

[To the tune of “The Gasman Cometh” by Flanders & Swann]

'Twas 4pm on Friday, the Listener did arrive,
We hoped it would be easy so we'd keep our streak alive,
We'd printed off the crossword, then we saw to our despair,
the grid had got no numbers, and the bars, they were not there.
Oh it's such hard work trying to solve a Listener clue.

'Twas Saturday we made a start, we'd got our ODQ,
our Chambers and our Bradford's, but we couldn't solve a clue.
On reading the preamble we knew why this was the case,
Each word-play gave the answer with a letter out of place.
Oh it's such hard work trying to solve a Listener clue.

'Twas on the Sunday morning we solved some clues at last,
But as we were cold-solving they weren't coming very fast.
Some words were marked as obsolete and some were dialect,
But we checked them in the Big Red Book and they were all correct.
Oh it's such hard work trying to solve a Listener clue.

On Monday we were brave and tried to put some answers in,
But reached a contradiction so we chucked it in the bin,
We printed off another grid (and nine more just in case)
And on the tenth attempt the answers all fell into place.
Oh it's such hard work trying to solve a Listener clue.

Twas on the Tuesday morning, we thought the end was near,
But even though we'd filled the grid, the theme did not appear,
We were completely stuck, our progress had entirely stopped,
But we took one look on Wednesday and 'twas then the penny dropped.
Oh it's such hard work trying to solve a Listener clue.

'Twas on the Wednesday morning, the end game was all done
we checked and double-checked the grid, which isn't very fun.
We wrote John Green's address, (it's the address we use the most).
And then we sealed the envelope and put it in the post.
Oh it's such hard work trying to solve a Listener clue.

On Thursday we had nothing much to do which was a shame,
But 'Twas 4pm on Friday that another Listener came!