

THE STOP-GAP

We hear no end of talk today, about important chaps.

But no one says a kindly word, for them as fills the gaps.

There's me, for instance: here I am, at all people's beck and call.

And never once have I refused, to serve 'em, one an' all.

I've taken bread from door to door, when baker had the flu.

And often have I stood for Gran, in Friday's kipper queue.

I've played the organ in the Hall, when reg'lar wasn't there.

And once, when Master left half time, they put me in the chair.

I've scrubbed the floors when no one else had time to lend a hand.

And when the drummer broke his wrist, I helped the Village Band.

When George fell ill, he looked to me to get beneath his hod.

And twice I've took the parson's place, and said a word for God.

Sometimes I've put the bairns to bed, when mother wasn't well.

And, - please excuse me 'arf a mo; there goes the front door bell.

"The Concert is in half an hour: I've got a shocking cough.

Please take my place, and much obliged"

"Right ho! That's me! I'm off!"

But 'fore I go. Don't ever say, we're not important chaps.

For if we wasn't knocking round, who then would fill the gaps?

Written by a retired Baptist Minister Rev. J. R. Edwards of Weston-super-Mare.

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