

Lady
The Church Fete

TEA on the vicarage lawn!
We ladies have been here since dawn.
We can't stay aloof:
What about the church roof?
And the steps to the belfry are worn.

The vestments are starting to fray,
And the clock needs attention, they say.
In the past, we have found,
If we all rally round,
We can have such a marvellous day!

The tower's in need of support.
Can't you manage a stall of some sort?
We could bowl for a pig –
Or else you could rig
The tombola, though prizes are short.

There's the Bran Tub, to dip in and see!
Kiss the Vicar for 25p!
Come along, form a queue. . .
Mr Fisher! Not you!
Mr Fisher's. . . well, *odd*, we agree.

Mr Phillips is doing the races:
He's the one with the brilliant braces.
Mrs Jones does the teas,
And afterwards sees
Her cups in the *oddest* of places.
Refreshments are simple and plain –
Just sponge cake and tea, in the main.
We've knelt down together,
To pray for good weather. . .
Oh, goodness! It's starting to rain!