on that tree.

AFTER THE RAIN

When a shadow falls over a love once so bright
And doubts crowd your mind all through the night,
Then you realize that you are part of life
Walking like most on the edge of a knife.

Nothing unique in your situation
Changing perfection to sheer desperation,
After the anger comes the despair
It isn`t easy to relearn to care.

The pain is too deep for a sensitive mind
Yearning for the past it can never find,
So it looks to the future again altruistic
Intending this time to be more realistic.

AMALGAMATION

Dunna say Hyde, say Tameside
Forget thy identity,
Because now wheer brothers, instead of just others
And joined in harmony.

So sail up the cut to Droylesden
Or motor to Mossley Park,
Visit the Collossus of Rycroft
And see Ashton leets after dark.

If you don` t really feel you` ve been drafted
Or Tameside is not quite for you,
A feeling of belonging will be there
When next years rates are all due.

CHANNEL TUNNEL

The Channel Tunnels stopped again,
They` ve scrapped the lowest tender
So me and Fred will a` t come up,
And go out on a bender.

We started at Dover with one spade apiece,
And dug twenty yards in` t first week
And putting our ears down close to the ground,
We thowt we heard French voices speak.

The dirt we dug out was well spread around,
On gardens and parks late at neet
And with our hand cart out theer in the dark,
We hoped no policemen we` ed meet.

So now that we` ve gotten ten mile undert` sea,
T` be told that they` ve cancelled the scheme
Has come as a shock to Fred and me,
And` t spoilt an owd miner` s dream.

CHINESE CHIPPY

A Lancy Chinese lad was once asked by his dad
 “Do you like living here?”
He replied “its very nice, we still all get our rice
 And as well we get good English beer”.

“Don`t you think it strange”, said his mother on the range
 “what funny words English people say,
It sounds quite o-reet though the word`s are incomplete
 Like con a ave some chips fer me tae”

“I`ll never understand” said his father chips in hand
 “Why I came all the way from Kowloon
 Standing here to fry maybe until I die
 And the way I feel today that could be soon”.

“Please forget Hong Kong” said his son so big and strong
 For the people there all live in din and clatter,
It`s quieter over here and although they all talk queer
 They can`t resist your chips and fish in batter”.

“Well maybe son your right” said his father most polite
 “We must adopt the customs over here,
And I do agree with you, when you`ve had one or two
 You really get a taste for English beer”.

“But please do bear in mind, though your mother is so kind
 When frying on my own I get quite low,
More so when I`m busy and your ma slips out with Lizzy
 To go and play that game they call bingo”.

CHIP UP

They've made me redundant them SILICON CHIPS
No more sweat and toil, and no more works trips..

No foreman behind me, watching all day
I'll never be late so they can't dock my pay..

They gave me a cheque for two thousand quid
Which isn't so bad for the work that I did..

I'll invest it wisely at ten per cent
and the interest it earns will just pay my rent..

I'll brew my own ale and sell the new car
No need for it now as I won't venture far..

I'll walk up the hillside and look at the sky
As free as the lark – singing on high..

With lungs full of fresh air and heart full of glee
Them SILICON CHIPS made a new man of me..

SILICON CHIPS are as thick as short planks
They do all the work without any thanks

SILICON CHIPS they work all the day
They don't have a brew time or draw any pay

But the SILICON CHIP that I like the best
Is the one that replaced me and gave me a rest

CHRISTMAS NIGH

Scudding clouds across the sky,
Chill wind that sets skin tingling,
Summer just a memory now
As sleigh bells start their jingling.

Icy crags stand up on high
no flowers to grace their slopes
a time when as the sun lies low
man dreams again and hopes.

A lonely kestrel wings his way
As church bells peal below,
calling Christians from afar
their lasting faith to show.

For Christmas time is almost nigh
and warming fires are glowing,
where lovers sit and dream of spring
when icy streams start flowing.

CLOSING BELLE VUE ZOO

I saw the last Zebra crossing from Belle Vue
With the animals leaving sadly two by two,
Where they've gone I do not know
But my heart is with them wherever they go.

An Elephant said to a Kangaroo
I'll pack my trunk for I must be leaving you,
And if you don't want to be left behind
You'd better jump to it with the rest of your kind.

A Lion looked up with tired eyes
Saying "Well to be honest I'm not surprised,
For when I escaped in nineteen seventy-two
The people in the gardens were only very few".

The Parrots who speak in a Lancashire way
Had practiced King's English for many a day,
For they'd heard on the sly from an old Cockatoo
That they would be going to a very posh zoo.

The wild dog said to some Chimpanzees
I'm taking everything except my fleas,
And a camel said to a Wolf no less
You're sure to be a howling success.

A Hippo plodding to and fro
Said I can't wait till its time to go,
But bear in mind I must keep cool
So call if you can at a swimming pool.

A keeper up a ladder was saying to the Giraffe
Now when I put your crash hat on don't start to laugh,
For I heard from your new keeper only the other day
About some low bridges that will be along the way.

The Gorilla with his keeper held tightly to his chest
Said if my pal can't come with me I won't go with the rest,
The man who came to buy them said "with loyalty so rare
I'm not the one to split them up, I'll take them as a pair".

The scaly Armadillo being polished with a brillo
Said the change might do me good I must confess,
For I find it rather trying, with the monkeys round me prying
So post me off to my new address.

Of course the tortoise slow to move set off three weeks before
And when the others were ready to go he'd got to his cage door,

Wait for me he shouted as they all took to their heels
“This is no good” his keeper said, “we`ll ave t` put him on some wheels”.

COALMINING

Way down under ground,
Where no sun ever shines
The coal dust hangs heavy,
Below in our mines.

And toiling and coughing,
Our fathers and sons
Wait in their burrows,
For when the cage comes.

Exploited for years,
And ruined in health
To make for the owners,
Their ill gotten wealth.

So next time you hear them,
Asking for more pay
Thank God that you work,
Where nights different than day.

**CREZZY BROO SKOO
(Crescent Rd School)**

The blue blood of King Street
and off Crezzy Broo
Learnt o their graces at Crezzy Broo Skoo

Trained by the staff
i` good elokushun
Envied by o` was this institution

Ower Public Skoo of great renown
oppen to`t public o year round

Though not as famous as Arrer and Eton
the lads from this Skoo
ave rarely bin beaten

Easy t` spot later i life
Wi pays balanced neatly
ont` blade o their knife

Our edukashun was so complete
wi left at fourteen
then went skoo at neet

O o`er world `ave ambassadors gone
Even from Wharf Street
weer sun seldum shone

And when Union Jack they wind down at neet
They`re glad that, like me,
They were taught to spake reet.

CROWN GREEN

A bowler`s a man with his feet on the ground,
He as`t be for that`s weer games played
If he canna win straight peg then he`ll bowl round,
Of the elements he`s not afraid.

No wonder his wife can`t compete with his woods,
For affection and lavishing care
She`s left theer to moan, that she`s sat on her own,
While he sends one to mak a good pair.

But why should she worry when he`s not theer,
She knows weer he his o the time
He`s not gallivantin wi some other wench.
Or plottin some devious crime.

