**11 July 2023**

**The rime of the sprightly pensioner by Brooklyn Florence Shakeshaft Ward**

He is a sprightly pensioner

 He stoppeth grandchilds four ‘

By thy long grey whiskers and knitted vest,

Please come through the door

The Grange’s doors are open wide,

Full of next of kin

Your guests are sat, the feast is set,

 Hear the merry birthday din’

He holds them with his sprightly hand

 ‘Please listen for a while,

To hear of Roger Bannister,

 And his glorious four minute mile’

‘there’ll be time to hear that tale’

The grand-children protest

 ‘But we are hear to celebrate

 A Roger we know best

At ninety years you’ve lived a life

 From Wales to Salopian

From Bretton to Skye to Pinewood Lodge

 And finally Normanton

Minus 9 from a chocolate flake

 Add 1 to the 25th Prime

 Or if you’re really clever

Try 7.5 times the sublime

With Sylvia beside your hand

 A teacher and a nurse

 A Parisian engagement

 To stay for better or worse

Two daughters Emma and Jessica,

And a family grown around

 Four grandchildren and lots of cats

The joy continues to abound’

And so said the sprightly pensioner

 By the poem he was sold,

‘I suppose that we should go inside,

And see what treats behold’

To reach the age of ninety

With all life’s twists and turns

There’s only one thing left to say

That’s: Many happy returns