

A wince and a whinny of bathers dancing into deceptive water A silent hullabaloo of balloons the steam-organ wheezed its waltzes radiant, rainless, lazily rowdy and sky-blue summers the rising of the sun over the stained and royal town And the trams that hissed like ganders took us all to the beautiful beach ships from the sun-dazed docks round the corner of the sand-hills from Mumbles where the aunties grew But over all the beautiful beach I remember most the children playing, boys and girls tumbling, moving jewels Dusk came down the sands brushed and ruffled suddenly with a sea-broom of cold wind the wooden animals were waiting for the night All the fun of the fair in the hot, burbling night And as we climbed home, up the gas-lit hill we saw the lights of the fair fade A wince and a whinny of bathers dancing into deceptive water A silent hullabaloo of balloons the steam-organ wheezed its waltzes radiant, rainless, lazily rowdy and sky-blue summers the rising of the sun over the stained and royal town And the trams that hissed like ganders took us all to the beautiful beach ships from the sun-dazed docks round the corner of the sand-hills from Mumbles where the aunties grew But over all the beautiful beach I remember most the children playing, boys and girls tumbling, moving jewels All the fun of the fair in the hot, burbling night And as we climbed home, up the gas-lit hill we saw the lights of the fair fade Dusk came

Holiday Memory