So when he comes wom, give him a smile,
Say how`st gone on down on`t green
He might speak to thee, that`s if he`s won,
And after he`s gotten his woods clean.

DESIRE

I am beset by an avalanche of desire
perceiving in my mind's eye the ultimate satisfaction
Yearning with consuming covetousness
that which I was denied, from birth through
puberty and beyond.

Remembering my first awareness of such joy,
that struck my being like a silver flash of lightning.
Making heaven and earth clash together like thunder
The stars seem to fall from the sky
bouncing off the moonlit sward and rocketing
ever faster back to the firmament from whence they came.

The rain which later drenched my hitherto
innocent young face was hardly noticed by my mind,
so besotted was I by the cataclysmic experience
I was going through.

I later cavorted homewards with the agility of
a gazelle leaping from one rain puddle to another and
laughing loudly as the water entered my shoes
through laceholes bereft of laces.

At last I fell backwards into our beautiful garden, smelling
the night scented bouquet pressing round
my face on the flower bed and vowing that having finally
savoured the forbidden fruit at the tender age
of seventeen years, I would never again be a tee-totaller.

DUCKY HALL

Although Ducky Hall was a smelly old place,
The people who lived there had a smile on their face.
The smell from the sewage could be mighty strong,
But the people who lived there well knew right from wrong.

With windows all closed even in summertime,
They polished and cleaned off perpetual grime.
Looked down on by people who lived in fresh air,
Who turned up their noses when they passed Globe Square.

But give me Ducky Hall people
Where are they have gone,
For a proud Ducky Hallite
I used to be one.

DUKINFIELD MEMORIES

If tha doesna fancy future, think o`'t past
Of Percy Clough a cobbling on his last.

Think of Mrs Pickering with her sign upon the door
(Back in five minutes) tho I often waited more.

Think of owd Pop Shaw, and how he`d wield his cane,
And many a lad who had a taste, never needed it again.

Think of Carters Pies and the gravy always hot,
Cos if thi mother worked in mill, that was what tha got.

Think of Arthur Grimes and his grocers shop all clean,
And if thi tried to pinch owt, rest assured tha were seen.

Think of the Jube on Satday neet, where all the young folk danced,
The best were trained at Dooleys and the others jumped and pranced.

DUKINFIELD PARK

Oh Mother Oh Mother why are there no ducks
No ducks in Dukinfield Park?
Oh daughter Oh daughter because there`s no water
for them to sleep on in the dark.

They fly in the sky, look down with one eye
and see bowling greens and sand,
Quacking to each other, don`t fly down there brother
It`s much too risky to land.

It is such a shame when you think of it`s name
that a park such as Ducky is duckless,
But word soon gets around when ducks hit hard ground
and one of their friends has been luckless.

They`d much rather fly, high up in the sky
until Stamford Park they pass over,
for down there below where people can row
is water where ducks are in clover.

So daughter Oh daughter until they get water
It`s down Stamford Park we must go,
To see ducks go paddling, quacking and waddling
For that`s how these little ducks go.

This poem appears on the CD City of Manchester by John and Lynda of the Fivepenny Piece

EDDIE PEARSON`S HOLIDAY

When tha`s seen now`t but machines
for nigh on a year,
an tha`t livin on doerstep on call,
No wonder tha sings when that out on t`road,
drivin t`sea down Cornwall

But finding thi way can be quite a strain
It`s arder than walkin next dooer,
doin fifty an our wi` a big caravan
an`arriving in`t dark all unsure.

When at last tha finds lane – so called leadin t`site,
well tha`t down it as quick as a flash
Wife said “Good lad Eddie” as e leapt out thro` dooer
followed by “What was that splash?”

“It`s only manure” said Eddie “My dear
this is a farmyard I`m afraid – We`ll have to
back up for four miles or so – I`m not an
Explorer by trade”.

But `is troubles alas `ad only begun
as reversin wi` slime on `is sole,
`is foot slipped off clutch
and he pushed caravan
way up nearest telegraph pole

An example to o was `is coolness that neet
an `is language was oh so polite,
for it must be frustratin t`drive o that way
an` not finish up in the site!

FAIRCLOUGH'S FUSILIERS

Fairclough`s Fusiliers are comin lads,
Armed to the teeth for the fray,
Ready to cut off Hyde from Ducky,
While they build their Motorway.

They`ve shifted canal,
Ken Freeman as well,
And laid siege to St Annes Road
along the way.

Harrop Edge is in danger
Matley Woods will look stranger
When these lads have had their way.

But don`t give up hope boys,
Get up on the Low boys,
And backs to the Memorial we`ll stand,
They shall not pass, our last bit of grass,
Where the view once used to be grand.

FAMILY VISIT

Aye lad tha looks a real rum sod,
Wi `air down thi back
And shoe heels one foot odd.

Are thi pants out o` t jumble?
Wi` patches on` t legs,
A thowt them were daft
That wi called Oxford bags.

Any road sit thi down
A canna complain,
Tha`s tekken the trouble
T` see me again.

If o` t rest o` t family
Were thowtful as thee,
Thi could wear what thi like
And still come t` tee.

Aye Grandad tha art a comical man
Sat theer wit hi pipe
And a mug of complan.

Wi collar so stiff I can
Feel it from `ere
No wonder thi laundry
Is costing so dear.

Tell me about the owd times again
When tha fowt German army
O by thi sen

When mi granma were livin
And I watched what a said
Or else wi no supper
She sent mi t` bed

Aye Grandad art listenin?
Now his eyes have gone dull
Dreamin o` days
When owd house were full.

FIRST GRANDCHILD

David Michael smiles with glee,
Sat upon his mother`s knee
Loved by all who came before,
Making life seem so much more.

Just when our needs were strong,
He chose the time to come along
Making blue skies bluer still,
Our cup of joy he did re-fill.

It does`nt matter if he cries,
His lungs just need the exercise
And now he grows to take his place,
Starting in the human race.

We wish him happiness for life,
Free from worry and from strife
Helping him, if we can,
To grow into a happy man.

HARRY SCHOFIELD'S TOMATERS

Harry Schofield's tomaters,
are bigger than most
At least so 'e tells thi
an 'e dunna boast.

'e rowels 'um from t' greenhouse
an up Market Street
t' Jack Green on t' saw
who splits 'um a treat.

One small tomaters
will last thi two weeks,
they've upset Bill Sowerbutts
who sez they're o' freaks.

Even Jim Brooks was once satisfied
with a Schofield tomaters
well stuffed and then fried.

But manure is the secret
'Arrys special brew,
an I'll tell thi now
it's Markin Out Blue.

That's why, when tha's etten one,
thi veins stand out clear
Like Map of England
Wi' t' motorways theer.

But why should tha bother
about thi inside,
There arn't many blue-bloods
livin in Hyde.

HIGHWAY CODY

They call me Highway Cody
and I'm based down at Hyde,
Where many a learner driver
takes me for a ride.

For I just can't refuse them
their passes so you see,
The sad look in their doleful eyes
really gets through to me.

The Chief Tester at the Centre
always seems to moan,
As these shaky learners
drive off on their own.

He says I should fail them
just once in a while,
For he sees all the Passes
stuck there in my file.

