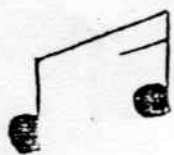


Illustrated SOUVENIR SONGBOOK
of a Musical Feast!



"EINE KLEINE
NACHT MUSIK"



(or it will be when we've finished with it).

To be performed pizzicato by

Peter Wilkinson - a stupid Contralto, who has put the
Burk back in Burkinshaw and Woodcock
Andrew Boyes - ~~Tenor~~ Bargain at £1.99.

Assisted by the

MORRIS MEN FROM LAY LAND.

Michael Holliday - Falsetto but Real Maraccas.

John Pilgrim - Bass as you can get and virtuoso of
the wind instrument.

Charles Betty - 1st Prize in Frankie Vaughan look-alike competition.
1st Prize in Moira Anderson sing-alike competition.
Runner up in "Cage Birds Review" song-writing competition
for his entry "Why don't I feel like a 'New Man'?"

Didn't we have a lovely time when Gordon went off like a banger.
At Hackness Hall we had a ball
And we all had plenty of tea you know.
Gordon looked cute in his bright yellow suit
As he stood upon the podium.
All the fun of the fair, Gordon say er er er,
And the Tables Round.

Ron Anderson came to do magic tricks and entertain the children.
The crowd all cheered when he disappeared
WE've seen it all before you know.
A comedian came, they are all the same,
We get more laughs from Gordon.
He'll bring the house, down he's a natural clown
And the Tables Round.

Ian Bradley had come and put up some tents for the convenience of the
public.

It cost us no cash to go for a slash
But you need a sharp tool with a fine pointed end.
There was a big tin that you had to aim in,
Which led to some pine disinfectant.
There wasn't a drain, only Gordon's brain
And the Tables Round.

Barry Hodgson was there with his nose in the air 'cos we know he's a
man of fine breeding.

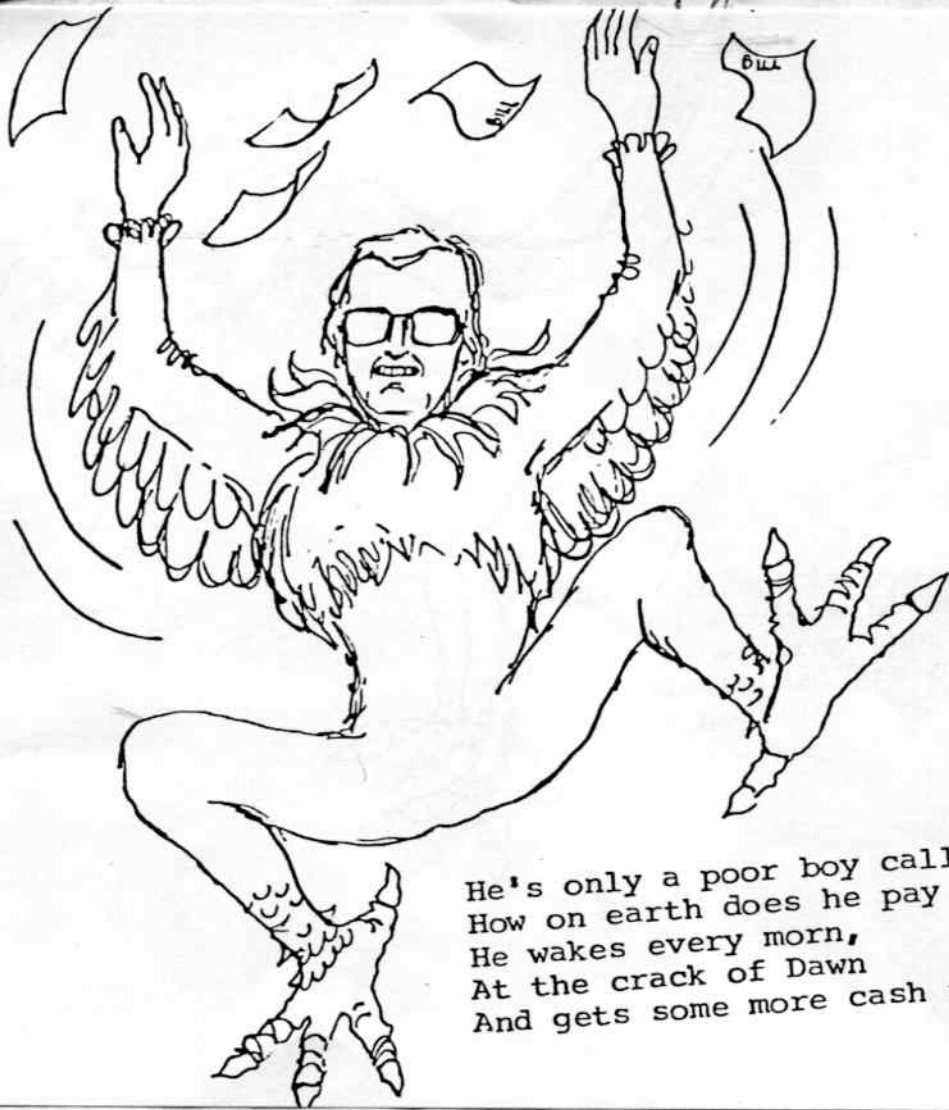
Lord Derwent's O.K., I heard Barry say,
But he can't be a Lord 'cos he ain't got a Rolls.
Hackness Hall is O.K. if the bills you can pay,
But why open the grounds to the public
To let Gordon in, is a terrible sin,
And the Tables Round.

