

Poems in a Time of Coronavirus - Issue No. 9



This anthology contains prose and poems chosen by a group of friends from St Paul's Church Grove Park Chiswick on the theme of 'Animals', read to each other via Zoom on 28 May 2020.

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Our Father Who Art in Nature, from Cannery Row by John Steinbeck

Our Father who art in nature, who has given the gift of survival to the coyote, the common brown rat, the English sparrow, the house fly and the moth, must have a great and overwhelming love for no-goods and blots-on-the-town and bums, and Mack and the boys. Virtues and graces and laziness and zest. Our Father who art in nature.

Chosen and read by Shelagh Allsop

The Pettichap's Nest by John Clare

WELL! in my many walks I've rarely found
A place less likely for a bird to form
Its nest—close by the rut-gulled waggon-road,
And on the almost bare foot-trodden ground,
With scarce a clump of grass to keep it warm!
Where not a thistle spreads its spears abroad,
Or prickly bush, to shield it from harm's way;
And yet so snugly made, that none may spy
It out, save peradventure. You and I
Had surely passed it in our walk to-day,
Had chance not led us by it! -- Nay, e'en now,
Had not the old bird heard us trampling bye,
And fluttered out, we had not seen it lie,
Brown as the road-way side. Small bits of hay
Pluck'd from the old propt haystack's pleachy brow,
And withered leaves, make up its outward wall,
Which from the gnarl'd oak-dotterel yearly fall,
And in the old hedge-bottom rot away.
Built like an oven, through a little hole,
Scarcely admitting e'en two fingers in,
Hard to discern, the birds snug entrance win.
'Tis lined with feathers warm as silken stole,
Softer than seats of down for painless ease,
And full of eggs scarce bigger even than peas!
Here's one most delicate, with spots as small
As dust, and of a faint and pinky red.
-- Well! Let them be, and Safety guard them well;
For Fear's rude paths around are thickly spread,
And they are left to many dangerous ways.
A green grasshopper's jump might break the shells,
Yet lowing oxen pass them morn and night,
And restless sheep around them hourly stray;

And no grass springs but hungry horses bite,
That trample past them twenty times a day.
Yet, like a miracle, in Safety's lap,
They still abide unhurt, and out of sight.
-- Stop! here's the bird -- that woodman at the gap
Frightened him from the hedge:-- 'tis olive green.
Well! I declare it is the Pettichap!
No bigger than the Wren and seldom seen.
I've often found her nests in chances way,
When I in pathless woods did idly roam;
But never did I dream until to-day
A spot like this would be her chosen home.

Chosen and read by Simon Surtees

Jubilate Agno – an excerpt by Christopher Smart

For I will consider my Cat Jeoffry.
For he is the servant of the Living God duly and daily serving him.
For at the first glance of the glory of God in the East he worships in his way.
For this is done by wreathing his body seven times round with elegant quickness.
For then he leaps up to catch the musk, which is the blessing of God upon his prayer.
For he rolls upon prank to work it in.
For having done duty and received blessing he begins to consider himself.
For this he performs in ten degrees.
For first he looks upon his forepaws to see if they are clean.
For secondly he kicks up behind to clear away there.
For thirdly he works it upon stretch with the forepaws extended.
For fourthly he sharpens his paws by wood.
For fifthly he washes himself.
For sixthly he rolls upon wash.
For seventhly he fleas himself, that he may not be interrupted upon the beat.
For eighthly he rubs himself against a post.
For ninthly he looks up for his instructions.
For tenthly he goes in quest of food.
For having consider'd God and himself he will consider his neighbour.
For if he meets another cat he will kiss her in kindness.
For when he takes his prey he plays with it to give it a chance.
For one mouse in seven escapes by his dallying.
For when his day's work is done his business more properly begins.
For he keeps the Lord's watch in the night against the adversary.

Chosen and read by Sheila White

***The Paddock and the Mouse* by Robert Henryson**

Upon a time, as Aesop could report,
A little Mouse came to a river side;
She might not wade, her shanks were so short;
She could not swim, she had no horse to ride:
Of verray force behove it her to bide,
And to and fro beside that river deep
She ran, crying with many piteous peep.

“Help over, help over,” this silly Mouse did cry,
“For God’s love, somebody over this brim.”
With that a Paddock in the water by
Put up her head, and on the bank did climb;
Quick by nature could duck, and gayly swim.
With voice full rauk, she said on this manner:
“Good morne, Sir Mouse, what is your errand
here?”

