

There's a Church at the top of the hill  
Where people they go to be still.  
You can hear the odd thrush  
But never a flush  
'Cos there's not enough cash for the bill!



While walking down our village street  
I felt a sudden urge to excrete.  
The Oak it was closed  
The churchyard too exposed  
So I legged it for home and my seat!

[anonymous!]

There's a church at the top of the hill  
Where the jackdaws do squawk loud and shrill.  
They nest in the tower,  
And at each service hour  
Give the whole congregation a thrill.

There's a Church at the top of the hill  
Overlooking St Andrew's Mill.  
The parishioner crew  
Are building a loo  
So donate to us please if you will.

While walking down our village street  
I nearly fell over my feet,  
For potholes abound  
And uneven ground  
Caused by last winter's snowfall and sleet.

While walking down our village street  
I'd had plenty to drink and to eat  
'Cos I'd been to the Oak  
With some girls and a bloke;  
Now a loo close to hand would be neat!



While walking down our village street  
A stranger I happened to meet  
When asked for a loo  
I said 'Only a yew  
Behind which you can be quite discreet'



There's a church at the top of the hill  
Facing a very large bill.  
The vicar, you see,  
Is needing a pee  
But has no loo to fill.

There's a church at the top of the hill  
That the vicar is longing to fill  
With a penny or two  
For a brand new loo,  
So leave us a bit in your will.

While walking down our village street  
I heard the sound of pounding feet -  
A young lad in a tracksuit, green,  
Was running to assist the scene  
Of trouble down the village street.

There's a church at the top of the hill,  
Pay a visit there if you will,  
Dedicated to Andrew the saint.  
And inside needs a coat of paint  
In that church at the top of the hill.

While walking down our village street  
I wonder who next I will meet:  
People moaning,  
People groaning,  
Arguing, who will be next on the village seat.

There's a church at the top of the hill  
Where gravestones stand upright and still  
With a wonderful view  
Down the lime avenue  
T'wards manor, old dovecote and mill.

While walking down our village street,  
It's amazing the people you meet.  
There're serious and funsters,  
Oldies and youngsters,  
And pattering of school children's feet!

There's a church at the top of the hill;  
In the graveyard it's terribly still.  
But don't have no fear  
'Cos Jesus is here,  
And to know Him's a wonderful thrill.

There's a church at the top of the hill,  
It's tranquil, serene and still.  
You find solace here  
'Cos Jesus is near.  
He wants you to follow His will.

There's a church at the top of the hill,  
Eleventh century, it's standing still.  
Now Benny has gone  
Sarah's the one  
Who teaches God's word with a thrill.

While walking down our village street  
A friendly face you're bound to meet.  
It's great living here  
With our pub full of beer  
And to live here's a wonderful treat.

While walking down our village street  
Watch out for poo upon your feet!  
The village in uproar  
'Bout those who ignore  
So report them and hastily retreat!

There's a church at the top of the hill,  
To go there can be quite a thrill.  
You'll see wildlife abound  
With bats all around,  
And the jackdaws are nesting there still.



While walking down our village street,  
A policeman old Fred chanced to meet.  
Said Fred to the copper,  
"Am I seeing things proper?  
We thought you'd abandoned this street!"

There's a church at the top of the hill  
And six bells are hanging there still.  
We need people to ring,  
Please come Tuesdays (evening).  
You may find you get quite a thrill.



There's a church at the top of the hill  
People gather every Sunday to fill  
The communal money box for a cause  
For the flush fund and cupboard doors.  
So if you care and want to help you are perfect and fit the bill.

While walking down our village street  
You may find it's rather steep  
Please make sure you do not fall  
Otherwise you know who to call  
And do watch out for the village peep!

There's a church at the top of the hill  
A little further there's a water mill  
I travel everywhere in my car  
I'd even travel to the furthest star  
By the way, I apologise for the road kill.

While walking down my village street  
You never know who you may meet  
There are dog walkers by the score  
Inevitable you may meet rich or poor  
How lucky we are to have kept our village street

There's a church at the top of the hill  
Built in twelfth century, you are welcome there still  
We often ask for your help  
Come and see for your self  
The changes we make to your church on the hill

