

Jane Austen 1800

As Miss Jane Austen through Mansfield a Park walked,
She met Horatio Nelson and they laughed and they talked.

By King George said he, your beauty is stunning,
La sir she replied, but tis Emma Lady Hamilton that your after running.
T'is true said he but she's neither sensibility nor sense
I fear her life will end possessing only a few pence.

As Northanger Abbey beckoned her home,
She met the rotund, Prince of Wales who wasn't alone.

Hello dear Jane said he
This is Miss Lucy Parsley and our Palace curator she's going to be.

That's an expensive muslin dress said Jane to Lucy
Indeed, it is laughed the girl, and with a
Designer label you
Can just about see.

Said Jane to the Prince, from the Sunday Observer's comments you
cannot hide
They state that you're full of prejudice and pride.
Yes, yes said the Prince rather testily
I need more persuasion that I'm wrong, but they're still having a pop at
me.

Strolling along and enjoying the day
She met a bright little lad at his abacus play.
And what is your name she asked with a smile
So the mother and child stopped with Jane for a while.

My name is Charles Babbage said the boy,
As over his toy he was bent

And this toy abacus I will soon reinvent.
Today's children write with a slate and chalk minus and plus
But far in the future I'll be seen as a boy genius.

With the sun going down Jane strolled on for home
But Charles' words made her think that in the future great authors
might not handwrite a tome?
On seeing a man by the servants' entrance quarter, it made gentle Jane
think,
I'll get dad's valet Burrell to mix me some ink.

Mr Michaels Potboiler Poetry

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