

## Yorkshire Pudden

by Weston & Lee

Hi waitress, excuse me a minute, now listen,  
I'm not finding fault, but here, Miss,  
The 'taters' look gradely - the beef is a' reet  
But what kind of pudden is this?

It's what? - Yorkshire pudden!, now coom coom coom,  
It's what! Yorkshire pudden d'ye say!  
It's pudden I'll grant you - it's some sort o' pudden,  
But not Yorkshire pudden, nay nay!

The real Yorkshire pudden's a poem in batter,  
To make one's an art not a trade,  
Now listen to me - for I'm going to tell thee  
How t' first Yorkshire pudden wor made.

A young angel on furlough from Heaven  
Came flying above Ilkley Moor  
And this angel, poor thing - got cramp in her wing  
And coom down at auld woman's door.

The ould woman smiled and said 'Ee, it's an angel,  
Well I am surprised to see thee,  
I've not seen an angel before but thou'rt welcome,  
I'll make thee a nice cup o' tea.'

The angel said 'Ee, thank you kindly I will,'  
Well she had two or three cups of tea,  
Three or four Sally Lunn's, and a couple of buns -  
Angels eat very lightly you see.

The t'owd woman looking at clock said 'By Gum!  
He's due home from mill is my Dan,  
You get on Wi' ye tea, but ye must excuse me,  
I must make pudden now for t'owd man.'

Then the angel jumped up and said 'Gimme your bowl -  
Flour and t'watter and eggs, salt and all,  
And I'll show thee how we make puddens in Heaven,  
For Peter and Thomas and Paul.'

Then t'owd woman gave her the things, and the angel  
Just pushed back her wings and said 'Hush!'  
Then she tenderly tickled the mixture wi' t'spoon  
Like an artist would paint with his brush.

Ave, she mixed up that pudden with Heavenly magic,  
She played with her spoon on that dough  
Just like Paderewski would play the piano  
Or Kreisler now deceased would twiddle his how.

And when it wor done and she put it in t'oven  
She said t'owd woman 'Goodbye',  
Then she flew away leaving the first Yorkshire pudden  
That ever was made - and that's why.

It melts in the mouth, like the snow in the sunshine  
As light as a maiden's first kiss;  
As soft as the fluff on the breast of a dove  
Not elephant's leather like this!

It's real Yorkshire pudden that makes Yorkshire lassies  
So buxom and broad in the hips,  
It's real Yorkshire pudden that makes Yorkshire cricketers  
Win County championships.

It's real Yorkshire pudden that gives me my dreams  
Of a real Paradise up above,  
Where at the last trump I'll queue up for a lump  
Of the real Yorkshire pudden I love!

And there on a cloud - far away from the crowd  
In a real Paradise, not a 'dud' 'un,  
I'll do nowt for ever and ever and ever  
But gollup up real Yorkshire pudden!