B C C Chairman’s poem. Oct. 2015 “ SWOOP”

1. Lettuce remember the heart of Romyn,

Cos’ it is the heart of a lion,

Let us aspire

 to this man we admire

One we can always rely on.

1. His mind is so true

And as quick (in my view)

As - John Sargeant come dancing.

(At) INJUSTICE ?

 It recoils

In fact, his blood boils,

Which, reminds me of Lancing.

1. At this great public school

A naïve young fool

Was transformed into a Titan,

He learnt Latin and Greek

And then once a week

Never to shower with the light on

1. It was all very nice

 with the likes of Tim Rice

Playing along in his group

Drugs, sex, rock and roll

 dodging police on patrol

Can you really believe this was swoop?

1. But I’m glad to report

 That he also learnt sport

Where he had to behave like a gent,

To be upright and fair

 and never to swear

( I wonder where )

 that attitude went ?

1. But he loves his cricket

 and runs between wickets

With all the verve of a sprinter

You could judge the speed more

 If you’d watched snow thaw

In a Siberian Winter !

1. But one day at Napton

 he Staggered his captain

by hitting a fine 48

He was driving and cutting

 like Simon Drage rutting –

It must have been something he ate !

1. Was that Pete really ?

 batting so freely

One who is usually placid

As he left the park

 I heard one remark

“ like Geoffrey Boycott on Acid ! “

1. When he came back

 we all slapped his back

And gave him a welcoming hug,

We wined him and dined him

 and then we all fined him

For clearly avoiding a jug !

1. But goodbye to all that

 he’s laid down his bat

And taken to lifting a finger.

He likes other things – ( arty)

And since

 Smith Ryland’s party

Is thinking of being a swinger !

1. Of Annette I enquired

 “ now that Pete has retired,

Is his sexy heart still a pumping ?”

( She said “ Well, )

 Now he’s no longer batting

 Like an arthritic Gatting

He says he still likes his umping .”

1. She reminisced back

 then her smile gave a crack

And she started to grieve

“ Though he’s hung up his boots,

 the very sad truth

Is, he can never leave . )”

1. “You may not remember

 but he’s a life member,

But that’s no good to a wife”.

As she drank gin and tonic

 she said “ it’s ironic,

his member shows no sign of life ! “

 14 ) “ To try to make up

 for not being the tup

 That he thinks that he once used to be

 He thinks up devices

 to try and add spices

 To our love life,

 OH LUCKY ME !”

1. “ He sing Tom Jones’ songs

 and has dozens of thongs

Displayed ( trophy like ) in the hall,

His feeble excuse

( is) he says it’s a ruse

( in case ) - Jehova Witnesses call. “

1. “ He’s proud and he’s smarmy

 about his thongs of gold lame ,

Patent leather and hide,”

But one day he was sad,

 You could tell it was bad

And Annette, he started to chide.

“ I may do you wrong

 but I’ve lost a prize thong

(Have you seen)

 my chamois leather one dearie ? “

She gave him a prod

 and said “ Oh my God !

No wonder our windows are smeary ! “

1. But Joking apart,

 Pete, you’ve won our heart,

You always tickle our senses,

And we laugh and we thrill

 at your inordinate skill

for tripping over fences!

1. So let’s raise a glass

 To our team mate of class

Who’s ways are always so winning,

So cheers to a friend

 Who’s wit has no end,

And some even say, no beginning ! .