If they seem too nervous
and driving cars they fear,
I do all the steering
while they just change the gear.

Emergency Stops worry me
especially when its dark,
So I let them practice
way down in Hyde Park.

You don't get much traffic
circling the Bandstand,
So its easier signalling
whilst driving with one hand.

Hill starts can be trying
when you do them in a rush,
So I walk behind them
and give them a good push.

A nice lad this morning
was in such a flap,
That one of his five pound notes
fell into my lap.

The look upon his face

made me smile with glee,
He thought I would think
that he`d tried to bribe me.

So to put his mind at rest
as we took to the road,
I answered all his questions
on the Highway Code.

And when his pass I gave to him
his joy was so complete,
That as he tried to wave goodbye
he knocked me off my feet.

And now as I lie in traction
hospitalised in bed,
These friends bring me parcels
to make sure I`m well fed.

I hear them coming from afar
crashing all their gears,
As bouncing off parked cars they come
when they`ve had a few beers.

I LIKE THE WORKING CLASSES

Oh!! I like the working classes
When they`re working,
But on holiday they`re not
My cup of tee,
Why even down at Cannes
they arrive in Minivans
and paddle, as they call it,
in the sea..

Their dialect is strange
and most perplexing,
“How do owd cock” is what
one said to me.
They get drunk in public sight
Not like I do, late at night
and they never crook their finger drinking tea..

If you ask them where they
come from they`re offensive,
In the restaurant to be polite I tried
But all they shouted at me was
“Ramsbottom”
And I don`t know what these rude words implied..

So tomorrow I shall weigh my anchor,
and sail off on the sea,
So calm and blue
For I hear that Zanzibar
for the masses, is too far
and the visitors there
are more like me and you..

Oh!! I like the working classes
when they`re working,
But on holiday they`re not my
cup of tea
They used to, as a rule
all go to their Blackpool,
and leave the Costa Brava
just for me..

This Poem was used by THE FIVEPENNY PIECE on their LP LIFE IS A GAME OF
CHANCE

IF THA CANNA GERRON – GERROFF

If the`'t losin the rat race
Because the`'t too kind,
Don`'t worry thi `ead
If the`'t left behind.

Just stand by the rails
And watch um run past,
It`s better than sufferin
And still comin last.

An ulcer`s no good
Even to a success,
Don`'t reach for the moon
Tha can manage wi` less.

So keep thi shirt on
If tha conna mak pace,
Tha`t a paid up life member
O t`real human race.

Tha wont be judged
When the race is all run,
On `ow clever tha art
Or whether tha won.

But were tha concerned
For others i`life,
Helped wi their sufferin
And wi their strife.

If tha canna gerron, gerroff
Life is too precious to waste,
It`s better to be really livin
Than to be the last rat in the race.

JIMMY JOSSERS

You can keep the Royal Marines and the Grenadiers Band,
For I watched t` Jimmy Jossers wi Tommy Owden in command.
As wi military precision and budgie mirrors clean
They jazzed their way up King St, a sight fit for a queen.

Winners of Owdam Carnival, wi` t` Silver Cup held high
They left wheeled into Astley St, wi lips and throat burn` t` dry.
But as they saw the Astley Arms and thowt about cool beer
They played their way up Crezy Broo and did` nt we o cheer.

But then came t` war and off they went
Gone but not forgotten,
For men like these cheered folks up
While t` slump were on int` cotton.

KNOTT END FERRY

Three days i` the fog
On the ferry t` Knott End,
Three days i` the fog
Can drive you round the bend.

You soon all get fed up
Of the dancing and the singin,
Wi the fog horn blastin in your ears
It really sets um ringin.

The Captains lyin down below
O drunk and full of fear,
While up above the red eyed crew
Thro t`dark and fog o peer.

On Tuesday wi left Fleetwood
I` fine and settled weather,
Thinking that in afe an hour
T` Knott End pier we`d tether.

But then alas the fog it came
And t` radar when`t ont` blink,
We could be any weer be now
Off Isle O Man some think.

We`ve dined at Captain`s table
And supped o his best wine,
And news regardin weather
Says tomorrow will be fine.

We`er runnin bets on weer we`ll be
When`t fog o round us clears,
While some try playing deck quoits
T` cover up their fear.

But I`ve a good idea
Weer we are this time,
Because at twelve o` clock last neet
I heard a clocks faint chime.

And though it must have been
A mile or so t`port,
I`ve heard it many times before
Cos I`ve lived in Stockport.

LONELY SHEPHERD

A lonely shepherd with his dog,
Plods slowly o`er the peaty bog,
Thinking of his home below
Not long since covered with snow.

Thinking of his life alone
Except for Shep his dog, his own,
And as he thought with rain soaked brow
The rain it seemed to ease somehow.

And far away a sunset glow
Shone through the clouds that still hung low,
And as the glow lit up his face,
It seemed to lift his heart and pace
Singing a song he learn`t long ago.

LOVELY YOUNG LASS

How can tha speak to a lovely young lass
When she lives in a bay-windowed home,
How can` t convince her tha` t good enough
When their garden`s even gotten a gnome.

As tha sits on the tippler in` t cowl of the neet
Knowing full well that thi life`s not complete,
Tha knows if she came round and saw` t owd fire ole
It wouldna matter what she is in thi soul.

She couldna come down to livin like me
When o thro` week they have fruit after tea.
So unless, on the coupon I have a good win
I` ll just keep on watchin her go out and in.

MANS BEST FRIEND

When tha`s ad a few pints
And tha knows tha` done wrong
No welcome from` t wife tha`ll expect
And tha knows its thy fault as tha makes thi way wom
With the loss of all human respect.

But before tha goes bed
with thi hungover head
A`ll bet thi dog wags his tail
For he doesna care if tha`t not being fair
When he licks thi he`ll not notice ale.

But would`nt it be reet
If tha give wife a treat
And thow`t of her, like mans best friend
Tek her out with thi soon
And show her new moon
While thi dog leads the way round next bend.

MARRIED BLISS

Dunna spit in`t fire-ole,
Now we`ve gone oer on`t gas
I know its not damp from`t chimney,
Or froth off thi bottled Bass.

Its no use trying mek t`house posh,
Wi thee and thi mucky ways,
Oh how tha`s dragged me down,
When a could a seen better days.

If it werna for thi childer,
Who dunna tek after thee
Ad a left thi long ago,
Though tha canna brew thi tea.

But if I went who could I nag,
As satisfyin as thee
Good Lord, he`s noddod off again,
He never does heed me.

MI FIVEPENNY PASS

Av bin o`er the world
on mi pensioners pass
Av seen t`Northern Leets
an` bin thro t` Khyber Pass

Wi` a flask of `ot tay
an a butty or two,
Tha con travel on t`buses
from `yde to Timbuctoo

I `eard of a sale
tekkin place i` Bombay,
En thowt that `ad goo
It were such a nice day

From o`er t`world
thi were pensioners theer
Aytin chappatties
an suppin iced beer

But when I saw their tickets
I a`t say alas,
there werna a one
wi a fivepenny pass

Some `ad at`pay 10p
for`t just come from Spain,
and another 10p
for t`get wom again

a tram guard i`Delhi
looked up i` surprise,
When I showed `im mi ticket
it opened `is eyes

`e said it`s bin stamped
i` Berlin an` Rome
for fivepence tha`s come
a long way from `ome

Can tha spake up owd lad
I`m deaf I replied
Will I `at change buses
for t`get back t` `yde??

