

Ode to Chris Green - HP Chef

(HP = Harvard Place, not the sauce,
although he is very sauce-y)

We have a chef, his name is Chris,
To have his meals is simply bliss,
He stirs his soups and makes his puds
His menus come with all the 'goods'
He 'serves' us well and we in turn
all say nice things - his ears should burn!
Two years he's been our number one
and with us lot he can't do wrong!
But now the 'bug' has hit our home
and you would think that he would groan
But he is made of stronger stuff -
he's not shy when things get tough!
He's carried on and to our delight
we get his meals both day and night
A pantry is his latest wheeze -
but Maggie's cross and on her knees
who is this man who gives her TEA!!!!!!
she'd not drink that if it were free!!!!
coffee is her drink, nice and strong
a cup of that can do no wrong,
So from the heights he takes a fall
and on that note I've said it all

(Not written by the Poet Laureate)

Margaret