We cleared up the mess and went home to get dressed so we could
go to Gordon's,

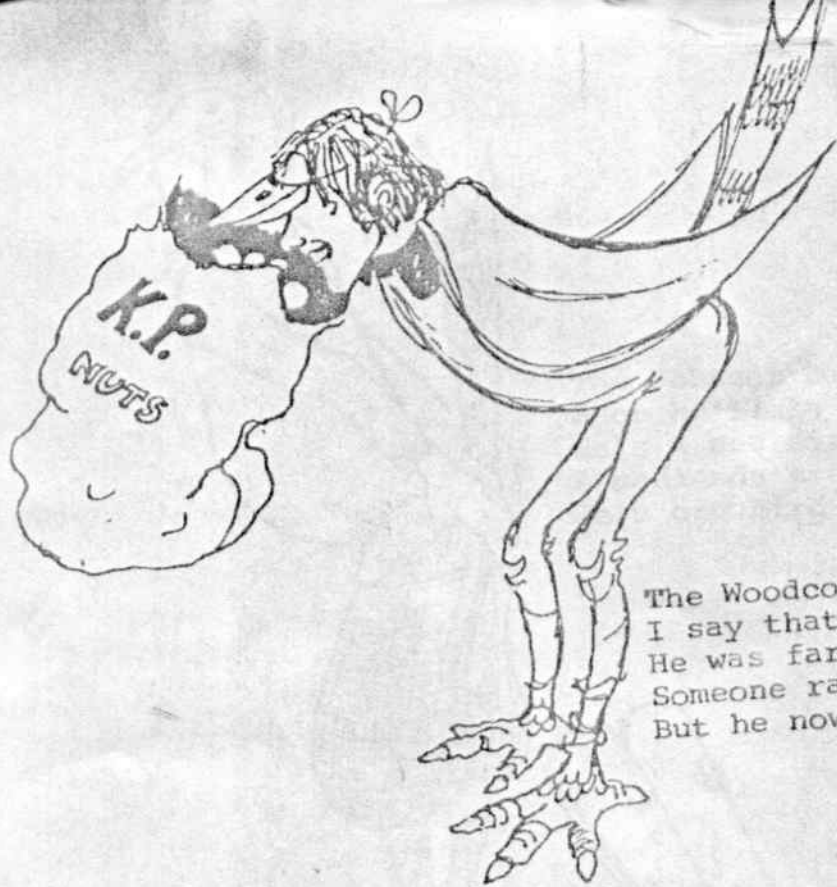
Well, I never did, what a deal, just six quid
But there's lots to drink and to eat you know.
Who'd moan at the price, the evening was nice,
We'd had fellowship together.
Aims and Objects were said before we went to bed,
And the Tables Round.

Didn't we have a lovely day when Gordon went off like a banger.
Just a select few, had gone to help Sue,
To clear up the mess from the night before.
There's a flash in the pan, Gordon was the man
Who summed up the situation
Er er er er er er er er er
I'm on fire.

Put Gordon out, I heard someone shout as we rushed in with the petrol.
You don't need to run 'cos we want him well done,
And he's got his own sprinkler system installed.
All Truefitt roofs leak, it had rained for a week
So we brought him inside to be dripped on.
So he was put out but we could not shout,
Cos the Tables drowned.



He's only a poor boy called Harrow,
How on earth does he pay every bill.
He wakes every morn,
At the crack of Dawn
And gets some more cash from the till.



The Woodcock is handsome and clever.
I say that 'cos he employed me
He was far from impressed
Someone raided his nest,
But he now lives on nuts from K.P.



