

THE LION AND ALBERT

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 to the Ocean
The waves, they were fiddlin' and small
There was no wrecks and nobody drowned
In 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 straight 'way the brave little feller
Not showing a morsel of fear
Took his stick with its 'orse's 'ead 'andle
And shoved it in Wallace's ear.

You could see 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 lions '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 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 Police 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!'