

# Meeting Arthur

I Went out on Saturday, for my sins to atone

I was in the ploughboy, I was all alone

Sitting at the counter , I met a smiling face,

But where we met before, I just could not place

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Then Arthur reminded me , it was in St. James's

So I joined them at his table, we exchanged our names

Arthur told the story, of the leaflets I gave out

And how he decided, that I deserved a clout.

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So we talked and laughed, George told a funny joke,

Davy laughed so much, I thought that he might choke,

Margaret just smiled, she was tired that night,

And Wendy as always, her smile lit up so bright

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Then George read his Valentine, for all to truly hear,

And when he had finished, there was a lovely cheer.

So Arthur said," please lets just hear some more ",

George who is quite shy, replied " I do not want to be a bore "





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So anyway the poems were read, A new world it did unfold,

And George was delighted, as his gift is verbal gold,

And George is very modest, that s plain for all to see,

But He gets a little “mad”, when in like company !

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