

A WELL GOOD MORNING

Our evening work was satisfying,
In the company of fine good fellows,
We toast our labours and our finds,
And set out to a well good morning.

A glass for medicinal purposes,
Review our profound proclamations,
Invited to take thy brother in hand,
And sing out to a well good morning.

As dew becomes frost and beds are iced,
Lawn cold to touch,
We raise our glasses one final time,
And lament a well good morning.

When solar light extinguishes our flames,
Let us grand fellows retire,
In time our records will sketch but once,
And declare a well good morning.

Aylesbury, Bedford and Slough rejoice!
Take heart from our triangle of science,
For our philosophy passed our fathers favour,
And is remembered this fine good morning.

Author's note:

In Spring 1990, my good friend Dr Allan Chapman of Wadham College, Oxford, presented a lecture at Aylesbury Astronomical Society entitled 'Grand Amateurs.' During the lecture he referred to the mid-Victorian astronomers John Lee of Hartwell House near Aylesbury, Samuel Whitbread of Cardington near Bedford, and John Herschel of Slough. Dr Chapman showed an image of the three astronomers toasting their observations on the stairs of Hartwell House and it was this image that gave me the inspiration to celebrate the 'union' in the above verse.

First drafted in 1991 following a visit to Samuel Whitbread's observatory at Cardington with Dr Chapman, the poem was revised in 2001.