

The Happy Hamlet by W A Cummins

It was a very rural spot,
The hamlet Ballinger;
It didn't advertise a lot
And saw no foreigner.

No church or chapel marred its peace,
And everything was pleasant.
('Tis true it had a little pub,
But that was called "The Pheasant.")

Twelve years ago, when all was still,
Arrived a Mr Hart,
He settled on the little hill
From this we date the start.

Now, this was all before the War,
(With Lewington at Lee).
The Harrington and Hampton roar
Was 1923.

'Twas Mr Hart who schemed the plan;
He said: "Let's build a hall."
A kind and energetic man;
Friends answered to his call.

Subscriptions poured in left and right,
And fetes they held galore
In pouring rain from dawn till night,
Worked hard Miss Gomme and Moore.

The large Committee met a lot,
Called up by Mr Meadows.
No "I" did he forget to dot,
As anyone who read knows.

A Mr Forbes, the architect,
Did all without a fee.
And this was strange, because, you know,
He came from o'er the Dee.

The Greens and Henys, Pages too,
Who once were seen at Lee,
Went running after something new;
'Twas sad indeed to see.

And now most nights they revel hold,
And dance till 12 or 1;
The poor old Lee is in the cold
(But has a German gun!)

If Lee had only had some sense
When she increased her bounds,
She would have got within her fence
Ballinger and her £'s.