

How a Child Thinks! The Vicar Smee: A Cautionary Tale

The Vicar Smee,
Sat down with glee,
And wiped his face with a
flannel.
He stared for a while,
Then he said with a smile,
“I think I’ll swim the
channel”.

So one fine day,
As he was on his way,
He went and inspected the
sea.
“It’ll take an hour,
To use all my power,
And come back in time for
tea”.

So he stripped off his clothes,
And wiped his nose,
And waved goodbye to his lamb.
He said to his Dad,
“Please don’t think I’m mad,
I’ll be back as quick as I can”.

In no time at all,
He’d said goodbye to all,
And finished off his cream bun.
Then with a tear in his eye,



He whispered goodbye,
But then his trunks at the
side came undone.

T’was bad luck for him,
He halted his swim,
While his wife, she
stitched up the seam.
Soon he dived in the sea,
But poor Vicar Smee,
Was sick, and up came the
cream.

His wife started crying,
The Vicar lay dying,
He was handed some
paper and pen.
He wrote with his knee,

“I’m Vicar Smee,
I’ll never swim channels again.”

When this was done,
Out came a drum,
A parson stood holding a stave.
To heaven up the pole,
Went the poor vicar’s soul,
Now he’s buried in a marble stone grave.
**Margaret Pearce (when she was about
10 years old)**

Dorothy Pavey - Summer Exhibition

‘Far and Near’

There will be new scenes from Launa Slatter’s renowned Cotswold garden and more glimpses of far flung places in the flora and landscape of South Africa. Details of times etc. are below and I hope you will drop in and have a look... Lower Slaughter is a delightful place for a stroll as well.

**Thursday June 30th – Tuesday July 5th, 10.30 – 5.30 daily
1.00 – 6.00 Sunday 3rd**

Lower Slaughter Village Hall, Queries Tel: 01993 830153