Tram guard then shouted
in a reet nasty way
I an' I 'ope tha ast stand
ote' bloody way
Delhi Council tha sees
don't give out these passes,
So trav'lin out their
is for't wealthier classes

MOONLIT FLIT

Widder Smith ad gotten in debt
But not fer't want o tryin
She'd gotten four kids
Wi mouths to feed
and three of 'um were cryin'

Thi'd just `ad word that their landlord
was goin` to throw `um out
Because they owed a quid or two
he `d leave `um O wi` nowt

So t` neighbours rallied round `er
and `atched a daring plan,
So that they were ready when t`bailiffs
came round wi t`van..

Charlie Drury went t`doer
his face o sad and tender,
And with the Bailiffs o gathered their
prepared his tale to render..

“This lady `asn't got long to live
at best about an hour,
'ere tak this bob and get a gill
and dunna look so dour”..

While they were gone and owt o t`road
The moonlite flittin started,
Furniture just med one load
and soon they'd got it carted..

Well later on when t`Bums came back
With careful trepidation
they knocked on doer with bowlers doffed
and with anticipation

“Has she passed on”, the leader said?
His face so full of woe,
“Oh aye” said Charlie, with a smile,

And taken her things an o.

MOSSLEY LIFEBOAT

Now we think Mossley lifeboat
is too far from the sea,
for though the crew try very hard
they can't get back fot tee

The launching ramp`s a long one
it runs for miles and miles,
passing over chimney pots
and many roofing tiles

The splash down is at Southport
forty miles away
it takes two hours to get there
so Southport people say

They shout to people in distress
Try to keep afloat
For sliding over Warrington
comes Mossley lifeboat

The crew warms up the engines
as Ormskirk flashes by
The coxswain he is taking off
his collar and his tie

His men are all in oilskins
by the time they hit the sea
and often long before that
if its raining in Mossley

Quite often when they arrive
No survivors can be found
They`re drinking in a Southport pub
Where only sorrow`s drowned

So the crew all sing sea shanties
or anything they like
For in another eight hours or so
they`ll all pass Hartshead Pike

Their wives and relations
are there to cheer them home,
These brave and fearless Mossley men
all covered in sea foam

They`re proud that only Mossley
the highest in Tameside
Could provide a lifeboat ramp
To give the fastest ride

But they really think that Mossley
is too far from the sea
For once again their pride and joy
are too late for their tea.

MRS WHOISIT

Now I came up from London
many years ago,
To live and work with people
whose names I did not know.

But one name I was soon to learn
for everyone spoke of her,
She was Mrs. Whoisit
although I never saw her.

The troubles of this lady
were of great renown,
spoken of in whispers
all over the town.

She had all the ailments
that plagued the human race,
from athletes foot to housemaids knee
Oh she was a sad case.

Her husband was a bad one
I heard this quite a lot,
Of how he used to drink and swear
and the state in which he got.

But later on as I grew old
and needed dispensation
I heard two neighbours whispering
about my situation.

And when one said owd WHOISIT
I realised with glee
That Poor old Mrs Whoisit
was really you and me.

MUNNA D`THIS

Tha munna d`this, tha munna d`that
At scoo` t`thee thi tell,
So tha dreams about the time tha`ll leave
And tha can please thi sel.

But when tha leaves tha gus t`work
An it starts all o`er again,
Tha munna do this, tha munna do that
Goes round and round i` thi brain.

So tha thinks I`ll stop this when I`m twenty-one
For then I become a man,
But when tha gets married tha realizes
Tha only thinks tha can.

Tha munna d`this, tha munna d`that
Rings once again in thi ears,
And so it goes on till thet eighty-one
When wi luck tha gets called upsteers.

NEVILLE ROBBY'S SMOKE

An ounce o Condor once a year
Is Neville Robby's smoke,
And if tha works at Patrioux's
T' thee this is no joke.

They need to sell their baccy
All the long year round,
T' lads like Johnny Williams,
Who smoke it by the pound.

But Neville's moderation is 'is proud belief,
And when it's time to light 'is pipe
You should see 'is relief.

They lie him down for 'is first puff
No chances do they take,
For round and round go Neville's eyes
And ears and nostrils shake.

And when at last his feet come down
And voices faint 'e 'ears,
'E smiles a real wide Condor smile
To vanquish all their fears.

“Stand him up” the lads all cried
“His breathins back to normal”,
Put 'is smoking jacket on
To make 'im look more formal”.

And as the dying embers glow
With pipe all filled with coke,
'E thinks about next Midsummer's Day
When 'e 'as 'is next smoke.

NINETEEN THIRTIES

A sparrow chirped in Cuckoo Square,
Wit' River Tame beside it
The smell o't cut was ard to bear,
For those who'd never tried it.

But up Lyne Edge the sky was blue,
For those wit' legs to wander
And Sunday neet was just the time,
To take your girl up yonder.

When Monday morn loomed grey and dark,
And clogs were clean and clatterin
We med our way off down t' mills,
Where noise a looms were shatterin.

The sweat and toil o't daily grind,
We didna seem to mind it
Because outside, were folk like us,
And work, they could na find it.

But even so we lived in `ope,
That better times were comin
Why must it be, it needs a war,
To keep industry runnin.

NOISY NEIGHBOURS

Open the curtains wider love,
The're flitting in next door
I think if I stand on the settee,
I'll probably see much more.

The've brought an Oak wardrobe,
That really looks grand
Four cheers and a table,
And one new Hall stand.

They look a nice couple, as they walk hand in hand,
And one of their kids belongs in a band
I hope its his music, that's in that big case,
Bloody hell he's the Euphoniumist, I recognise his face.

NOT BRIGHT AT SCHOOL

Johnny was`nt bright at school
But not for the want of trying,
And when they let the others out
They kept John in a crying.

But thro it all he battled on
And one thing he was learning,
Trying harder than the rest,
His living to be earning.

Though mathematics still seem hard,
He hires others to worry,
Some of the good ones from his school
Who went home in a hurry.

So if the work is hard to you,
Though you try your best to do it
Think of John in his Rolls Royce
When the teachers put you through it.

OLD SOLDIER

By a brazier bright
In the black of the night,
Sits an old man with memories fading.
He thinks of owd Tom
His pal on the Somme,
Who got hit when the Jerries came raiding.

When they carried him off
And he heard his last cough,
As the shells came whistling and wailing.
Of his joy when years later
Far from that shell crater,
A figure he saw with eyes failing.

A very tall man
Who looked spick and span,
Although on a stick he was leaning.
And they talked of the day
When Tom passed away,
But only for shrapnel wound cleaning.

OLDHAM HOLIDAY

Come to Oldham for your holiday
Said the Tourist Posters in lands far away,
Visit Bardsley Pit and see it's famous grotto
Try exotic dishes like Black Pudding risotto.

