

WIMBLEDON FINALS WEEKEND

This should have been the weekend of the Wimbledon Finals, the Ladies on Saturday, the Men's on Sunday. Instead we offer you a game of tennis long ago. Our poetry website has ranged from mediaeval times to modern, from Geoffrey Chaucer, we might say, to John Betjeman...

A MAYDE ther was, y-clept Joan Hunter Dunn,
In all of Surrie, comelier wench was none,
Yet wondrous greet of strength was she with-alle,
Full lustily she smote the tenis-balle,
And whether lord or lady she wolde pleye,
With thirtie, fortie-love wolde winne the day.
A SQUYER eke ther was, in horseless cariage,
And he wolde fayn have sought her hand in marriage,
Though he coude songes make, with mery rime,
At tenis she out-pleyed him every time;
To make her wife he saw but little chaunce,
But then bethought to take her to a daunce
In gentil Camberlee, where after darke
They held long dalliaunce in the cariage parke;
Eftsoons Cupide had the twain in thralle,
And this they found the beste game of alle.

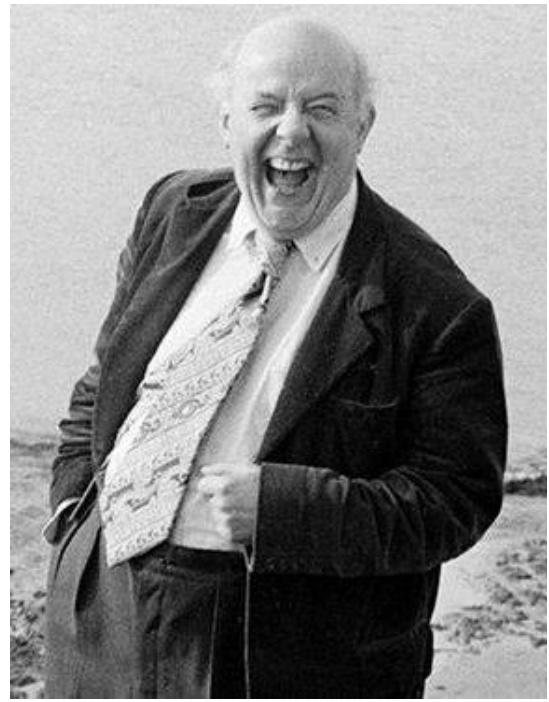
Stanley J. Sharpless

*With profound apologies to
Geoffrey Chaucer and John Betjeman*





Geoffrey Chaucer (1343-1400)



John Betjeman (1906-1984)

Suggested by Clive Wilson