

Scouse Sonnet - Number 5 - 1940's Nostalgia

Old Street Games

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In our Street, there was a Bombed Site, or the 'Oller', as it was known.
We had many Hours of Fun, in that makeshift Playground of our own.
On two renovated facing walls, were whitewashed Goals and Wickets.
Ideal for Games like 'Three Goals In', 'Rounders' and 'French Cricket'.
If I fell out with my 'Best Mate', We 'shook little fingers' to 'make Friends'.
Boys rode home-made Steerie Carts, Racing fearless, round the bends.
To join in Games of Football, one lad was 'Pudding', the other was 'Beef'.
Coats were used as Goalposts, but 'Spoilsports' always 'Gave Us Grief'.
Up and Down that Cobbled Street we played, never meaning to offend.
Until we heard that 'Dreaded Yell' of, 'Go and Play Down Your Own End'.
When we played against our 'Deadly Rivals', Lads from a nearby Street.
Just like a full-blooded 'Derby Game', We could not think of getting beat.
A Game could last for Hours, because we all were playing for 'Our Pride'.
Big Lads and Small were all involved, there could be Twenty on each side.