

The Oak Stood Firm

The oak stood lofty, firm, and proud
The house gate now beneath it
Through sun, rain, wind, and cloud
(Around it many ferns did crowd)
Oak canopy so long unbowed
Its leaves seemed near infinite

For centuries crowned this plot of land
With beauty, strength and colour
Our house now stood fair close at hand
(Shared measly soil of flint and sand)
The view of both was fine and grand
Like for like in splendour

We love the oak tree like a friend
In quiet admiration
With vigilance, the grounds we tend
(The acorns scatter round no end)
Now grass replaces the nearby fen
The ferns in regulation

O tall strong tree live on, live on
Share life with us together
Watch over our children on the lawn
(Forgive the way they carry on)
You'll be here when we all are gone
Depending on the weather

Stephen Davids
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