MASS HORIETOMOCK.

Nost Homeymoon esuples (it must be allowed)

Don't normally like the idea of a crowd -
But these - though, as usual, one groom for each bride -
Have made up a party eleven-a-cide.

Together they practise traditional rites,

And wander round Doven, emjoying the sights...

As a penance for husbands who stay out late drinking. This particular item is pure wishful thinking.

For those who enjoy honeymorning in batches
It must be admitted, no countryside matches
The West with its villages, quiet in the sun,
Where the blacksmith makes miniature horseshoes for fun Or perhaps for a shilling, a fellow must live!
If you were a newlywed, what would you give
To stay here forever? Oh well, perhaps not Twenty newlywed neighbours are rather a lot!

Wishing costs nothing - or so people say But here they are, throwing their penales away!
So we'll join in and say may their hopes never fall May their family bank accounts swell fit to burst And remember, the first hundred years are the worst!