

Albert and the Wedding

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Albert's cousin, Alfred
Had found a young girl to wed,
And with no one around to play bridesmaid
They invited Albert to play pageboy instead.

Albert wasn't sure of this latest appointment
It wasn't really his idea of fun,
To be cleaned up, dressed and tidy
But mother said "this job has to be done".

"Alright then" said Albert with attitude
"What am I allowed to take?"
"You can take your stick with the 'orses 'ead 'andle" said mother
"Just keep it away from that cake."

When they arrived at the chapel
Unfortunately it had started to rain
And Albert got a little excited
And skidded on the brides train.

Albert was back on his feet in no time
And the bride greeted him with a frown.
Albert said "It's alright rosey,
I haven't ruined your gown."

Luckily for young Albert
Mother hadn't noticed this little mishap,
But she was quick to notice his head dress
And said "Albert, remove your cap!"

When they were settled at the alta
Mother said "isn't he a delight?"
Father said "don't speak too soon mother,
We've along way to go tonight."

Once the ceremony was over
Father sneaked off for a snooze,
While mother lined up for a photograph
To hear someone say "Mrs Ramsbottom, do hide those shoes."

By the time the photographs had been taken
Albert had had quite enough,
Standing there all smiley
Like his old uncle who snorted snuff.

Mother could sense trouble was brewing
And said "please be good for your fathers sake,
And guess what, they've hidden threepences
In that fancy wedding cake."

The thought of all those threepences
Made Alberts eyes shine quite bright,
Mother knew what he was thinking and said
"I'd better not let you out of my sight."

But while mother was busily gossiping
Albert was looking for something sharp.
His stick with the 'orses 'ead 'andle no use
Then he laid his eyes on a dart.

Albert poked and prodded the wedding cake
As carefully as could be
And he found many a threepence piece

And started to count em, one, two, three.

"Caught you" said father
"And you'd better count me in
Or I'll have to tell your mother
What a bad boy you've been!"

"Alright" said Albert
"And before I'm sent to bed
Can you put me down for pageboy
When cousin Alwyn is wed."
