

SPOOYT VANE

The gracious chapel shows its age,
the many years have taken toll.
Panes cracked and lost, some absent slates,
but walls gave strength to many a soul.
The walls now held in ivy grip,
the door looks out on ancient ways
that many walked to fields and fayres
as was the custom in those days.

A winding path leads to the stream
With ford above the great Spooyt Vane.
Where brown trout lurk in shadowy pool
And follow meanders down the Glen.
Above, bound by tall beech and elm
An ancient Keeill in peaceful shade.
Forbears called it Cabbal Pherick
Its earthen banks so neatly laid.

For ages great Glen Mooar has known
the tread of foot and tramp of horse.
The hiss of steam, the singing rail
As iron spanned its water course.
Now memories linger like the scent
Of honeysuckled summers eve.
Where bluebells throng, rejoicing spring,
Soon winters grip but do not grieve.

For always man has touched each season
known that summer follows spring.
The quiet Chapel and the Keeill
Have known the praising voices sing.
Pathways buzz from children's laughter
The chaffinch and the raven's call.
All who discover will be moved
By the peace at Spooyt Vane fall.

John 'Dog' Callister - October 1999
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