

THE OLD WAYS

Sing me a song of the old ways;
Tell me a tale of the past,
Of the time when England was mighty,
And everyone thought it would last;
When men raised their hats to the ladies,
And ladies wore dresses and skirts,
And children respected their elders,
Or received a sharp tap where it hurts;
When lovers were pleased to get married,
And made do with the little they had,
Kept out of debt and were happy,
And the young ones knew their own Dad.
When parents showed by example,
The ways and the means to get by,
Through hard work and honest endeavour,
And today those rules still apply.
Tell me the tale of the schoolroom,
When teachers were strict and upright,
Where discipline ruled and we knew it,
But we all learned to read and to write;
Where they taught us the value of friendship,
And to get stuck in with a grin,
An *esprit de corps* that was solid,
Working together to win.
We listened and learned when they told us,
That nothing was gained by the cheat,
Played hard by the rules and triumphed,
And stood on our own two feet.
So sing me a song of the old ways,
Of pride in the land of our birth,
And tell the world of this England,
The noblest place on God's Earth.
E.A LAMPARD