

Dedicated to Their Satanic Majesties, the Invincibles of Port Isaac

This was found among some old documents in Annie
Avery's attic in 1995. It is dated 1883.

Port Isaac is a lovely place,
As it was formed by nature;
But some folk there do all they can
To disgrace their own creator.

Now to those folk I mean to speak,
In my simple style of rhyme;
The titles that I'll give shall last,
Down to the end of time.

In the middle of September,
Eighteen hundred and eighty three,
We had our Sunday School Anniversary
And the Annual Public Tea.

Now I attended this Anniversary,
In my own accustomed way;
And there I found them quarrelling
On their Anniversary Day.

If you ask the cause of all this strife,
I instantly would say;
It is caused by certain people,
Who would like to have their own way.

Hark, now their names I'll mention,
That they shall be plainly seen,
Two Tetty Cramps and Schemer Bill
And two-faced Tommy Green.

There's Tommy Smash and Jimmy Smash,
And Saucy Louie Bettit;
She often gets the bailiffs home,
But don't like to admit it.

Moll Wetters with her darkie face,
When trying to have her way;
Said, "I'll tell you I'm a Lady"
Which I've been a month today.

Now Tommy Green and Schemer Bill,
Are the biggest rogues in town;
One stole his uncle's piece of land,
The other half a crown.

Now that half a crown, as we all know,
Though noiseless as a fox,
Was taken by Sir Tommy Green,
From the Chapel Collecting Box.

Of Mrs Green I've not said much,
Perhaps they call her shrewd,
I'll say just what I think of her,
She's wanton, base and lewd.

Bill Schemer's incorrigible;
Such a liar you'll never find,
To his lampoonery and knavery,
And leasing, we're not blind.

Bill Schemer is a swindler,
He's discordful, saggil, dolt,
He is a sump and cut-throat,
But our domination made him bolt.

To one man more before I've done,
I must ask your attention;
'Tis Collegs Tom, he was not home,
But he's short of apprehension.

His wife you know and child so dear,
He ought to love an cherish;
He said that they might die, or else apply
For subsistence to the Parish.

I ask this gang their real name,
They say invincible;
Now they must turn, or else they'll burn,
Down in the deepest hell.

Of religion I have nothing said,
Perhaps you'll think me queer;
I hope you'll now to Jesus turn;
I really am sincere.

Away with all your grievousness,
Before you quit this sod;
And candidly I tell you all,
Prepare to meet your God.