

A poem from the tercentenary of Wren's death on 1923 by Hugh Chesterman...

Clever men like Christopher Wren
Only occur just now and then.

No one expects in perpetuity
Architects of his ingenuity;
No, never a cleverer dipped his pen
Than clever Sir Christopher – Christopher Wren.

With his chaste designs on classical lines
His elegant curves and neat inclines
For all day long he'd measure and limn
Till the ink gave out or the light grew dim;
And if a plan
Seemed rather Baroque or 'Queen Anne'
(As plans well may)
He'd take a look at his pattern book
And do it again in a different way.

Every day of the week was filled
With a church to mend or a church to build,
And never an hour went by but when
London needed Sir Christopher Wren.

'Bride's in Fleet Street lacks a spire',
'Mary le Bow a nave and choir',
'Please to send the plans complete
For a new St. Stephen's Coleman Street';
'Pewterer's Hall is far too tall,
Kindly lower the N.W. wall.'
'Salisbury Square – decidedly bare
Can you put one of your churches there?'

'Dome of St. Paul's is not yet done,
Dean's been waiting since half past one.'
London calling from ten to ten,
London calling Sir Christopher Wren.

Hugh Chesterman, 1884-1941