

A Clock Tower Ballade

My hands time continues to turn and to steer
My Royal patronage function is clear
Now neighbours are part of history I fear
Once close to me they no longer are here
Swan Cottages destined to disappear
Followed by loss of farmland and fields for good
My clock allows me to knowingly peer
Oh Crayford let me stay where I am stood

My faces look out on continual change
My Regal views point to land rearranged
Now walls have vanished along with the lanes
Once around me I am all that remains
Vickers gate gone ensures nothings the same
Followed by loss of tall chimneys for good
My cupola tells me from whence I came
Oh Crayford let me stay where I am stood

My body stands still yet change is so near
My Tower grants me a dominant leer
Now I lean over shops and retail veneer
Once the White Swan Pub now shops selling beer
The Town Hall changes apartments appear
Followed by loss of the Library for good
My belfry assures my status rings clear
Oh Crayford let me stay where I am stood

Prince and then King I'll not forget you were here
I toil in your honour with bricks, slate and wood
Your reign immortalised for all to revere
So Crayford I must stay where I am stood

Sally.H