

## **Our Town**

Sandwich town began long ago  
When Claudius sailed the Stour  
To Romanise our English land  
And build his fort at Richborough.

Sandwich houses are old and bent,  
Timbered with stairways creaking.  
Leaded windows, darkened lofts  
With cobwebs and ghosts a'creeping.

Sandwich shops do Arts and Crafts,  
Fine clothing for a lady.  
You don't have to be too terribly posh  
But mildly eccentric, maybe.

Sandwich dogs wear jolly little coats,  
Some with trousered legging.  
Sandwich dogs keep their tails on the wag  
And are never seen barking or begging.

Sandwich town's got pubs and clubs,  
Cinema, concerts and lectures;  
And in Market Square we can watch our world,  
Lolling on comfortable benches.

*Roy Chisholm*