“Seeist thou,” quod she, “of corn yon jolly flat
Of ripe oats, of barley, peas, and wheat;
I am hungry, and fain would be there-at,
But I am stopped by this water great;
And on this side I get nothing to eat
But hard nuts, which with my teeth I bore.
Were I beyond, my feast were far the more.

“I have no boat, here are no mariners:
And, though there were, I have no freight to
pay.”
Quod she, “Sister, let be your heavy cheer;
Do my counsel, and I shall find the way
Without horse, bridge, boat, or yet galley,
To bring you over safely—be not affeared!
And not wetting the whiskers of your beard.”

“I have great wonder,” quod the silly mouse,
How can thou float without feather or fin?
This river is so deep and dangerous,
Me think that thou should drowned be therein.
Tell me, therefore, what faculty or gyn
Thou has to bring thee over this water?” Than
Thus to declare the Paddock soon began:

“With my two feet,” quod she, “lucken and broad,
Instead of oars, I row the stream full still;
And though the brine be perilous to wade,
Both to and fro I row at my own will.
I may not drown, for why?—my open gill
Devoids all the water I receive:
Therefore to drown forsooth no dread I have.”

The Mouse beheld unto her fronsit face,
Her wrinkled cheeks, and her lips wide;
Her hanging brows, and her voice so hoarse;
Her gangly legs, and her harsky hide.
She ran aback, and on the Paddock cried:
“If I know any skill of physiognomy,
Thou has some part of falseness and envy.

“For Clerks say the inclination
Of man’s thought proceeds commonly
After the corporeal complexion
To good or evil, as nature will apply:
A twisted will, a twisted physiognomy.
The old proverb is witness of this: *Lorum
Distortum vultum, sequitur distortio morum.*”

“No,” quod the Toad, “that proverb is not true;
For fair things oft times are found fake.
The blueberries, though they be sad of hue,
Are gathered up when primrose is forsaken.
The face may fail to be the heart’s token.
Therefore I find this Scripture in all places:
Thou should not judge any man after his face.

“Thought I unwholesome be to looked upon,
I have no cause why I should be found lacking;
Were I else fair as jolly Absolon,
I am no causer of that great beauty.
This difference in form and quality
Almighty God has caused dame Nature
To print, and set in every creature.

“Of some the face may be full flourished;
Of silken tongue, and cheer right amorous;
With mind inconstant, false, and varying;
Full of deceit, and means cautelous.”
“Let be thy preaching,” quod the hungry Mouse;
And by what craft thou make me understand
That thou would guide me to yon yonder land?”

“Thou wait,” quod she, “a body that has need,
To help themselves should many ways cast:
Therefore go take a double twined thread,
And bind thy leg to mine with knots fast;
I shall thee teach to swim—be not aghast!—
As well as I.” “As thou,” then quod the Mouse,
“To prove that play it were right perilous.

“Should I be bound and fast where I am free,
In hope of help, now then I shrew us both;
For I might lose both life and liberty.
If it were so, who should amend the scathe?
But if thou swear to me the murder oath,
Without fraud or guile, to bring me over this flood,
Without hurt or harm.” “In faith,” quod she, “I do it.”

She gawked up, and to the heavens did cry:
“O Jupiter! of Nature god and king,
I make an oath truly to thee, that I
This little Mouse shall over this water bring.”
This oath was made. The Mouse, not perceiving
The false engine of this foul, deceitful Toad,
Took thread and bound her leg, as she her bade.

Then foot for foot they lept both in the brim;
But in their minds they were right different:
The Mouse thought of nothing but for to swim,
The Paddock for to drown set her intent.
When they in midward of the stream were went,
With all her force the Paddock pressed down,
And thought the Mouse without mercy to drown.

Chosen and read by Carolyn Ashford-Russell

Perceiving this, the Mouse on her did cry:
“Traitor to God, and mansworn unto me,
Thou swore the murder oath right now, that I
Without hurt or harm should ferried be and free;”
And when she saw there was but do or die,
With all her might she forced her to swim,
And pressed upon the Toad’s back to climb.

The dread of death her strengths gave increase,
And forced her defend with might and main.
The Mouse upward, the Paddock down did press;
While to, while fro, while ducking up again.
This silly Mouse, thus plunged into great pain,
Kept fighting as long as breath was in her breast;
Till at the last she cried for a priest.

