

Albert Meets Sam

You'll have heard of the tale of young Albert
How he ran off in Blackpool one day
And got hissen in 't'Flamingo'
Wi'out even having to play.

How he went on the stage as a stripper
Which caused the Ramsbottoms alarm
Till his Ma dragged him off in High Dudgeon
Wi' his head tucked underneath her arm.

After that, Albert pined for the gay life
And begged to revisit the bar;
But his mother said, 'Best ask your father',
And his pa said, 'You'd best ask your ma.'

And that's where the matter was rested
Things had come to a sort of impasse,
Though his parents were secretly praying
He'd go and start courting a lass.

All the while, Albert worried and fretted
And wondered how long this could last;
There isn't much action in Rochdale
'Cept for watching the trams going past.

Till one day came such a commotion
A telegram came to the door
Saying rich Uncle Joe'd kicked the bucket
- Which he should have done ages before

The funeral took place in London,
At a cemetery close to Earl's Court.
Pa said, "We could do wi' an outing"
"Now this is my chance," Albert thought.

"Perhaps he'll have left us his money,"
Thought Pa. "After all, he had tons."
"I'll wear my best black," declared Albert –
"Black leather and black 501s."

For years he had planned for this moment;
He'd practised like mad for the part.
He could make quite a nice guacamole
And sing *Traviata* by heart.

As they stood looking glum at the graveside
With Ma trying her hardest to cry,
Albert noticed a well-built old party
In the sun on a tombstone close by.

The vicar went on summat chronic
'Bout lilies and ashes and dust,
While Albert felt all of a doo-dah –
He'd talk to this man or he'd bust.

So he sidled away from the service
And wandered across for a chat
Wi' his stick wi' the 'orse's 'ead 'andle –
He'd thought of some uses for that.

Now in cruising there's certain conventions
But for those Albert cared not a damn;
He went straight up and said, "Hi, I'm Albert" –
And the old party said, "Marksman Sam."

For some time now, Sam's been in civvies
Cashiered when they found he was gay –
A thing which would never have happened
In t'old Duke of Wellington's day.

Sam had landed a job as a courier
Acquired a big motor-bike,
While his uniform still came in 'andy
For trips to *The Block* and the like.

All this he explained to young Alberted
Who chatted as gay as a lark;
He'd a liking for men that were older –
And he'd seen quite a few in the park.

Old Sam was attractively grizzled
And an idea popped into his head;
They don't sell Old Ale in the *Coleherne* –
He invited the lad home instead.

Albert mentally did calculations;
Couldn't say for how long he could be
He'd only brought out threepence ha'penny
Which wouldn't even buy a fish tea,

The whole of the town was inviting
He needed some cash double quick
So he said, "If tha wants, I'll go wi' thee
But it's tuppence per person per trick."

At these words, Sam started to argue,
Protesting he didn't go with Rent
But Albert agreed to take Visa
So back to Sam's lodgings they went.

There Sam had what's known as a Dungeon
It weren't much more than a room
Wi' a few tatty chains and a harness
And an atmosphere laden wi' Doom.

"Now make yersen comfy, young Albert,"
Said Sam, wi' a glint in his eyes.
"Why don't you get into this harness –
By gum – you'll get such a surprise."

Soon Albert were trussed like a chicken,
And over 'is 'ead was an 'ood,
While the stick wi' the 'orse's 'ead 'andle –
Well, at last it were doing some good.

When Sam had the lad where he wanted,
He cautioned him, "Don't make a sound."
"I've nothing much on," replied Albert.
"After all, I'm just 'anging around."

Then Sam left the room upon tiptoe
Went upstairs as quiet as could be;
And whistling something by Abba
He put on the kettle for tea.

In the dungeon the minutes passed slowly
And gradually crawled to the hour.
It wasn't what Albert expected –
He'd had much more fun at the Tower.

In the hall he could here the clock ticking
As slowly the seconds progressed.
It were starting to give him the shivers –
He wished that he'd put on his vest,

At the last, he was begging for rescue
When he heard from the kitchen a shout,
"I had to pay thee so tha'd come, lad –
Happen now tha'll pay me to get out!"