

Albert goes to Gnomesville

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"Today we're going to Gnomesville" said mother

"We've heard it's free to get in

And you can take your own picnic lunch,

There isn't even a donation tin."

"Fancy that" said father

"It's not often you can get in for free."

"Who lives at Gnomesville?" asked Albert

"Gnomes" said mother, "just wait and see."

Albert had always been fascinated

By Goblins, Wizards and Gnomes

And he thought "em, a place where gnomes live,

I hope I can wonder about on me own."

Albert was delighted when they arrived at Gnomesville

And he said "O' mother, this place is really neat."

Father said "settle down Albert

And look where you're putting your feet."

Before mother could tell Albert

She didn't want to see a mishap

The lad was off and running and father said

"Aye, just keep an eye on his cap."

Albert was pointing his stick with the 'orses 'ead 'andle

At each and every gnome,

"O' what fun" squealed Albert

"I think I'll take this little gnome home!"

"Look mother" said Albert
"This little gnome is my new found friend.
I found him sitting alone under a tree
And it says his name is Ben."

"Albert" said mother with a weary sigh,
"I told you this wasn't a shop.
Now put Ben back where you found him,
Go on, off you hop."

"But mother" said Albert
"I want to take little Ben home.
Then I'll have someone to play with
And I won't spend so much time on me own."

"I have a better idea" said mother
"Why don't we leave Ben here
And we'll bring a gnome called Albert
When we visit Gnomesville next year."

So Albert took the little gnome
And laid him gently under the tree
And said "Goodbye Ben,
don't be too naughty while you're waiting for me."

So next time you visit Gnomesville
And you find Albert and Ben,
If you've read this little story
You'll know how they became friends.
