

The Tipton Slasher

Yunng William Perry's loif startidd with Tippun's 'ard knocks

In them dayz a kid moight 'av no bootz nor no sox

But from Bloomfield rood, Lost City or Owen Strait

There wairn't a mon or a yooth wot 'ee couldn't bate.

Next the faired Bill bate Barney Dogherty with xpaert boxin

After thet bate Ben Spilsbury with duckin an foightin.

Even if ee went in two and an arf stoon loighter

In 'is pomp 'ee woz England's greatest foighter.

Avin got the naem and feirm of the Tipton slasher

Ee'd be suited an booted as a good lookin' masher

Woil arm wrestlin at the Fountain Inn an guzzlin beer

Billy med sure to win when they'd spoke wiv a sneer.

Wiv Tass Parker of West Bromwich 'ee fought long rounds

But our Bill come on top givin out furious brootal pounds.

Boi beatin' Tim Paddock in 1850 in a 27 round bruiser

'Ee got Eavyweight Champ title woil maekkin Tim the looser.

Yet at wumm 'is missus fahnd 'ee wor 'ard to plaes
At evenin snap toime 'eed av tasty faggots and paes
Then 'eed play wiv Babby Bill till nip was in bed
After Ann and Bill ud play cards until 'eed rest 'is own yed.

In 'is middle yaers 'eed own or manage a public 'ouse
Ee dae need a doormon sortin a drunk louse
But in 'is retirement spent too much toim at boozin
An 'ee waersted 'is daers wi gamblin' an snoozin.

Young Bill and maert Jim Groucutt went to visit 'is dad
And in Green Lanes Bilston got a cheery a ow bist me lad
But with the Slasher then arguing and guzzling Old ale
Yunng Bill saw 'is maert Jimmy gooin a littul pale.

So after a woil yunng Bill troided to be pleasant with pop
Then 'ee realised 'is dad's unpleasant mood wor gonna stop
So the two youngers said tara a bit politely walking out
Then went off to the Queen's Arms for some tasty Irish stout.

Mr Michaels Potboiler Poetry

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