So a young Italian couple eager for a change
Took the opportunity to see the Pennine Range,
Billed as it was something to remember
They took an out of season break, one week on November.

Now these Italian Lovers are o` reet in the sun
On the warm fields and beaches they do have some fun,
But stand them on` t cut side in Owdham tha knows
And a cowl eastern wind will chill owt that shows.

They don` t wear a top coat owt theer in Capri
When bouncing their loved one upon a bare knee,
So it was` nt so easy when up Hartshead Pike
For them to go courting and do what they like.

With a wind from the North freezing their faces
And warnings on` t` news about exposed places,
They tried their best to have a good time
Although quite exhausted from such a rough climb.

But later back home their joy was complete
With a little bambino, though born with cowl feet.

ONE MAN`S FEAR

Am feart o` t wife, I wonder why.
She`s only just oer five feet high.

But a look from her strikes to the bone,
If I` ve done owt, I must atone.

Perhaps its me, I` m not house trained,
When I smoke mi pipe, relations are strained.

I` ll try mi best, to put things reet,
On her next birthday, I` ll give her a treat.

If after that, she`s still put out,
The ultimate weapon, will af a be a clout.

OUR SHED

A built a shed an ne`er towd um,
A built a shed six miles from Owdam.

A thow`t were reet to cover mi head,
Wi four walls and a roof, in`t form of a shed.

Then along came a chap from out Town O,
And said that`s not reet, so now you know.

Shed a`t come down, though it broke mi `eart,
Wi four walls an`t roof I ad to part.

And though I`ll remember it, for a long time to cum,
A know thi were reet, cos a ne`er towd um.

PAPER TRAIL

Pamphlets, Leaflets, Forms and Letters
Sent i` thousands by our betters,
There is no answer to what they entail
All wi` one design, t` cheat us
They`ve never failed to beat us
We`re `og-tied like a pony to a rail.

There`s Income Tax and V.A.T.
and plenty more t` worry me,
I never get `um reet though
`ard I try,
To fill `um in it teks o`neet
when I`m in bed I feel dead beat
Wi` big words in mi weary `ead I lie.

Now hereinafter the assignee
means from now on only me,
I know this now because I`ve just bee towd
But aforesaid and penultimate are
just too much t` learn off pat
T`say them makes mi blood run very cow`d.

But someweer in `igh places,
sit those dark and distant faces,
Who mek up o these forms to baffle us,
They must get paid a livin
for the `eadaches they are givin
and I dread the sound of my front doorbell buzz.

For I know that once again
some new form to tax mi brain,
Is lying theer i` wait to bother me,
So this time I`m going t` burn it
If I go t`gaol I`ve earned it
and may be i`one way I`ll soon be free.

I`ll sit down theer i` the clink
with no forms t`mek me think,
And the Screws will wonder why I
Grin and bear it,
And when it`s time t`leave
Wi fresh air again to breath
If they gi` me a parole form
I`ll just tear it.

PUT THE CLOCK BACK

Put the clock back in your mind,
To when people seemed more kind
When your front door was open,
For the friends you`ve left behind.

When the telly was`nt invented,
And you talked for hours instead
Until the hearth went cold and dark,
And you laughed your way to bed.

The knocker up would wake you,
And I wondered many a morn
Whoever it was who knocked him up,
Before the day was born.

At work the clogs were chattering,
And the noise of looms were shattering
But somehow you did`nt seem to care,
For there were friends to help you
And compassion was all round you,
In these days this commodity is rare.

REDUNDANT

I feel sorry for the robot that replaced me,
as I walk off with an independent air,
I feel sorry for the robot that replaced me,
as I think of all the work I used to share.

As he stands fixed to the floor,
Never walking through the door,
Silicon chips hot wired and sorely aching,
He never ever goes home at night
And works without a light,
He does`nt get the money that he`s making
No kettle on the boil
Just a little squirt of oil
Because he does`nt sleep he`s never waking.
The foreman never speaks
Just checks him round for leaks
And tightens up his bolts because he`s shaking.
Then when his circuit breaks
And he makes his first mistakes,
He finds his metal knees have started quaking,
He`ll be torn out from the floor,
Piled up with many more
And left until his paint has started flaking,
But in his man made mind
Perhaps these thoughts you`ll find
As stock of his past years` he`s started taking

I feel sorry for the robot that replaced me,
as I walk off with an independent air,
I feel sorry for the robot that replaced me,
as I think of all the work I used to share.

REMORSE

“Dunna cough o`er t` tripe owd cock,
And spit on t` bloody floer
A dun know weer tha`s bin browt up,
Not round eer `am sure”.

“Keep thi `ands off that cowheel,
And leave black puddins alone
Tha`t not fit cum in a tripe shop,
Tha`rt ruinin the bloody tone”.

“And don`t coe me a swanky sod,
And say I`m nobbut a lad
Oh! I`m sorry a didna see it wur thee,
`ows mi mother?, Dad.”

But then t`owd dad shuffled out thro doer,
`is bones o bent and squeakin,
`e turned and said “i` future lad,
T` thee a`ll not bi speakin”

“For me and thi mother scraped and saved,
For t` gi thee education
And now tha`rt boss o`er tripe shop
I`m like a poor relation”.

“Oh don`t leave now Dad” `is son cried,
“What I said was baloney
`ere tek these trotters for mi mum
Th`as pinched `alf o`t poloney”.

The moral of this tale is clear,
To children newly buddin
`ave more respect for thi elder
And less for thi black pudding.

ROYAL BERKSHIRE HUNT

An Alsation, I said to a terrier one day
“Wow, the Dog Warden is heading our way,
Walk close behind the horseman in front
And he`ll think we are part of the Royal Berkshire Hunt”.

The Dog Warden stared at them hard from afar
Saying “what weird looking fox hounds they are,
I`ll try them out with a loud Tally O
A call that a well bred fox hound should know”.

So he gave a loud blast thro the clear morning air
And startled a cat lying lazily there,
It rushed off in panic and climbed up a tree
Hotly pursued by the terrier and me.

In the heat of the moment our cover was lost
And before we could turn a large net was tossed,
And now here we sit in the dog catcher`s pound
While the Royal Berkshire Hunt chase the fox underground.

SENNA POD TAY

Senna Pod Tay
will cure all thi ills,
It`s three times as good
As o` t Doctors pills.

A couple of mouthfuls
Before tha guz work,
and tha`ll flog o day
While others work shirk.

My grandma lay poorly
aged one hundred and one,
and the doctor said sadly
“She`s nearly gone”.

When granddad he shouted
“Get out of the way,
I`ve brewed her a jug
of Senna Pod Tay”.

“When I get this down her
It`ll work like a charm”,
While the doctor just stood there
filled with alarm.

Then five minutes later
came a noise from her tum,
followed by rumblings
just north of her bum.

And up from the bed
just like a gazelle,
she sprang and the doctor
Said, “Oh Bloodyhell”.

“Fetch me my coat”,
She shouted quite clear,
“I`m off to play bingo
After I`ve bin their”.

Then as she rushed off
to the tippler outside,
The doctor just stood their
wi mouth opened wide.

