

A BOWLING SELECTORS LAMENT

A bowler stood at the pearly gates
His face was worn and old
He meekly asked the man of fate
Admission to the fold
“What have you done” St Peter asked
To seek admission here
I was a selector of a bowling club
For many and many a year
The gate swung open sharply
As Peter touched the bell
“Come in” he said and take a harp
You’ve had enough of hell