

The Floral Dance

When I get up as soon 'twas light
The sun in heaven was shining bright.
Leaving behind my bedclothes there
Out on to the grass of St George's Square
And soon I heard a bustling and dancing
And then I heard the whole House was prancing
In and out of the trees they came
Old lads, young lads, all the same
In that quaint old fashioned square
Every lad wore a shirt round his waist
And rushed round in tremendous haste
Whether they killed each other I care not
Whether they cared at all I know not.

Rum were the shapes of that curious crew
Bullen in his shorts of blue
Davis, Chadd and John Vernon
Dear old Molly with some clean shorts on:
"Sapiens Hampstead Romanus est"
Have you seen Walker's new running vest?
Big Batch, Little Batch, the Mark II cat,
Rotten rhyme – but don't mind that
Stevens, Stainer and a long M-I-O-W
For that puir wee body Keith McKow
Each one laughing as he rushed along
One ear cocked for the breakfast gong
Pushing here, shoving there
Kicking, swearing, everywhere
Up and down and round this Square
Hurrah for the Mark II Rugger Scrum

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