

Oh to be in Colwall

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Monday, 29 October 2012 10:37 - Last Updated Monday, 19 November 2012 21:28

Oh to be in Colwall
When the builders come
Digging up the grassy fields
Where foxes used to run.

Oh to see the skyline
Now the great trees have all gone,
Laced with metal scaffolding
And pitched roofs in the sun.

Oh to see the quiet hills,
Whose foothills were serene
Bursting into concrete,
A new and busy scene.

A hundred more new houses!
Who's going to buy them all?
And if they all have children
The school must grow some more.

Oh 'twill be great in Colwall
As the cars whip through the floods
And the people look for jobs to do
In small towns round about.

Well it cannot all be awful
Specially when the rush hour's gone.
We'll go up on the Beacon Hill,
They can't build there along!

And watch the sun dip through the clouds
And say a little prayer!