As they fought thusly, the Glede sat on a branch,
And to this wretched battle took good heed;
And with a wisk, before any of them wist,
He clutched his claw betwix them in the thread,
Then to the land he flew with them good speed,
Glad of that catch, piping with many a pew:
Then loosed them, and both without pity slew.

Then disemboweling them, that butcher, with his
bill,
And peeling the skin, full keenly them flayed;
But all their flesh would scant be half a fill,
And guts also, unto that greedy Glede.
When he had their debate thus settled,
He took his flight, and over the fields flew:
If this be true, ask ye at them that saw.

***To a Skylark* by Percy Bysshe Shelley**

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from Heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever
singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of Heaven,
In the broad day-light
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and Heaven is
overflow'd.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a Poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace-tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
It's a real hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the
view:

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy-winged
thieves:

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awaken'd flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, Sprite or Bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Match'd with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of
pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest: but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal
stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of
saddest thought.

Chosen and read by Catherine Jessop

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

The Old Gumbie Cat by T S Eliot

I have a Gumbie Cat in mind, her name is Jennyanydots;
Her coat is of the tabby kind, with tiger stripes and leopard spots.
All day she sits upon the stair or on the steps or on the mat;
She sits and sits and sits and sits—and that's what makes a Gumbie Cat!

But when the day's hustle and bustle is done,
Then the Gumbie Cat's work is but hardly begun.
And when all the family's in bed and asleep,
She tucks up her skirts to the basement to creep.
She is deeply concerned with the ways of the mice—
Their behaviour's not good and their manners not nice;
So when she has got them lined up on the matting,
She teaches them music, crocheting and tatting.

I have a Gumbie Cat in mind, her name is Jennyanydots;
Her equal would be hard to find, she likes the warm and sunny spots.
All day she sits beside the hearth or on the bed or on my hat:
She sits and sits and sits and sits—and that's what makes a Gumbie Cat!

But when the day's hustle and bustle is done,
Then the Gumbie Cat's work is but hardly begun.
As she finds that the mice will not ever keep quiet,
She is sure it is due to irregular diet;
And believing that nothing is done without trying,
She sets right to work with her baking and frying.
She makes them a mouse—cake of bread and dried peas,
And a beautiful fry of lean bacon and cheese.

I have a Gumbie Cat in mind, her name is Jennyanydots;
The curtain-cord she likes to wind, and tie it into sailor-knots.
She sits upon the window-sill, or anything that's smooth and flat:
She sits and sits and sits and sits—and that's what makes a Gumbie Cat!

But when the day's hustle and bustle is done,
Then the Gumbie Cat's work is but hardly begun.
She thinks that the cockroaches just need employment
To prevent them from idle and wanton destruction.
So she's formed, from that lot of disorderly louts,
A troop of well-disciplined helpful boy-scouts,
With a purpose in life and a good deed to do—
And she's even created a Beetles' Tattoo.

So for Old Gumbie Cats let us now give three cheers—
On whom well-ordered households depend, it appears.

Chosen and read by Katharine Makower

***The Cat* by Ogden Nash**

You get a wife, you get a house,
Eventually you get a mouse.
You get some words regarding mice,
You get a kitty in a trice.

By two a.m. or thereabouts,
The mouse is in, the cat is out.
It dawns upon you, in your cot,
The mouse is silent, the cat is not.

Instead of kitty, says your spouse,
You should have got another mouse.

Chosen and read by Victoria Lynch

***The Perfect Husband* by Ogden Nash**

He tells you when you've got on
too much lipstick
And helps you with your girdle
when your hips stick.

Chosen and read by Julia Langdon

The Gnu Song by Flanders & Swann

A year ago, last Thursday, I was strolling in the zoo
When I met a man who though he knew the lot
He was laying down the law about the habits of baboons
And the number of quills a porcupine has got
So I asked him: What's that creature there?
He answered "Nyeh, h'it's a h'elk"
I might have gone on thinking that was true
If the animal in question hadn't put that chap to shame
And remarked "I h'ain't a h'elk, I'm a g-nu"

*I'm a g-nu
I'm a g-nu
The g-nicest work of g-nature in the zoo
I'm a g-nu
How d'you do?
You really ought to k-know wa-who's wa-who
I'm a g-nu
Spelt G-N-U
I'm g-not a camel or a kangaroo
So let me introduce
I'm g-neither man nor moose
Oh, g-no, g-no, g-no - I'm a g-nu*

I had taken furnished lodgings down at Rustington-on-Sea
Whence I travelled on to Ashton-under-Lyne it was actually
And the second night I stayed there I was wakened from a dream
Which I'll tell you all about some other time
Among the hunting trophies on the wall above my bed
Stuffed and mounted was a face I thought I knew
A bison? No, it's not a bison
An okapi? S'unlikely
Could it be a hartebeest?
I seemed to hear a voice

*I'm a g-nu
I'm a g-nu*

...

