ADAM AND EVE: A MARGATE STORY

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Adam and Eve: a Margate story by William Clowes

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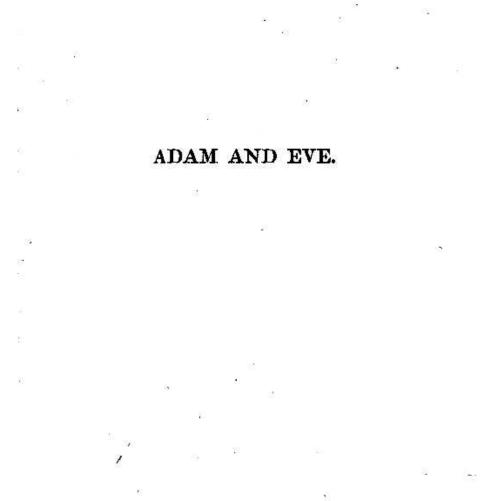
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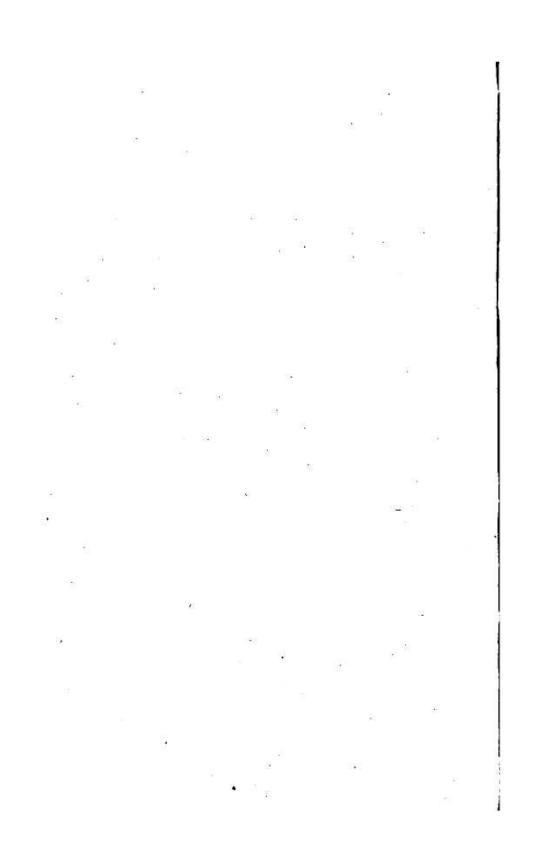
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WILLIAM CLOWES

ADAM AND EVE: A MARGATE STORY







ADAM AND EVE;

A MARGATE STORY.

" Quis est som ludes in undie!"-- Frante.

* O nimium carlo et pelego confice sareno,

Nestus la ignotă, Pelludra, jacebia arent !"-Yanga.

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Northeodorhund-cents.



ADAM AND EVE,

A MARGATE STORY

I.

I HAVE a mind to thyme—and rhyme's a thing,
In these poetic days, not all uncommon,
When every baby-bard has learned to sing
As children learn to walk:—I'm sure there's no man
Of pen and ink, but in the leading-string
Of rhyme hath slung his wits.—I'm not a "Roman,"
Neither is Bowles, whose sonnets sell so high;—
When Bowles has tried to sing, why should not I?—

II.

I have a mind to rhyme; —but how to get

My muse into the humour, I don't know:

The little jade's been ill of late, and yet

Is hardly quite the thing,—she's rather low;

So that, just now, she's something of a pet:

You must not wonder, then, if she should show

That waywardness, in children sometimes seen,

Just on recovering, when they've sickly been.

M.

In truth, she is a delicate little creature,
Of exquisite proportions—mind and face;
Slender and sylph-like, both in limb and feature;
And then she prattles with so sweet a pace,
I cannot find it in my heart to beat her,
Although 'tis hard to keep her in her place.
Reader, I know not if she 'll coax you thus,
But only beg you will not make a fuss.

A MARGATE STORY.

IV.

I have a pretty tale for your diversion:—

The parties lived not long since, and the fair-one
May live e'en now, although the world would her shun,

If I should mention whom my verse would stare on.
I learned it on a watering excursion,

While jokes and laughter still were busy thereon:
'Tis true as truth was ever,—and, I'll swear it, ye,
When read, will e'en acknowledge it a rarity.—

v

Did'st ever go to Margate?—There are many
Conveyances from every part of town,
By coach, or hoy, or, better still than any,
The merry steam-boat blithely wafts you down.
In summer weather, when the sky's not rainy,
"Tis the best mode of travelling, I must own":
There's laughing, roaring, dancing, fun and music,—
And then, besides, there are but very few eick.