

## 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  
He had 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 was fiddlin' and small,  
There was no wrecks and nobody drowneded,  
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-  
Well to see Wallace lying so peaceful,  
it didn't seem right to the child.

So straightway the brave little feller,  
Not showing a morsel of fear,  
Took his stick with it's'orse's 'ead 'andle,  
and shoved in Wallace's ear.

You could see that 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 Lion's '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 that it's your boy he's eaten?"  
**Pa** said "Am I sure? There's his cap!"

**The manager** had to be sent for.  
When he came he said "Now what's to do?"  
**Pa** said "Yon Lion's 'et Albert,  
and in his Sunday best, too."

**Then Mother** said, "Right's right, young feller;  
I think it's a shame and a sin,  
For the lion to go and eat Albert,  
And after we've paid to come in."

**The manager** wanting no trouble,  
Took out his purse right away,  
Saying "How much to settle the matter?"  
And **Pa** said "What do you usually pay?"

**But Mother** then 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.

So off they went to the P'lice 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 that the Ramsbottoms  
Would have further sons to their name".

**At that Mother** got proper blazin,  
"And thank you, kindly Sir," said she.  
"What, spend our lives raising children  
To feed ruddy Lions? Not me!"