He said “all those years

When I took my degree,
No one ever told me
Of Senna Pod tea”.
“Here take these pills
Throw them in the fire,
I’ll just drink the Senna
Before I retire”.

“For that lady’s speed
After I gave her up,
Just put me in mind
Of the Ascot Gold Cup”.

SMILING THRO

(take-over of National, Ashton-u-Lyne by Mirrlees, Hazel Grove)

Carry on wi` t job lads,
Complete mi bungalow
30 miles a day is nowt,
For me to have t` go.

But put mi solid fuel in,
And keep your liquid oil,
For I might want someweer t` spit
Without a sharp recoil.

They`ve satisfied mi worries,
And settled o mi mind
We`ll be o reet at Mirlees,
I think you`re bound to find.

So please take mi deposit,
And spend it how you will
We`ll be o reet at Mirlees,
It`s only just o`er hill.

I`ve changed mi bloody mind again,
I hope that you don`t mind
Things that seemed o reet last week,
Turned out to be a bind.

So take out the foundations,
Put ground back as you please
For if I buy a bungalow,
It`l at be near Mirrlees.

SOLAR PANELS

Mi Dad`s bowt some solar panels
Fo t` warm us when wi get cowl,
“They`ll boil o`t water wi need tha knows”
At least that`s what he was towl.

`E fixed um o up by is sel
Usin`t instructions o course,
`Arnnes the sun from morn till neet
The sun that`s lifes giving force.

Well`t first morning when it were piped up
Wi stood theer o shiverin wi cowl,
And Mother although she`d no teeth in
Said “I think it`s a pup tha`s bin sowd”.

“Give it a chance mi dad cried
Its not proper leet yet outside,
We`ll bi oreet when oer Werneth Low
The suns rays are shinin on Hyde”.

But rain clouds were gatherin thick and fast
And cowl water still poured out o`t tap,
“Put bloody kettle on” our Mother cried
Shoving her teeth in`t fill up the gap.

SOMEBODY WHO REALLY CARES

Angels of Mercy are quite hard to find,
Especially the ones who`ll wash your behind.
Any Careworker can wash your big tum,
But it takes years of practice to shampoo a bum.

Now Lisas` a lass whose passed all the tests,
She keeps their top clothes on while removing their vests.
Only Houdini has done this before,
And he made a fortune with the crowd shouting “More”.

But sadly we`re losing this girl of renown,
She`s leaving Grange Rd for old Ashton town.
And as our sad loss becomes A and E`s gain,
We wish her the best as she sooths patients pain.

SPONSOR ME?

A little lad stood on our doorstep one night,
With legs like a sparrow and small fists clenched tight

He said "Oh mister please – will you sponsor me?
down at our baths, at a length for 2p

It's for a good cause sir, I think you must know"
so I said "go on then, I will have a go".

About a week later, he gave me a fright
He'd swum fifty lengths in the baths Friday night

I gave him his pound, and he ran off with glee
Singing Pilchards for breakfast and Pilchards for tea.

And I realised though he was so small,
That his diet of Pilchards had beaten them all

As he swam through the pool like the fish of the sea
after Pilchards for breakfast, and Pilchards for tea.

So before you sponsor a lad for 2p
ask what was his breakfast and what was his tea.

SPUDS

Ow can't ave chips when spuds are s`dear
Tha`ll manage wi bread like rest ou us ere.
Dust think that money can allus be found
T` stuff thee wi taters at god knows what a pound.

Perhaps this shortage ill d` thi sum good
Especially if tha can also cut down on thi Pud,
Thi clothes might fit thi a bit longer dust see
Instead o a barrel tha`ll look more like me.

So finish thi steak
And eat pays and duck,
Till taters come down
Tha`ll at tek pot luck.

TAMESIDE INCONVENIENCED

Tha connna mek watter I Tameside
No matter ow bad tha wants pee
No tha canno mek watter I Tameside
Thi`ve closed most urinals dus`t see

Thi`ve altered t`owd coat of arms now
to a pair o`crossed legs an` a poe
and issued out weak bladder badges
T` them as quite ofen a`t go

So if thet stood down an entry
relieving thisen down a grid
Mek sure tha`s weak bladder badge on
Or thi`ll book thi an` fine thi ten quid

Journeys that used t`bi pleasant
are suffered in anguish and pain,
as once `appy boozers rush past thi
almost bent double wi`t strain

But don`t give up hope
when the`t troubled
cos nature al `us compensates
and a new type of man is emergin
who never quite gets in these straits

Wi a bladder tha`t owds o`er a gallon
for twenty-four `ours or more
and a `ump on `is back like a camel
that owds a few more pints i`store

He`ll roam o`er the deserts o Tameside
smiling wi obvious glee
passin o` t`derelict toilets
and ne`er even wantin a pee

TEETOTAL

I waved at the moon the other neet,
And I'm sure that it waved back
So I said to misell I'll not drink no more,
As I struggled up off mi back

And ave bin Teetotal for two days now,
And am sure a can manage three
For I've proved I'm independent,
And beer canna master me.

Now wife said you deserve a treat owd lad,
Where would you like to go
So we're going to Meschias next Saturday neet,
For a sing song and double Vimto.

TELEVISION

Television`s like going to the pictures at home,
But somehow its not quite the same,
For how can you stamp, your feet on your own,
When the film breaks, who can you blame.

The pleasure of cursing the people in front
Who`s big heads are spoiling the view,
Is really denied, when you`re home inside
And the audience is one dog and you.

There is no ice cream, as you sit there and dream
And the epilogue looms into view,
But on the other hand, the comfort is grand
With no waiting or having to queue.

So I'll just fry my supper, on the television top
For it`s been on twelve hours today,
And when it cools down, I might watch Top Town
As the spot on the screen fades away.

THE BALLAD OF COOL HAND LUKE

Now Luke was a Corset Fitter
who lived in Stanley Square
But visits from the ladies
have now become quite rare.

For when his fingers touched you
you began to freeze
with a chill that started up your back
and went down to your knees.

He spoke so politely
and always dressed quite nice,
Oh what a shame his fingers
always felt like ice.

The corsets he did fit you
they pulled your bulges in
He made fat people medium
and medium people thin.

If his hands were only
as warm as his smile
Then this part-time job
could have made him a pile.

For he pulled in fat bellies
and flattened out big rears
To transform into mannequins
strangely shaped old dears.

To fit corsets with gloves on
quite often he did try
But it was often hard to judge
just where his hand did lie.

And though his only interest
was the corsets he did fit
One slight misunderstanding
is why his lip was split.

Perhaps if he had`nt
sold Ice Cream all the day
Then his corseting sideline
could have begun to pay.

And instead of screaming
at his icy grasp

His warm hands would be welcome
to fasten their last clasp.

THE BALLAD OF NEWKY BROWN

Now here`s the tale of Newky Brown
The fastest drunken man in town,
He`d drink ten pints before his tea
Picked up his boozing on his mother`s knee.

For one day when the milk ran out
She tried him with a whisky and a pint of stout,
His drunken pals during his life
Had either been run over, or cured by a wife,

But through it all he held his own
Even sometimes drinking all alone,
He`d roamed the range from Morecambe up to Grange
And all the girls who loved him knew he`d never change.

