

ALBERT JOINS CAMBRAY RAMBLERS 2009

You've heard of Albert Ramsbottom
Who was eaten by lion in t'zoo,
How he came back again from his stomach
As good if not better than new

This experience frightened young Albert,
For lions are always unkind,
But when he joined Cambray Ramblers
It scared him clean out of his mind.

The hike when it started in earnest,
Was a steep climb down Monsal Dale path
So Roger Phillips went head over heels
To give everyone a good laugh.

By lunchtime we were all feeling peckish
So we sat down together in t'dell,
Eating lunch on Miller's Dale station,
By gum it didn't half smell!

Then it was onwards and upwards
Or downwards if you were not fussed
But abseiling down a viaduct?
Young Albert gave up in disgust.

Then it was time to clamber
O'er slippery rocks in Chee Dale
"Someone will cop it" thought Albert,
And so they did, without fail.

First was a giant named Willcox,
Who went down all of a shiver
Next turn was that of the leader
Who fell head first into the river.

Near the water were all kind of objects,
That flew by and made quite a racket
Except for a Lucozade bottle
And a lesser spotted Walkers crisp packet.

By now we were all getting tired,
But rapidly approaching the end,
When the leader, he split us in two,
Albert thought "They're all round the bend!"

But spirits were soon to be raised,
At Monsal Dale hotel we did meet
"Is the food any good here?" asked Albert
So someone said "Just watch me eat!"

He did so in wide eyed amazement,
As Worsel tucked in with his lips
Demolishing his own platter quickly
Then nicking all Chris Wheatley's chips.

This experience lasted till midnight,
Albert can't make no sense of it still,
When leader said "Come again next year?"
He answered "I certainly will!"

By your roving reporter A. Pudwin (try it as an
anagram!)