Chosen and read by Jackie Rayer

Youtube clip: [I'm a g-nu](#)

***The Windhover* by Gerard Manley Hopkins**

To Christ our Lord

I caught this morning morning's minion, king-
dom of daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon, in his riding
Of the rolling level underneath him steady air, and striding
High there, how he rung upon the rein of a wimpling wing
In his ecstasy! then off, off forth on swing,
As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend: the hurl and gliding
Rebuffed the big wind. My heart in hiding
Stirred for a bird, – the achieve of, the mastery of the thing!

Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here
Buckle! AND the fire that breaks from thee then, a billion
Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!

No wonder of it: shéer plód makes plough down sillion
Shine, and blue-bleak embers, ah my dear,
Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold-vermilion.



***Giraffes* by Mary Ann Hoberman**

I like them.
Ask me why.
Because they hold their heads up high.
Because their necks stretch to the sky.
Because they're quiet, calm and shy.
Because they run so fast they fly.
Because their eyes are velvet brown.
Because their coats are spotted tan
Because they eat the tops of trees.
Because their legs have knobby knees.
Because
Because
Because. That's why.
I like giraffes.

Both chosen and read by Mary Barnard

***The Tyger* by William Blake**

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies.
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp,
Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears:
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright,
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

Chosen and read by Bill White

A Cat's Guide to England – an excerpt by Pat Albeck

I live in West London. Many London cats spend all their lives between the window, the front door, and the garden wall, with the occasional night-time wander over the rooftops. I am lucky enough to be able to travel.

The humans with whom I live do not trust me to stay at home for long without them. They can't keep me locked up in the house because of the canary. And there are goldfish at the bottom of the garden. Of course, when they visit places in London they needn't take me, but I go just the same. I go wandering alone too, along the river to visit local friends. I go to some of the extremely good local pubs: The Black Lion, The Dove, The Old Ship, The Blue Anchor and The Rutland, where there is sometimes the chance of leftovers. I like to walk along the river towards Hammersmith Bridge, but only when there aren't too many dogs being walked. There are two dogs in my house who are extremely friendly and courteous, but strange dogs have a tendency to chase me, so I avoid them whenever possible. There are cats who live on the houseboats along the river, and people live there too. If I sit on the wall I can see sailing boats and police tugs.

On Summer evenings, from my front garden, I can hear the music and see the lights from the pleasure steamers.

Going west along the river there are exciting things to see: swans, geese, herons, and cormorants. When the tide is low I wander across the shingle to the Eyot, a small island, where I once found a water rat.

London is full of wildlife. Last summer a seal was seen near the Eyot. Foxes are not an unusual sight around here, and they go even further into London, to see what they can find in the dustbins.

Some of the houses along Chiswick Mall are very imposing. There is a resident black cat who constantly crosses the road to make people feel they are going to be lucky. At the end of Chiswick Mall is the Church of St Nicholas. I go through the graveyard where Hogarth is buried. His painting *The Graham Children*, which is in the Tate Gallery, includes a tabby cat looking rather fiercely at a goldfinch. I slip through a path by the side of the graveyard, across the road into Chiswick House.

Designed by Lord Burlington in 1727, Chiswick House was built in the style of Palladio. It is set in the most beautiful park. There is a lake inhabited by all kinds of ducks and geese, moorhens, coots, and a heron; in the trees around the lake there is even a flock of parakeets.

The formal paths are lined with statues, urns, and sphinxes, and are punctuated with temples and obelisks. It is a favourite place for humans to walk their well-behaved dogs and children. Not many cats visit here, but I like to look at statues of my lion relations. I feel the sphinxes are possibly cousins once removed.