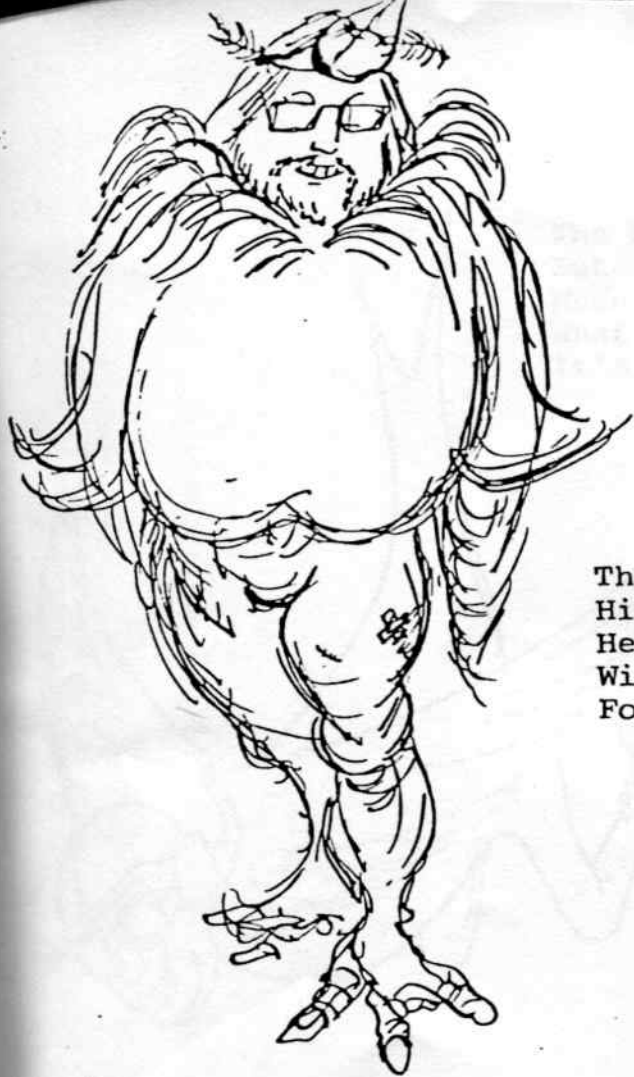
The Johnson birds plumage is moulting.
Soon he'll be bald as a coot.
He's a sea bird no more
Broadlands are on the shore,
He's one bird we'd all like to shoot.



The Whittaker bird is unusual.
Of his species we're not really sure.
His translation we've heard,
Is in a German bird
It says Herren on his toilet door.



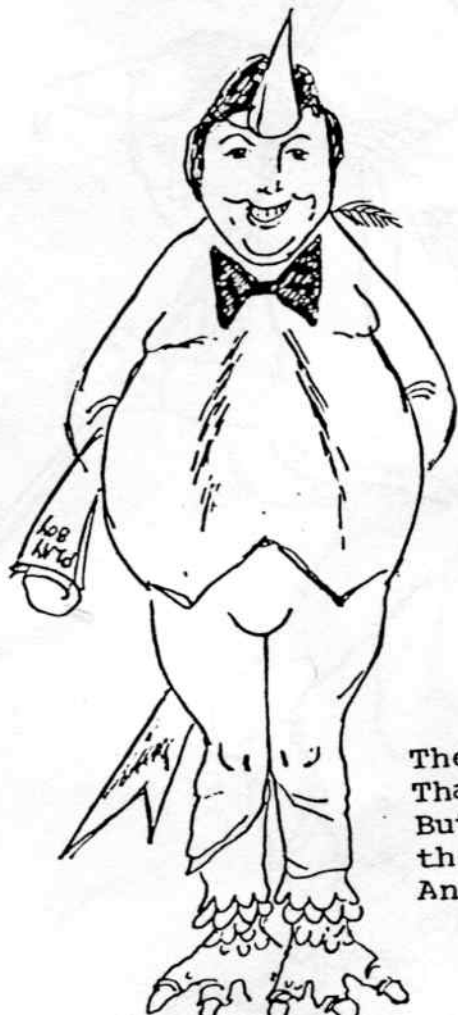
A clever bird is Franklyn Garvey.
Let's remember before he flies away.
How he keeps a straight face,
Through his Latin Grace,
You'd describe him as a bird of prey.



The Pilgrim is a bird that is common.
His voice is quite something to hear.
He will startle you all,
With his mating call,
For crying out loud, in your ear.

The Rhodes flies for hours and hours.
But let us put paid to a myth.
When he's up in the sky,
What you get in your eye,
It's not insurance he covers you with.





The Appleton's a bachelor species.
That any hunter would like in his bag.
But a mate he will need, if for
the Table he'll breed,
And he says what he wants is a shag.



The Sinclair bird is a nest builder.
He's a mixer and he's got a truck.
You can see why he smiles,
'Cos he's sunk his piles,
And no longer is he a lame duck.



Gordon Truefitt's a sort of flame ingo,
That's because he just stands on one leg.
We poured on some oil,
Brought him to the boil,
And then he laid a hard boiled egg.