

A RHYME ABOUT BROUGHTON.

BROUGHTON's on the WALLOP BROOK,
Among the grassy meadows;
There's Beauties every way you look
(and many handsome fellows).
Like other villages and towns,
Broughton has its ups and downs;
And that is why, at the Jubilee,
We all went up on the DOWNS to see.

NORTH END BROUGHTON's brick and thatch;
The houses are so pretty;
They're painted yellow all to match ---
You'd think you're in a city.
The electric wires, from side to side, a
Perfect net, would please a spifer !
Along the street the stranger marches
And likes it all (except "The Arches"),
Until he comes all unaware
On Broughton's central space, The Square.
LOWER END, thatch, brick and chalk,
Is a pleasant place to take a walk,
But ROOKERY LANE's the sweetest spot:
To live there is a happy lot !
Up DOG LANE and past THE POUND
Will bring you to the rising ground,
Where, turning southward, if you will,
You'll view the CHURCH from BROUGHTON HILL.
Trees hide the old CHURCH FARM, mayhap,
But BROUGHTON HOUSE shows through a gap,
And all the village like a map.
Aren't they busy down the HOLLOW ?
Six houses built, and more to follow !
And when we get the COUNCIL SCHEME,
Life will be just a golden dream.

Let me make a second start:
You'll be tired of hearing;
But when a subject's near my heart
I can't help interfering !
Broughton wants --- what do you think ? --
Broughton wants water here to drink;
Better water, first of all;
Drains, if they can get a fall;
And lower prices for the HALL !
And, while we're marking time on these,
Cut the ivy off the trees
And shoot the starlings, if you please.

Broughton is a pleasant place,
Specially on Sunday;
Broughton wears a smiling face
From Saturday to Monday.
Broughton CHURCH BELLS fill the street,
The ringers are so tireless;
And Broughton CHAPELS sing so sweet
You'd think it was the Wireless !
At two o'clock, all clean and neat,
Twenty chaps walk up the street:
They walk to NINE MILE; sun or rain,
And then -- they all walk back again.
While lovers tell the old, old story,
Round and round, by TYMON'S GLORY.

Broughton's of a liberal sort
And nothing seems a trouble:
For fear, I s'pose, of running short
Ev'ryting here is double:
Two butchers bring us food;
Two chapels make us good;
Two schools
Teach us the rules;
Two 'buses convey us,
Two inns entertain us:
Two agents insure us;
Two doctors to cure us ---
How can they endure us !

Broughton is a liberal place:
To no good cause refusing
They give to all with a good grace ---
The number is confusing !
On Church and Chapel I'll be mute;
But LEGION, UNION, INSTITUTE,
CLUBS, GUIDES,
Mystery Rides,
Whist Drives here and Whist Drives there ---
Money's wanted everywhere !
Somehow, money's always found:
Broughton is TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND !

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