

## BONZO'S LAMENT

I'm Bonzo, hound and best friend by appointment  
to His Majesty, Otto the Good.

I'm loving and generous, thoughtful and kind  
and act like a proper dog should.

But I've a *spot* on my character, a *patch* on my name -  
well, we all have times when we fail.

Please *paws* for a while, my *Pedigree Chums*,  
and listen to my *tail*.

My story begins some time ago now -  
five or six months, more or less.

I know it was wrong, but I couldn't resist,  
I - fell in love with the Black Baroness!

'Twasn't love at first sight - as you can imagine -  
'twas a far more gradual affair.

She used to come round to the palace, you see,  
when King Otto wasn't there.

It was nice to have some company, you know,  
while my master was gone,

And sometimes she'd take me out for a walk -  
Oh! how she led me on!!

One fateful day, she enticed me -  
to her pad she lured me,

And once we were there, you can guess what we did -  
Yes! - We had some tea!

But it got late, and darkness fell -  
I'd forgotten about the time.

"Howl I get home?", I cried. She said:  
"Stay and have some wine."

And that's just what I did - I whined and I whined  
But she brushed the hair from my eyes

And she tickled my tummy and stroked my ears -  
Oh! it felt like paradise!!

Being human, you may not quite realise  
what this treatment does to a dog,

But it got me so excited, that  
I had to rush off to the - Next Verse!

I was hooked, I was sold, I was swept off my feet -  
she had me right in her power.

And when morning came, she said: "Now go home,  
and have a nice cold shower."

"And tonight, come on back, and have some more fun.  
Don't worry, you may - just as long

As you bring me the spell from King Otto's book  
that stops fairytales going wrong."

"But surely he knows the word off by heart",  
you may think, "If he doesn't, that's odd."

Well the answer to that is really quite simple -  
He's a very forgetful old - bod.

Now human lust is a terrible thing,  
but canine lust is far worse:

For selfish desires, I did as she asked -  
I can't think of an end for this verse!

Well, I gave her that spell, and, being overwhelmed,  
didn't think to look what it was!

"Aha!" she cried, and then cackled, like this:-  
Well, you know how she does!

Then she turned to me. "Aha!" she cried -  
her vocabulary was immense.

And in her eyes the love had all gone  
but the hatred was intense.

"You fool!", she screamed, "you utter fool!  
I tricked you all along.

And now at last I can make those stupid  
fairytales go wrong!

And as for you, I'll lock you up  
so you can't run for help."

Well, I'm not used to being snubbed like that,  
and let out a heartfelt yelp.

But then my sadness turned to rage.  
I rose, my gnashers gleaming,

And then let out a fearsome growl.  
She gulped, and ran off, screaming!

"I must get to the palace, and quickly." I thought,  
"and put an end to this lark."

So I rushed out and caught the Fairyland Express  
and, excited, began to bark.

Now I didn't bark slow, and I didn't bark fast,  
but I barked again and again.

Said the guard: "The train approaching platform 6  
is a semi-fast Barking train."

Well, I rushed to the palace, and, as you have seen,  
met Lucy and George on my way,

And asked them to help in my difficult task,  
and explained what had happened that day.

But soon we met many good Fairyland folk,  
who told us their tales of distress,

And I vowed then that I would do anything  
for revenge on the Black Baroness.

Well, I need say no more - you've seen for yourselves  
how it all turned out right in the end.

And this story's lesson I've learnt very well -  
I'll not trust a female again!

But sometimes I still feel so lonely -  
to myself I have to talk.

So if you can, come round sometime  
and take me out for a walk.

*(Performed at the after-show meal following the Priory Players  
home-grown production of "Pantomonium", 1979)*