

Mrs. Adlam's Angels
by 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 till 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's Sunday evening do I dare,
To hear Mrs. Adlam's angels in the air.