



Poetry Pack

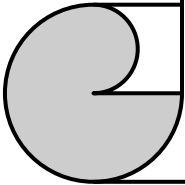
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Compiled by Jo Williams



OH, I WISH I'D LOOKED AFTER MY TEETH

by
Pam Ayres

Oh, I wish I'd looked after me teeth,
And spotted the perils beneath,
All the toffees I chewed,
And the sweet sticky food,
Oh, I wish I'd looked after me teeth.

I wish I'd been that much more willin'
When I had more tooth there than fillin'
To pass up gobstoppers,
From respect to me choppers
And to buy something else with me shillin'.

When I think of the lollies I licked,
And the liquorice allsorts I picked,
Sherbet dabs, big and little,
All that hard peanut brittle,
My conscience gets horribly pricked.

My Mother, she told me no end,
"If you got a tooth, you got a friend"
I was young then, and careless,
My toothbrush was hairless,
I never had much time to spend.

Oh I showed them the toothpaste all right,
I flashed it about late at night,
But up-and-down brushin'
And pokin' and fussin'
Didn't seem worth the time... I could bite!

If I'd known I was paving the way,

To cavities, caps and decay,
The murder of fillin's
Injections and drillin's
I'd have thrown all me sherbet away.

So I lay in the old dentist's chair,
And I gaze up his nose in despair,
And his drill it do whine,
In these molars of mine,
"Two amalgum," he'll say, "for in there."

How I laughed at my Mother's false teeth,
As they foamed in the waters beneath,
But now comes the reckonin'
It's me they are beckonin'
Oh, I wish I'd looked after me teeth.

by Marriott Edgar

There's a famous seaside place called Blackpool,
That's noted for fresh air and fun,
And Mr and Mrs Ramsbottom
Went there with young Albert, their son.

A grand little lad was young Albert,
All dressed in his best; quite a swell
With a stick with an 'orse's 'ead 'andle,
The finest that Woolworth's could sell.

They didn't think much of the Ocean:
The waves, they were fiddlin' and small,
There was no wrecks and nobody drowned,
Fact, nothing to laugh at at all.

So, seeking for further amusement,
They paid and went into the Zoo,
Where they'd Lions and Tigers and Camels,
And old ale and sandwiches too.

There were one great big Lion called Wallace;
His nose were all covered with scars -
He lay in a somnolent posture,
With the side of his face on the bars.

Now Albert had heard about Lions,
How they was ferocious and wild -
To see Wallace lying so peaceful,
Well, it didn't seem right to the child.

So straightway the brave little feller,
Not showing a morsel of fear,
Took his stick with its 'orse's 'ead 'andle

And pushed it in Wallace's ear.

You could see that the Lion didn't like it,
For giving a kind of a roll,
He pulled Albert inside the cage with 'im,
And swallowed the little lad 'ole.

Then Pa, who had seen the occurrence,
And didn't know what to do next,
Said 'Mother! Yon Lion's 'et Albert',
And Mother said 'Well, I am vexed!'

Then Mr and Mrs Ramsbottom -
Quite rightly, when all's said and done -
Complained to the Animal Keeper,
That the Lion had eaten their son.

The keeper was quite nice about it;
He said 'What a nasty mishap.
Are you sure that it's your boy he's eaten?'
Pa said "Am I sure? There's his cap!"

The manager had to be sent for.
He came and he said 'What's to do?'
Pa said 'Yon Lion's 'et Albert,
'And 'im in his Sunday clothes, too.'

Then Mother said, 'Right's right, young feller;
I think it's a shame and a sin,
For a lion to go and eat Albert,
And after we've paid to come in.'

The manager wanted no trouble,
He took out his purse right away,
Saying 'How much to settle the matter?'

And Pa said "What do you usually pay?"

But Mother had turned a bit awkward
When she thought where her Albert had gone.
She said 'No! someone's got to be summonsed' -
So that was decided upon.

Then off they went to the P'lice Station,
In front of the Magistrate chap;
They told 'im what happened to Albert,
And proved it by showing his cap.

The Magistrate gave his opinion
That no one was really to blame
And he said that he hoped the Ramsbottoms
Would have further sons to their name.

At that Mother got proper blazing,
'And thank you, sir, kindly,' said she.
'What waste all our lives raising children
To feed ruddy Lions? Not me!'

Once Upon A Time In Salford
(Author Unknown)

Ordsall Park near Eight Dock gates

Charlie Camilleri's breakfast plates
Men on bikes going to Metrovicks
Johnny Mack Brown on the Boro' flicks

Taxi rides from the Clowes
Dockers with cardboard in their shoes
Ladies of the night giving their permission
Behind the Broadway and Central Mission

Green buses and Austin cars
The Ship Hotel and Cross Lane bars
Wally Killen's pies that fed the masses
Cheap underwear from *Georgie Glass'*

Old prams in a coke yard queue
A pint of Wilson's with Billy Donoghue
Characters in every street
Clifford Evans and Piccolo Pete

Dancing nightly on Regent Road
Freddie Webb with no fixed abode
All nationalities in the Fox
At closing time you could learn to box

Proper drunks on Saturday nights
Telephone wires with tattered kites
Cobbled streets and horse manure
Rent collectors whose knuckles were sore
Kids playing hopscotch and ticky-it
Dirty faced men who worked down the pit
Sunshine in August, fog in November
A piece of Salford I remember

Caring
by Jo Williams

She does a brilliant job of managing
as I can be rather challenging.
My hearing isn't always defective
it can often be selective.
My forgotten dentures grin from the glass
she doesn't mind, we both just laugh.
And she always discretely chooses
to ignore my many bodily noises.
My teeth, my feet, my joints, my bowels
anyone else would throw in the towel!

She takes me to my medical appointments
massages my limbs and applies my ointments.
She reminds me when I forget
and soothes me when I fret.
Caring is not just words, its action
and it comes from real compassion.
I thank with just a look, a squeeze of the hand
that's all she needs, she understands.
She is the best of medicines, the finest of drugs,
not on prescription, given with love.