

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