

## Old Road

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*Under tree and over river  
Hollow as an old man's hand  
Still the ancient road is with us  
Running through the land  
Running through the land*

Sheep-trod in the upland heather,  
Rabbit-run and badger trail  
Footpath where the peddler lingers  
By a way-stone pale  
Mountain track where packhorse stumbles  
Valley road so green and clear  
Carrying our daily business  
Through the turning year

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Linking farm to field and furrow,  
Croft to coppice, lime to loam  
Taking stock to distant market  
Bringing harvest home  
Doctor to the sick and hurting  
Priest to marry, bury, pray  
Corn to mill and wool to weaver  
All must make their way

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Gentry-folk so sleek and dapper  
Tramp so tattered, squire so proud  
Charabancs of noisy trippers  
Raising dust in clouds  
Carts, and convicts cracking limestone  
Drays and wagons bearing loads  
All our lives roll out before us  
Following the road

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