

Our Childhood Games

Before the days when tele came
The children played at their own game
Down the road with hoop and guide
They ran together side by side.

And then there was the hoop and top
Just give a whack, my, it did hop
Many a child had the cane
For breaking mother's window pane.

Conker season came quite late
To make them hard we did them bake
Hanging from a piece of twine
What number is she? She's a nine.

Marble time is here again
Played down the gutter, mind the drain
Or played along the garden path
And in the winter on the hearth.

Hopscotch square marked on playground
With stone that's flat and not too round
Hop along from square to square
Plaits in ribbons bob in the air.

Boys with elastic catapult
Shoots at the cat or frightens colt,
Girls with rope that's flying round
Scatters dust up from the ground.

With stones of five placed in your hand
How many on the back would stand?
When tossed into the air with height
How much these games they did excite.

Queenie! Queenie! who has got the ball?
You could hear the children call
And Mr Wolf was asked the time
But would not chase till dinner time.

Two balls were thrown against the wall
Just keep them going till one did fall
With smiling faces full of glee
I think this game was called ten'see

Oh what a sight before our eyes
To hear their shouts and hear their cries
Enjoying their own special fun
My, they could shout and they could run.

Don Walker