

By the waters of the Trent

Where the waters of the Trent flow deep and strong;
where Lincolnshire's honour and friendship belong;
where past and present often collide;
and people meet from far and wide
to see the Aegir on the tide,
where royalty did once reside.
King Canute with his wet feet;
King Baz at Clock House with his specialist meats.
With cleanest air – just take a breathful;
and the friendliest community – so helpful.
Residents, council and police on the beat;
let's work together to keep our town neat.
Historic figures in a medieval manor
and the place where the king raised a banner.
But then it started the stammer,
and up there rose a deafening clamour.
Along the flow of the waters in Mercia rode
the royal blood of Anglo-Saxon hope.
Hope for the future while loving the past;
treasure our heritage, make memories that last.
Look after our old people; they're not here for long.
Listen to the river's never-ending song:
now many droplets merge; a river,
with tributaries from far and wide.
With a darkened history where secrets hide
and the flow of the river, a start of a ride;
Yellowbellies and frim folk standing side by side.
Once you meandered past cliff and slip;
spare a thought for the lady owners of ships.
Beneath powerful currents, unrelenting,
bare-chested maidens tempting,
sirens' song bringing mariners to their downfall.
Slowly and sinuously, the river
slides to the final outfall.

Written by the people of Gainsborough, at Gainsborough WordFest