He played his Pool like a man possessed
And when it came to darts he really was the best,
Though not so clever at arithmetic
It was only his wallet that could be called real thick.

He`d take on any job just to keep his way of life
And dropped many a woman when they tried to be his wife,
For he knew very well if he ever settled down,
That would be the end for a man like Newky Brown.

THE BOOZER'S LAMENT

D`st remember years ago
How ale was good fer thee?
When beer was pumped wi` elbow grease
And billiards were free

D`st remember t`Tap Room?
Weer Ladies never went
Then men were men
And supped like `um
And t`wage were nearly spent

D`st remember t`cheese on t`bar
And o of it for free?
When t`Landlord smiled
As the supped thi mild
And really welcomed thee

D`st remember when what the said
Could be heard by all thi mates?
Well Juke Box weren`t invented then
And Guinness came in crates

Well that`s o gone mi boozing` pals
We`re o blown up wi keg
and when it comes to openin time
our spirits start to seg.

This Poem was used by THE FIVEPENNY PIECE on their LP TELLING TALES

THE BRITISH UMPIRE

Vital to all is the man`s decision
An error of judgement brings yells of derision.
Stood in the heat on a hot summer day
Draped in the garments of others at play.

At his age his sight quite often fails
But if he peers hard, he can just see the bails.
Knowing how serious is this game called cricket
When with one voice, they shout “Leg before Wicket”.

Though the ball hurtled past him at lightning speed
Just when the score board he was trying to read.
He glares at the bowler with eagle like eye
And shouts “Not Out” with stentorian cry.

And though they`re convinced that he may be a liar,
They abide by the rule, of the British Umpire.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT

Mi sister browt a chap wom
ony tother neet,
`E wore a collar and a tie
`is suit were pressed and neat

`E were sa posh and well t`do
It med us feel so queer
To a chap as posh as `im
we`d never been so near

Mi Dad `e whispered t `Mi
“Oh whats who browt wom now?
I dun know whether to shek is `and
Or mek a stately bow”

But Mother was delighted
Shi liked `is style o` reet
Shi`d `eard `e were Mill Owners Son
Only th`other neet

So when mi Sister introduced `im
An Basil was `is name,
Mi Dad `e warmed t`wards `im
And said I see `er game

Wi` this `ere lad`s connections
We`ll soon be `O O.K.
`eell pay O `debts outstanding
Lets book a holiday

“Are thy intentions `onourable?”
`e said t this posh lad
“A mean t` treat mi lass reet
As well as `er owd Dad?”

“O let `im get a word in”
Mother suddenly cried,
“Don`t cadge before they`re married
`Ave you got no pride?”

Then Basil stood politely
`is story to relate,
“I`m only here to canvas
For our Tory candidate!”

“Get through that doo`er

Tha` pompous sod,”
said Father red with anger.
¬An to mi` Sister blushin theer
“Tha`s dropped a bloody clanger!”

“Cudn`t tha find a Labour chap
that`s gotten a bob or two?
A know thir `ard to come by
But `ave `urd thers are a few”

“An then me and thi Mother
can get some sleep at neet,
After tha`s gotten married
an seen thi Fayther reet”

THE FUTURE OF ENGLAND

The future of England is now leavin skoo,
And many of um finding there`s nowt for um t`do
Why can`t employers teach um a trade,
There`d be no fine ship if keel werna laid.

Thi connas o adopt a shopkeeper`s role,
For who`s goint` buy owt wi nowt but t`dole
So lets think about this terrible waste,
And find um some work before they lose taste.

Jobs could be found, for o durin war,
And now them that lost, are givin us what for
So before you buy owt from lands far away,
Think of our scrap heap growin bigger each day.

THE HEREDITARY SALESMAN

There is a firm called Dicksons, a slitter place down south
Now to have a salesman, born with car keys in his mouth.
For his father was a salesman, and taught Barry the score
How to laugh and pass the day with any bleeding bore.

How to eat the curry, whilst his throat was burning
As sheep's eyes stare up from the soup, and start his stomach turning.
For foreigners won't eat our chips and they do all the buying
So Barry learn't to slop it down although he felt like dying.

How to dress and look the part, in clothes long out of date
Saying softly "hello chaps" never "ow do mate".
Learning how to drive when pissed, though always sober looking
Shaking hands Masonicly, if threatened with a booking.

But then at last he passed the test
Of real wheeling and dealing,
An Hessian Cutter from the past,
He sold to do Mixed Sealing.

THE LANCASHIRE SEAGULL

Up in the sky a seagull did fly
and ere's what `e said to `is mate
You see way down theer, stood next to the pier
A man who now knows is fate..

For early this morning he looked up `ere yawning
and I spotted `im reet in `is eye
It's said to be lucky but `e thowt it mucky
and cursed as `e wiped `is face dry..

He were so offensive, I flew off defensive
back up `ere real `igh in the sky,
And tho it's a strain, I'll spot `im again,
Now if I miss then thee ave a try..

For you don't feel proud, when bombing a crowd,
A pigeon can do that wi know,
But a man near the pier, all alone with `is beer
is a job for a real Seagull "Pro"

THE MANNEQUIN

The mannequin with stately walk,
Does well display nice clothes
But can she cook a meal for us,
As more our appetite grows.

With clothes so tight and heels so high,
She really seems to risk it
But can she train a Chihuahua,
To fetch a man his biscuit.

Can she type a conveyance,
Or take you down some shorthand
Or is she just a coat hanger,
Stood there with cap in hand.

Perhaps she'll learn sometime soon,
How to cook a dinner
And cultivate an appetite,
Before she goes much thinner.

THE OLD FOX

She speeds along with bursting lungs,
And eyes so full of terror
Pursued by many savage hounds,
And sportsmen named in error.

Her only crime to be a fox,
And roam through wood and heather
Training her cubs to kill to live,
And not for fiendish pleasure.

And as she lies beneath the sky,
Her life soon to be ended
She dreams of once when she was young,
And to her cubs she tended.

She led the hounds away from them,
With instincts most maternal
Whilst mounted fools rode round and round,
Calling her craft infernal.

THE PROWLER

Soft and silent in the night,
The secret prowler walks
All his features out of sight,
As his prey he stalks.

Who would suspect him of any harm,
If they saw him in the light
Sat upon his favourite chair,
Dreaming of your plight.

But don't be misled by his grin,
Which makes him look so trite
For to a mouse as small as me,
The cats a real fright.

THE SOLITARY BIRD

On ethereal wings, in an azure blue sky,
A solitary bird is soaring on high
No worry at all of earthly bound things,
Its whole motivation depends on its wings.

The noise and pollution way down below,
Mean nothing at all to this lonely crow
He zooms to a meeting way up above,
Where high in the clouds awaits his first love.

And when down on earth they build their new nest,
A building society will not be their guest
Just a few twigs high up in a tree,
Its easy to sing when your rent is for free.

And when their fledglings the've taught all they know,
They'll fly up to the sky, the domain of the crow
Ready to start again in next spring,
The joy of creation, with no wedding ring.

