Albert's Reunion

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(Stanley Holloway) (or, possibly Marriot Edgar)

You've 'eard of young Albert Ramsbottom,
And Mrs. Ramsbottom, and Dad
And the trouble the poor lion went through
Trying to stomach the lad.
  Well, after the lion disgorged him
  Quite many a day 'ad gone by
  But the lion just sat there and brooded
  With a far away look in his eye.
The keepers could do nowt wi' lion
He seemed to be suffering pain.
He seemed to be fretting for something
And the curl all went out of his mane.
  It looked at its food and ignored it
  Just gazed far away into space.
  When keepers tried forcible feeding
  They got it all back in their face!
And at Mr. and Mrs. Ramsbottom's
The same kind of thing had begun
And though they tried all sorts of measures
They couldn't rouse Albert, their son.
  Now Mr. Ramsbottom got fed up
  At trying to please him in vain.
  And said, " If you don't start to buck up
  I'll take you to lion again!"
Now instead of the lad getting frightened
And starting to quake at the knees,
He seemed to be highly delighted
And shouted," Oh Dad! If you Please!"
  His father thought he had gone potty.
  His mother went nearly insane.
  But Albert stood firm, and just bellowed,
  "I want to see lion again!"
So Mr. and Mrs. Ramsbottom
Decided the best thing to do
Was to give way to Albert, and take him
Straight-a-way back to the Zoo.
  The moment the lion saw Albert
  For the first time for weeks it had stirred
  It moved the left side of its whiskers
  Then lay on its back and just purred.
And before anybody could stop him

Young Albert were stroking his paws.
And whilst the crowd screamed for the keepers
The little lad opened its jaws.
  The crowd were completely dumfounded
  His mother was out, to the wide,
  But they knew, by the bumps and the bulges
  That Albert was once more inside.
Then all of sudden, the lion
Stood up and let out a roar
And Albert, all smiling and happy,
Came out, with a thud, on the floor.
  The crowd, by this time, were all cheering
  And Albert stood there looking grand
  With the stick with the horses-head handle
  Clutched in his chubby young hand.
The lion grew so fond of Albert,
It couldn't be parted from lad.
And so zoological keepers
Sent round a note to his Dad:
  We regret to say lion is worried
  And pining for your little man
  So sending you lion tomorrow
  Arriving in plain covered van.
And if you should go 'round any evening
When Albert has gone off to rest
There's the lion, all tucked up beside him
Asleep, with 'is 'ead on his chest.

RG

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