

POET'S CORNER

Reflections on "The Shaven Crown"

This hostelry was built by monks
With stones and massive oaken trunks
To comfort those who travelled by -
"May God be Blessed" was their cry.

Out there, below the village green
St Mary's ancient church is seen.
In piety those stones were raised
So that God's glory should be praised.

But long before our Christ was known
The hills around with dead were sown;
Enclosed in Barrows on the heights,
These are our very oldest sites.

Three thousand years have passed, and still
These mounds are seen upon the hill.
What kind of men walked on these ridges
Before the age of roads and bridges?

We know not; yet they blazed the trail
On which we come to quaff our ale;
And, as we drink, we surely ought
At least to spare them all a thought

And make resolve that we today
Will try and ease each other's way;
Tomorrow may be just too late -
We may have passed our final gate.

J.G.E.

DID YOU KNOW?

"The rain it raineth every day
Upon the just and unjust feller
But more upon the just because
The unjust hath the just's umbreller".