

## Memory Lane

Charlie Fuller had a farm  
A pleasant chap do you no harm  
Round back lane he had a pond  
Where I caught Newts of which I'm fond.

Norman Coles who we called Lamey  
Had a dog whose name was Sammy  
With a windmill and sheep dip  
And farmed Tomwell, up by the tip.

Butlins land was up the Grove  
Over Plundon lane he strove  
Monarch was his cart horse name  
Cut his leg and then went lame.

Jackie Bletsoe he could ride  
Many a fence took in his stride  
Judging horse and brood mare class  
Not a fault by him would pass.

Now we come to Mrs Hore  
Sold the milk from her front door  
She would tell you all the news  
And other peoples points of views.

Arthur Bliss a stoutly man  
Sold his milk from a tin can  
But his pace he did not hurry  
And his face it bore no worry.

Maurice French his land spread wide  
Down the main road on each side  
On the Clifton road as well  
Where it ended I can't tell.

Callows for coal his name was Jack  
Delivered house coal in a sack  
His Lorries they were always Brown  
But only sold to half the town.

Deeley for coal his name was Fred  
Cut his wood up in a shed  
At Aynho station could be seen  
Loading his lorry painted all green.

Yerberry the sweep with brushes and bag  
Went on his round with his trap and nag  
Father and son they looked just the same  
Hope you've enjoyed down memory lane.