

Mrs Adlam's Angels

Ralph McTell

Sundays, as a rule, us kids went to Sunday School,
And Mrs Adlam said, angels stood round our bed.
To keep us safe from dark, right through to day begun,
And we used to lie awake, just to try to see one,
And though we never saw one anywhere,
We heard them softly singing in the air.

Sundays occasionally we were invited back for tea,
And bread with jam and cream, made Sundays seem a dream.
In the dingy mission hall, Mrs Adlam praying,
And down the street back home, all our mates were
playing,
With Mrs Adlam's angels everywhere,
And we thought we saw a halo in her hair.

Sundays, for sure, ain't like that anymore,
Its getting hard for me, to see her face in front of me.
I wonder if her angels have their arms around her curled,
Keeping her safe from life, and guarding her from the
world.
On a summer Sunday evening do I dare,
To hear Mrs Adlam's angels in the air.