THE TROUBLES IN LIFE

The troubles in life,
Are what make you strong
The knocks that you take,
As you go along.

Without all the rain,
There`s no pleasure in sun
Without all the heartaches,
You can`t enjoy fun.

You can`t pick and choose,
When they deal from the deck
But if you`re the Joker,
You give it them back.

Be tough when its needed,
And kind when its not
Warm when its freezing,
And cold when its hot.

Stand up to trouble,
And spit in its eye
You`ll still be there,
When its all past by.

Look for the rainbow,
As storm clouds appear
For after the darkness,
The sky will soon clear.

Prepare for the future,
Forget your past fright
And laugh at the wolves,
As they howl in the night

Then you will have made it,
My frightened old friend
And you will be laughing,
Right to the end.

THE WELCOME INN

In the pub of many signs
Standing high upon the hill,
Sits a landlord ever watchful in his cheer,
And if he lets you in be sure to make no din,
For if you do he'll serve you no more beer.

There are signs upon the ceiling
There are signs upon the wall,
But no sign of welcome
Can I find at all.

Don't do this and don't do that
And never spill your beer,
that's if you want to come again
And take your pleasure here

All the locals stare in gloom
As they quietly sup their ale,
And you wonder what goes thro' their mind
Their faces are so pale.

Then you look out thro' the window
With your glass of cloudy brew,
And you realise they all come
Just to stare out at the view.

But the peace is rudely shattered
For these trembling lads and lassies,
When at the stroke of half past ten
They snatch away your glasses.

And faintly as you hurry home
The landlord's voice you hear,
"With all the pubs down in the town
Why mither me up here".

THIS OLD AND LONELY MAN

He sits and stares across the bay,
this old and lonely man,
as children pass and laugh so gay
as only children can.

They face two futures, young and old
one so warm, and one so cold,
eyes so bright and eyes now dim
if only one had smiled at him.

But as he turns the children run
to seek their share of childish fun,
and once again, no one comes round
as deaf ears strain, hearing no sound.

He sits and stares across the bay
this old and lonely man,
living in his memories
as only this man can.

He faces death without much fear
in God he puts his trust,
he waits his call with conscience clear
for he was always just.

Although his eyes look far away,
and do not see things clearly,
he recalls his long lost Wife
whom he loved oh so dearly.

He sits and stares across the bay
this old and lonely man,
and plans to walk a little way,
for he still finds he can.

TO OUR GARDENING FRIENDS

Thank you for the bedding plants,
Put there for us to eat
We get round them pretty quick,
Although we have no feet.

The pellets that you left us,
Were spread out rather sparsely
So I suggest you buy some more,
And put them near the parsley.

For guests arrive to-morrow night,
From gardens near and far
To gorge upon your peas and beans,
Beneath the Northern Star.

This summer, though too wet for you,
Suits us down to the ground
We chew our way from plant to plant,
And never make a sound.

But soon the frost will come at night
And we must go below,
And lay our eggs to make more slugs,
Beneath the winter snow.

But don't you worry gardening friends,
We'll see you all again
So buy your seeds and tend them well,
whilst we pray for the rain.

TRUE LOVE

Does someone have the right, through life`s long day and night,
To expect their one love to be true.
Is it too much to bear, when a union so fair,
Is shaken by someone so new.

For all those sweet years were a long time to live,
Taking so much for granted, with so little to give.
And your pride is broken, along with your heart,
When you realise you`re drifting apart.

When sadly its clear, that the old nagging fear,
Was not really stupid at all.
When the love that was mine, much sweeter than wine,
Like autumn leaves started to fall.

But sometimes though rare, you may think of a prayer,
Worth granting from high up above,
And though your heart stumbles as your pride was humbled,
She comes back to share in your love.

TWENTY FIVE URINALS

Twenty five urinals
built for your relief
To be closed by t`Council
this is beyond belief

With eight pints of beer inside you
and a mile or so to walk,
You`ll have to move like lightning`
you won`t have time to talk

Don`t commit a nuisance
when your on the road
In case you hear a copper`s voice
say “Well I`ll be blown”

They`ll lie in wait in likely spots
disguised as fellow boozers,
So you`ll atand at `side o them
Cos beggars can`t be choosers

Pirate toilets may spring up
in dark and lonely places,
Where for a fee they let you in
and help you with your braces

The answer to these problems
is plain enough to see
A fully mobile toilet van
on t`rates for you and me

Just pick up the nearest telephone
and dial number one
and when it comes wi` flashin lets
the crew will help you on

UP THEER

Now I've had many friends in't past,
But they've all gone up theer
At least that's where I hope they've gone,
Their memories are so dear.

So when it comes to my time,
Though I'm not ready yet
I'll only feel I'm going home,
And have no need to fret.

At least that's if the Lord is good,
And does`nt mind my beer
He'll save a cosy place for me,
Among my friends up there.

WALT PALMER'S CLOGS

Tha can keep thi Brogue shoes
Hush Puppies an o
For Walt Palmer's clogs
are now all the go..

They've gotten flashin lets
and a ooter that wails,
When it's time t`change thi socks
or cut thi toe nails..

They've very nice uppers,
and nailed on t`welt
are two good strong pieces
o Power Grip belt..

The grip that they give thi
will open thi eyes,
Tha can walk up the wall
like some nimble flies..

And when tha`t out dancing
or off on t`works trip
Get as drunk as tha likes
Ccs tha`ll never slip..

Di`t see t`Television
only t`other neet?
What Duke of Edinburgh
ad on is feet?

They wer` na patent leather
or anything grand
but Walt Palmer's clogs worn
bi th`ighest in t`land.

WHIRLPOOL OF LOVE

The whirlpool of love spins round and round,
A pleasant sensation lovers have found,
But sometimes you`re sucked way down below
Cast out at the bottom in life`s river`s flow.

Drifting along, wondering why
Black clouds seem to gather, across the blue sky,
Then in time you should start to swim
Back up the river to the whirlpool`s rim.

But this time while floating gently round
You keep from the centre in case you are drowned,
You look at the vortex spinning so fast
Wondering if your strength can make this love last.

But if your love is total and lessons you learned
You may go near the flame, without getting burned,
Looking at life with a more reasoned stare
Showing your jewel just how much you care.

You can`t live without her
She knows this is true,
Let`s hope that she`s thinking,
The same about you.

WOMENS LIB

Womens Lib has come to stay,
And some say should have been sooner
So now we know instead of Bing,
His wife should be the crooner.

So treat your wife as an equal sir,
If she hits you, hit her back,
Never again stand in the train,
Whilst she sleeps there lounging back.

Find her a job down the pit if you can,
Or make her a North Sea Diver,
You`ll know she`ll return with money to burn,
So make her a drink to revive her.

And when at sixty she retires,
Point out you`ll chuck it with her
Why carry on another five,
Instead be a Mens Libber.

WORMS

A worm is a long thing,
That lives down a hole,
With no passers by,
Except the odd mole.

Nothing will tempt it,
To look at the sky
No inclination does it have,
To pry.

But when as you dig,
You cut it in twain,
It starts two new lives,
All over again.

So do not be pompous,
And think you`r so great
For even a worm,
Can twice re-create.

