

# The Old Fort

*How many men climbed up this field – and saw the land as we do now  
How many families joined them – in the settlement upon the brow  
A place of safety on a hill – with Druid stones above the rill  
That marks the place where once there stood – a Celtic fort*

*To see the far horizon – shapes of valley, hill and fell  
Three thousand years have passed and yet – we see those scenes as well  
The sunset comes at end of day – they too would see the final ray  
As darkness fell, the gates were locked, protecting those within*

*When danger knocked upon the door – The strong men faced the foe  
And held at bay the hungry wolves who would not easily go  
No threats allowed for rich or poor – All safe today and evermore  
The Celtic fort stands firm and strong – upon the hill*

*And as we stand upon this land – thinking of those who lived here then  
Put down the sword of strife as we take courage from a pen  
And yet the families living here – lived comfortably free from fear  
We think we are so different but we're very much the same  
The hill remains – a constant – then and now.*

**Bob Baird**