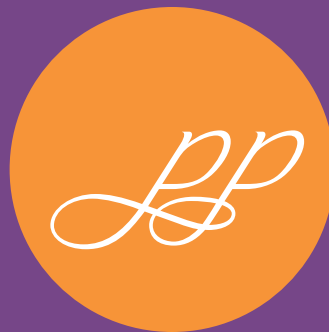
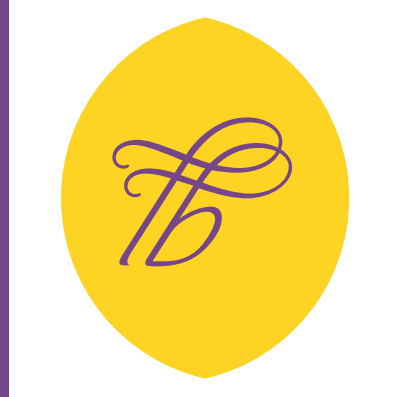
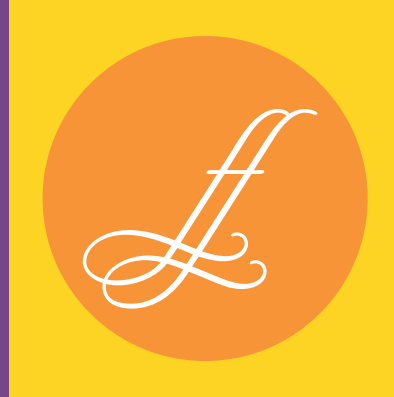




*If you remembered
to pay your five farthings
bill, on your last pub visit,
a Saint Clement's
(with oranges & Lemons),
a Baileys or a Bells will
all be available to buy —
at The Cockpit inn!*



*Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of Saint Clement's.*

*You owe me five farthings,
Say the bells of Saint Martin's.*

When will you pay me?

Say the bells of Old Bailey.

*When I grow rich,
Say the bells of Shoreditch.*

When will that be?

Say the bells of Stepney.

I do not know,

Says the great bell of Bow.

Here comes a candle,

to light you to bed,

And here comes a chopper,

to chop off your head!

SUMMER PARTY Don't go early to bed, or lose your head, or get swashed. Join us, flourish! — at our Members-Only Barbecue, hopefully in the garden at Stationers' Hall. We did consider providing a cocktail of old Baileys, Bells, and oranges & lemons, but that would have been all rather wintry.

The Wynkyn de Worde Society members' Summer Party

Thursday 19 July 2018, at Stationers' Hall at 12.15 for 12.30pm

Please reserve place(s) at £47.50 each

I will pay a total of £ _____ by cheque BACS

Member's name _____

Phone _____

Email _____

PAYMENT

Payment may be made by either BACS or cheque.

Please email pbenwell@gmail.com or

post your completed form to:

Paul Benwell (WdeW),

Spindleberry,

Coggins Mill Lane,

Mayfield TN20 6UT

BACS

Sort code: 40 03 05 Account number: 70882836

Reference: Your surname +SH July

Please email pbenwell@gmail.com to confirm your BACS payment.

CHEQUE

Please make cheques payable to Wynkyn de Worde Society.

CANCELLATIONS

The last date for refunds is Friday 13 July at noon, unless your place can be sold to another member. If you need to cancel, please contact Paul as soon as possible on

01435 409 168 or email pbenwell@gmail.com

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Say the bells of Saint Clement's.*

*You owe me five farthings,
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Say the bells of Old Bailey.*

*When I grow rich,
Say the bells of Shoreditch.*

*When will that be?
Say the bells of Stepney,
I do not know,
Says the great bell of Bow.*

*Here comes a candle,
to light you to bed,
And here comes a chopper,
to chop off your head!*

