

Club Bowls

by Harry Dunn

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**Listen up, ye barefoot bowlers
And hearken unto me,
About the ancient sets of bowls
That live within these hallowed walls,
For there's more to them, and their former roles
Than the eye at first might see.**

**Take care and show respect
All ye who enter here,
For these four walls protect
A gift from bowlers dead and gone;
Who donated their beloved bowls
For your exclusive use -
Before they shuffled on.**

**These grand old bowls live on ,
'Tho their owners have departed,
Old relics of the past, these bowls were built to last,
But from their owners they've been parted,
And those of us who care for them
Are also fading fast,
Or so we're often told -
When the question's asked.**

**So, place them gently in their crates
When your barefoot game is over,
Making sure they're with their mates,
And each box has matching cover:
Return them to the shelves,
If you have a minute to invest,
Or just leave them at the door,
And we will do the rest.**