

# THE BOTTBY CONUNDRUM

Sir Fartleberry Bottby - is the hero of this tale.  
I won't tell you his real name - for fear I go to gaol.  
And why I keep this secret - I sadly cannot say.  
It must remain a mystery - until my dying day.

Sir Fartleberry Bottby - is a very well-known man.  
Who travels round the country - in his little camper van.  
He sings a Geordie song or two - and tells a lot of jokes,  
And gives good entertainment - to an awful lot of folks.

He's keen to greet and loves to meet - his many, many friends,  
He'll travel far to see them - to Thurso or Lands End.  
He tells them lots of stories - some funny and some sad,  
And some of operatic roles - in younger days he had.

Lady Bottby sits beside him - with the gentl-est of smiles.  
She tolerates his foibles - his antics and his wiles.  
This really lovely woman - rarely utters any complaint.  
And everybody says - "She's got the patience of a saint!"

Sir Fartleberry loves to work - down in his garden shed,  
And saw away at oak and pine - I'm sure you've heard it said.  
He'll make a stool, a chair or box - and sometimes scenery,  
For amateur productions - in the town of Rothbury.

When he goes down to Morpeth - with his staff and tricorn hat,  
Strangers to the town will ask you - "Who on earth is that?"  
The locals' answer always is - that though he looks quite radgie,  
The simple explanation - is that he's the Morpeth Gadgie.

From early days in Newbiggin - when he was in his pram,  
He moved away to Haydon Bridge - to Morpeth then Longfram.  
He's settled now in Rothbury - this peripatetic man,  
With his missus, Lady Bottby - who he proudly calls, "My Anne".

Oh dear, Oh dear! The secret's out - I think I've said too much.  
I really made mess of this - I must be out of touch.  
For those who haven't worked it out - if all deduction fails,  
Sir Fartleberry Bottby - is my old friend, Alec Swailes.