Chosen and read by Audrey Jennings

***The Pig* by Roald Dahl**

In England once there lived a big
And wonderfully clever pig.
To everybody it was plain
That Piggy had a massive brain.
He worked out sums inside his head,
There was no book he hadn't read,
He knew what made an airplane fly,
He knew how engines worked and why.
He knew all this, but in the end
One question drove him round the bend:
He simply couldn't puzzle out
What LIFE was really all about.
What was the reason for his birth?
Why was he placed upon this earth?
His giant brain went round and round.
Alas, no answer could be found,
Till suddenly one wondrous night,
All in a flash, he saw the light.
He jumped up like a ballet dancer
And yelled, "By gum, I've got the answer!"
"They want my bacon slice by slice
"To sell at a tremendous price!
"They want my tender juicy chops
"To put in all the butchers' shops!
"They want my pork to make a roast
"And that's the part'll cost the most!
"They want my sausages in strings!
"They even want my chitterlings!
"The butcher's shop! The carving knife!
"That is the reason for my life!"
Such thoughts as these are not designed
To give a pig great peace of mind.
Next morning, in comes Farmer Bland,
A pail of pigswill in his hand,
And Piggy with a mighty roar,
Bashes the farmer to the floor . . .

Now comes the rather grizzly bit
So let's not make too much of it,
Except that you *must* understand
That Piggy *did eat* Farmer Bland,
He ate him up from head to toe,
Chewing the pieces nice and slow.
It took an hour to reach the feet,
Because there was so much to eat,
And when he'd finished, Pig, of course,
Felt absolutely no remorse.
Slowly he scratched his brainy head
And with a little smile, he said,
"I had a fairly powerful hunch
"That he might have me for his lunch.
"And so, because I feared the worst,
"I thought I'd better eat *him* first."

Chosen and read by Hillie MacLaren

***Jabberwocky* by Lewis Carroll**

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

“Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!”

He took his vorpal sword in hand;
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

“And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!”
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

Chosen by Sam Hearn

***THE Camel's hump* by Rudyard Kipling**

THE Camel's hump is an ugly lump
Which well you may see at the Zoo;
But uglier yet is the hump we get
From having too little to do.

Kiddies and grown-ups too-oo-oo,
If we haven't enough to do-oo-oo,
We get the hump—
Cameelious hump—
The hump that is black and blue!

We climb out of bed with a frouzly head,
And a snarly-yarly voice.
We shiver and scowl and we grunt and we growl
At our bath and our boots and our toys;

And there ought to be a corner for me
(And I know' there is one for you)
When we get the hump—
Cameelious hump—
The hump that is black and blue!

The cure for this ill is not to sit still,
Or frowst with a book by the fire;
But to take a large hoe and a shovel also,
And dig till you gently perspire;

And then you will find that the sun and the wind,
And the Djinn of the Garden too,
Have lifted the hump—
The horrible hump—
The hump that is black and blue!

I get it as well as you-oo-oo
If I haven't enough to do-oo-oo!
We all get hump—
Cameelious hump—
Kiddies and grown-ups too!

Chosen and read by Sue Hearn

La Paloma by Sebastián Yradier (Iradier)

Cuando salí de la Habana
¡Válgame Dios!
Nadie me ha visto salir
Si no fui yo.
Y una linda Guachinanga
Allá voy yo.
Que se vino tras de mí,
que sí, señor.

*Si a tu ventana llega una paloma,
Trátala con cariño que es mi persona.
Cuéntale tus amores, bien de mi vida,
Corónala de flores que es cosa mía.
Ay, chinita que sí!
Ay, que dame tu amor!
Ay, que vente conmigo, chinita,
A donde vivo yo!*

Cuando haya pasado tiempo ¡Válgame Dios!
De que estemos casaditos Pues sí señor,
Lo menos tendremos siete Y que furor!
O quince guachinanguitos Allá voy yo

*Si a tu ventana llega una paloma,
Trátala con cariño que es mi persona.
Cuéntale ...*

When from Habana I set out
Oh Lord, oh my Lord
There was no one to see me leave
Except myself
And a cute young lass
(And here's my story)
Who followed close behind
Oh yes my Lord

*Should a dove alight at your window
Treat her tenderly for she's my soul
Tell her your loves, oh light of my life
Crown her with flowers for she's a part of me
Oh my dear one
Oh give me your love
Oh come with me, dear one
To the place that I live!
Oh my dear one
Oh give me your love
Oh come with me, dear one
To the place that I live!*

When time's gone by
Oh Lord, oh my Lord
From that day we were wed
Oh yes my Lord
We'll have at least seven,
(What a noise, what an uproar)
Or fifteen sweet young lasses
(And here's my story)

*Should a dove alight at your window
Treat her tenderly for she's my soul*

...

Chosen, read (in English!) and shared by Peter Capell
Youtube clip: [La Paloma](#)

