

Perth Morris, while dancing a hey,
Were passed by a funeral one day
With a quick genuflect
Squire sobbed, in respect,
"Thirty years we were married, to the day"

One foot-up on Cottesloe's shore.
A morris man's dancing was poor
When he claimed it his worst
The response it was terse
You mean you've been dancing before?

For morris men dancing in Perth
Apparently conditioned from birth
So close to their heart
Is the brewer's fine art.
It has, lately, augmented their girth.

Perth Morris requested a rhyme
And 40 years is a long time
We can state without fear
With a fervent "Hear hear!"
To abide as a side is sublime.

We've danced in the east and the west
With Britannia, Black Joak and the rest
But our morris of choice
Though the margin is close
Is Perth 'cos we think it the best.

Our squire Paul, down on his luck
Had to travel to Perth on a truck
He met a girl on the way
At a roadhouse in Hay
And concluded the trip with a double jig.

There was a young girl on a punt.....