

Not everyone was able to come to the Old Tyme Music Hall a few years ago, and those who did have probably forgotten the following verses written by the Engineers of Wimbleball.

King Canute sat at top table,
Opened Valves by pulling cable,
Made a long speech for the telly,
Drank and ate and burst his belly.

Did you ever see
Did you ever see
Did you ever see, such a funny thing before?

All the neighbours were invited,
Toppers, tails and hair fresh parted.
Jim Paine was sorry, couldn't come,
Horses racing in Taun-ton.

Clarence Gadd, he made no fuss,
Rumbled down in vintage bus.
Leaving nothing much to chance,
Brought a band to start a dance.

Jimmy Wilson is the Warden,
A thousand trees live in his garden.
Mary waters them each day,
Keeps the hares and hounds at bay.

Landlord Vaulter came as well,
Tested tower for a bell.
Started ringing and a tolling,
Closed the road for 10 pin bowling.

When at cricket they did play,
'Twas Mister How who stole the day.
Thirty sixes he did thump,
Till someone bowled his middle stump.

Vicar Michael always is late,
Drove about at hell of a rate.
He did roar around the Brendons,
By far the fastest of the Reverends.

Arthur Heywood brought his camera,
Snapping shots left right 'n' centre.
For the re-sults wait 'til Christmas,
3-D show for only three-pence.

John Jago thought that he would come,
But he was looking rather glum.
For it filled him with remorse,
To have his gander as main course.

Goviers sheep were in the front row,
Scoffing meringues like ^{old} billi oh.
They had come across the water,
Grown web feet since last October.

On fine days in years to come,
They'll come back and see what's done.
Everybody's point of call,
That lovely lake - Called WIMBLEBALL