

My Dream

The night was dark and stormy
The workhouse stood quite near.
I was on my way to lift the sneck
My downfall had been the beer.

My clothes were old and worn to rags
My health had given way
My feeble limbs could hardly stand
The coldness of the day.

I moved to take another step
Then crash – I knew no more
My humble feeble body fell
Quite prostate on the floor.

How long i lay i cannot tell
My senses were as dead
As visions of the future flew
Like specters round my head.

I dream't of streets all paved with gold
And fields of milk and honey
I saw coupon my Thirteen right
And went to draw the money.

Into the Bank with heaving chest
Such swank on me befell
I'd Thirteen thousand pound to get
So let me my story tell.

The clerk he looked me up and down
As i passed him up my cheque
I think the conclusion he had got
I was a bloody wreck.

He pushed his hand across his brow
Then stared and looked me over
He was thinking to his bally self
That fellows fell in clover.

He might be right he might be wrong
It doesn't do to say
But whether right or whether wrong
It took him some time to pay.

But at last he started paying out
There were green notes also red
I had said good day and coming out
When i fell right out of bed.

There are lots of deaths thats caused by shock
The doctors tell you that
As i sat on the cold room floor
I had notions quite as black.

To think that i had lived to win
And go to the Bank and draw
Death – to me was ever welcome
As i sat upon the floor

Up i got in such a rage
My life was vain and empty
To think that only minutes ago
I had pleasure peace and plenty.

I felt afraid to cut my throat
The razor was blunt, chipped and old
I couldn't take poison, i didn't like that
And the water was bloody cold.

So i thought of a way of ending it all
A death without any pain
Blind drunk i got. They put me to bed
And i dream't all over again.

I dream't once again but more in myline
Dream't i was poor and out
On the relief with three bob a day
The rent running up the spout.

I dream't i was singing old songs in the street
And people were giving me bread
Dream't of the landlord, Police and the Booring
And being turned out I'd a dread.

Then just as these visions were turning my brain
I thought of the wonders i had read
I woke with a cry to find to my joy
I was comfortably lying in my bed.

By Uncle Dick