

Dorstone Welcome Home.

Dorstone let me now shout aloud,
'Tis of our Boys that we feel proud,
Who have gone across the raging foam
To fight for country and for home.

Another line of two I'll write
Before my pleasant thoughts take flight,
The lambs, the flowers, the birds that sing,
This all denotes the sign of Spring.

At Dorstone Church, the Rural Dean,
On every Sunday may be seen ;
Across the Green, the School, it stands,
In Mrs. Weatherley's capable hands.

There is a local Post Office,
And also a General Stores :
Both sell a lot of " Franklin's Best "
And " Woodbines " by the scores.

There's Mrs. Tomkins, she lives at Elmhurst,
Of years she has reached her Ninety first ;
An ideal mother, her children claim,
And a regular worshipper in Chapel Lane.

" For coal and coke, come trust to me
All free from stone I'll guarantee.
All sorts of plants I can supply,
Give Waring Garden House a try."

In Dorstone Village, I may say,
The Pandy Inn stands by the way,
A noted house for far and near,
To have a pint of honest beer.

The Home Guard it was very smart,
And they could shoot straight too,
They never should have had the sack
Until this war was through.

From Michaelchurch, my native land,
We had a Concert Party grand ;
I gather, from all information,
It far exceeded expectation.

Since Martin Morris has left the Store,
That story of old he views is more,
" 'Twas a man who was little of statue," said he.
" Ran on and climbed a sycamore tree."

At Snodhill Court we see large fields,
And bumper crops they always yield ;
Both George and Bob, with work, take pains,
This lot is farmed by Prycey Haines.

There's Dorstone Court, so I've been told,
Is paying now, a hundred fold ;
And Mr. Goring, I've heard say,
That He's a " Special Police " to day.

The Great House farm is also near.
We see good husbandry quite clear,
Young Ivor, he's a good hand now
Competing with that tractor plough.

From Great House turn across the plain,
We see the Chapel by the lane,
Where we from every toil and care
Can here unite in Praise and Prayer.

A kind remark I have to say
Of the Misses and of Mrs. Gray ;
For all in need oft times have searched,
And are regular worshippers at the Church.

Another word or two I'll say
About Tom Morgan of Crossway ;
Although his fields are on the tops
He carries off some splendid crops.

There is no need to draw a plan
For Percy Morgan at The Llan ;
The farm land here, some steep, some plain,
He make it all " a paying game."

Now I must write a few lines more
About that farm called Pen-y-moor ;
The sample of the corn from here
Is sought by Merchant's far and near.

The Bell ! well that's a model place !
Where work goes on at quite a pace ;
The men all seem to work with ease,
This farm belongs to Thomas Breese.

Another line or two I'll stage
Of Davies Brothers at The Bage,
Their work goes on, at time it clashes,
While one he reaps the other threshes.

There's Benjamin Pugh, he lives quite near,
Although he's somewhat advanced in years
Each morning enjoys a cycle run,
And for charity work, He'll take the Bun.

Davies and Sons at White House farm
Are people that will do no harm ;
But on the other hand they should
Have mention made for doing good.

Another line I will attach
For those who live at Common Bach,
There's Sam and Fred, and Jim as well,
They all in harmony do well.

At both Pen-y-lans the turf is sound,
And when we've climbed we look around ;
Two favourite spots to view the clime
Especially in summer time.

" If you can follow my meaning through "
Says Evan Phillips this story true,
That Cornymug and Bonnylands
Are now in the War Agricultural's hands.

They felled the Birch and blew the stumps,
And into the dingles cast the lumps,
When this is receded to me it's made plain
I shall have Corny mug again.

Cwm dingle now that's very choice,
Ah ! I believe there's Richards voice ;
" If you feel thirsty this sultry day
Come in, my tap is good, I say."

At the top of this hill stands Pentwyn,
I wonder what Tom Davies is doing,
" He's hunting a hare says Jones, Brynspear."
" I'll go and I'll tell " says Davies the Bell
Oh ! " that's the dodge," says Davies, Cross
Lodge.

Now I'll conclude with one line more,
I hope this War will soon be o'er ;
That our Boys return across the foam
And here enjoy the " Welcome Home."

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Dorstone.