

ADAM AND EVE: A MARGATE STORY

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649396986

Adam and Eve: a Margate story by William Clowes

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

WILLIAM CLOWES

**ADAM AND EVE: A
MARGATE STORY**

ADAM AND EVE.



ADAM AND EVE;

A MARGATE STORY.

" Quis est nam ludus in undis?"—VERGIL.

" O nimium caelo et pelago contentus aereano,
Natus in ignotis, Pallada, jaculis arctis!"—VERGIL.

LONDON: 1824.

PRINTED FOR JOHN AND HENRY L. HUNT,
TAVISTOCK-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES,
Northampton and Beccles.



ADAM AND EVE,

A MARGATE STORY

I.

I HAVE a mind to rhyme—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.

III.

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-ones
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.

Didst 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 folk.