

MARVELS The launch, beginnings,
Valerie and Clarence;
On the south shore, in Hingham
Their praises let's sing 'em.

Would one expect slim pickings
In a harbour town of yachts and riggings?
Was our plan more a wing and
A prayer than a big'n?

But no, the populace, from Mrs Miggins,
In blue rinse, tweed and leggings,
Some gingham
From Hingham,
Some of them not spring chickens,
To ... devotees of W.A. Dwiggin,
(Front cover of MARVELS; typeface in Plimpton,
Statuesque and flowery like the model Jean Shrimpton)
Avid readers of Charles Dickens,
And voices that elocute like Doctor Higgins
Come numerous, their hands a'wringing
So, with anticipation of Valerie's innings,
Her accolades and literary winnings.

They find her book finger-licking
Good. Each box she's a'ticking.
Champagne glasses are chinking
And toasts we're a'drinking.

Valerie and Clarence
On the south shore, in Hingham
Their praises let's sing 'em.

Bells, they ring'em.
Emails we ping'em.
Felicitations, bring'em
On
In Hingham