



## **Cleeve Prior Chroniclers**

### **Re-dedication of the Village Hall November 2000 - by Mary Collins**

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In this re-dedicated Hall  
We read the names upon the wall,  
The names of those who marched away  
On that far off fatefull day:  
Sent to meet a foreign foe  
And a destiny they could not know.  
Many would return no more  
From the cruel ravages of war.  
Never come home to the high stone tower,  
Or hear the clock proclaim the hour,  
Or see again the ancient yews,  
The time worn steps,  
The burnished pews,  
The whispering poplars where they stand  
As guardians of the hallowed land.  
They are all remembered in this hall,  
Not only when the poppies fall,  
But when the summer breezes quiver  
Through the willows by the river,  
And on the Green the beech tree sways,  
Tossed by the wind on autumn days.  
When the lights in the cottage windows glow  
And low hung grey clouds threaten snow,  
And when the bells at easter ring  
To greet the miracle of Spring.

*Mary Collins*