

Thoughts of St Osmond from St Andrew's, Hove

1. Dr Fawcett went to Dorset  
For some country air.  
Since the Rector's long departed,  
He could settle there.  
It's all go, in Melbury O.
  
2. Esme Flatman plays the organ,  
Gladly gives her time,  
Waits and plays and songs and hymnals,  
Rhapsody divine.
  
3. Kenneth Eastment goes a'fishing  
Chesil Beach at night.  
Kath can write the Parish Minutes  
When the moon is bright.
  
4. County Council's own Bill Larkham,  
Monarch of the road.  
'Colonel would be lost without  
His produce by the load.

5. *Barthers both at Monmouth Cottage,  
Vicar's warden true.  
Transatlantic, British Legion,  
Black Watch and True Blue.*
  
6. *Jocelyn Wilson's quite a shepherd,  
Keeps a lot of stock.  
Naturally became the warden  
Of a human flock.*
  
7. *Ivor Peach's roof has martins  
Nesting by the score.  
Geraldine provides a lifeline,  
With her friendly store.*
  
8. *Robin Dodge and Geoffrey Stenhouse  
Bat and ball so sound.  
Parish purse, and right arm over,  
Partnership profound.*
  
9. *When David entertains with Margaret,  
"Courage" is the brew,*

For Badger's Bookshop put Head Office  
Where the Falcons flew.

10. At the corner stands a cottage,

With a bright new face.

Mrs Grant its new creator'

Just like Princes Place.

11. Just a minute, mind that tractor,

Driving down the lane.

He always seems to drive so safely,

Terry Portch again.

12. Mrs Marsh, please be careful,

When you take your walk.

Up Barton Hill to Esme Flatman,

For a little talk.

13. Gordon Barlow hunts and fishes,

Loads at Pheasant shoots.

Kathleen's ringing, Grandsire, Thursdays,

When the Church Owl hoots.

14. Hail, our own perennial Flower Show,

Hail its Annual Cheer.

Fortify its new committee,

Heirs to Mrs Beer.

15. Vets triumphant, Vets transcendent,

Masters of research.

Titmice yield their deepest secrets

Thanks to Mister Birch.

16. Hove is fast, and Hove is foreign,

London by the Sea.

Wish you'd come and pay a visit,

Where we have to be.

It's far to go, to Melbury O.

*(To my friends pictured within) handwritten*

Piers Skidmore