

# Carn Brea Cathedral

by Bert Thomas

Ded I tell 'ee 'bout Cam Brea Cathedral  
An' 'ow it all come about?  
Well you'll want t' know a bit 'bout tha Bishop  
An' awlsoa tha Dean I've no doubt.  
Tha Bishop was built short an' stuggy  
Weth a 'ead which was shinny an' bald  
An noun' reddish chacks an' a smile on 'is faace  
'ee dedn seem t' 'ave no wernies 't all.  
Tha Dean 'ee was tall an' 's thin 's a raake  
Uv good 'umour 'ee dedn 'ave no lack  
But 'ee wouidn' shaw ut, not less 'ee 'ad to,  
'Ee seemed t' 'ave th' ole wend on 'is back.  
Black 'aired an' dark featured an' stoopin'  
'Ee looked like a prophet uv owld;  
But 'ee'd laff like a pisky when 'ee 'ad 'nuf whisky  
(Which 'ee 'ad 't 'ave t' keep out tha cowld);  
Fer 'tes braa 'm cowld on Cam Bnea some evenin's

When th'whole piaace es shrouded in fog  
An' tha winds blaw tha drizzle right up from St. Ives,  
'Tedn fit fen man, woman, 'n dog.  
You got t' 'ave somethin' t' warm 'ee  
An' though some git 'long weth their tea  
The Dean claimd that people sh'd drink what they fancied;  
An' it 'ad t' be whisky fen 'ee.  
Tha Bishop dedn mm' what 'ee drank 't awl;  
Tay, wines, coffee, spirits 'r beer  
'Ee dearly liked t' 'ave 'is pint down at that 'Lion'  
'Ee c'd chat to 'is people down then  
An' 'ear 'bout then troubles an' give 'is advice  
In a way that was neelly perfeshnal,  
An' so many people turned up Fnidy nights  
That sum called et tha Bishop's Confeshnal.  
Sometimes, uv an evenin' tha Dean went down tha Cam  
T' call in at th' owld "Oss an Cart"

An' chat t' tha neglars an' visiters then,  
An tha Dean thnawed a pretty good dart.  
They dedn 'ave no dart board in tha Cathedral  
An' 'is werk kep'm busy awl day  
Soa 'ee dedn 'ave a lot a' time fer t' practise  
But 'ee 'adn't fengot 'ow t' play.  
An' many a visiter who took'n on  
An' played 'n fen pints 'r fer tots  
Found the Reverend gentleman better than they  
Though losin' was far from theen thawts,  
Fen Deans aren't s'posed t' be any good  
At gaames like shove-haapny 'r darts  
An' t' be beat fair 'n square by this solmn ol' man  
Was jist like a knife t' then 'earts.  
But it gov'm respect fen Religion  
An' fer th' ol' Dean uv Cam Brea  
An' tha Dean dedn mm' winnin' a tot 'n two  
'Twas like 'avin' untaxable pay.  
'mong tha regular congnegaashun  
Was a man called Sammy Tneloar  
An' 'ee went t' sleep evry sermon  
'Caws 'ee thawt that's wat sermons was for  
T' gib'm a rest b'tween singin',  
Fer 'ee gave th' oi' hymn tunes bell-tink  
An' if you stood near to un when 'ee was in full spaate  
Shock waves from 'is voice maade 'ee blink  
When they come t' th' end of th' hymn tune  
'Ee sat down agen in 'is pew  
An' wud doaze off 'gen till th' argan ded start  
An' then 'ee'd come up right on cue.  
That angan was jist like a 'larm clock to un,

No other soun' woake'n 't all;  
People said 'ee wud sleep if tha C'thedral failed down  
Ef 'ee dedn git that ol' argan call.  
Tha Bishup said, "What can 'ee do weth tha man?  
'Ee doan't 'ear a wend that es sed!  
'Ee doan't 'ear no 'nnouncements, no prayers n'r no sermns,  
N'r no lesson, 'oever tes read."  
The Dean sed "Me 'ansum, now leave'n aloan  
An' be thankful t' God 'ee doan't snoar.

Then's sum wot caan't understand awl we d' say  
Ef they could, they wouldn cum 'ere no moan.  
They d' think 'Thass another new 'at Many Richards 'as got on  
An' I abm seen 'm in that dress befoam.  
Awl tha money in that 'ouse d' goa on 'em back  
Caws 'em oI' man an' kids d' look poor'.  
An' sum d' sit quiet an' think bout then garden  
An' 'ow then p'taties 'r grawin'  
An' whether tes time fen t' put in sum unyun  
Or wether tha groun's might fer sawing.  
Ef you caan't understand et you just 's well sleep through et  
As let y'n mm' wander 'bout things.  
Es doan't do no 'arm t' nobody else.  
Sam d' worship wen 'ee d' sing;  
An' 'ee'll awiways 'elp ef then's sum job t' do  
T' kape this oald buidin' like new."  
Tha Bishup sed "Dean, I'd bleeve that y'r right,  
An' I'd knaw weth sum people tes true,  
Ef they d' like then hymn singing better than pnaichin'  
Then edn much that I c'n do."  
The Dean sed, "Sum people d' take in things better  
Ef you talk t' them when they're asleep,  
Tes th' hypnotic effect that the Doctors d' use  
When then patients es sleepin' quite deep."  
Sed tha Bishup, "Me 'andsome, I d' knaw you mean well  
You d' awlways 'elp me a lot,  
Come down-long weth me t' th' ol' 'Oss 'n Cart"  
An' I'll play 'ee at darts fer a tot.