

MARLOES VILLAGE by W.H. Lawrence, written in 1927

William Lawrence lived in Marloes from about 1900 till his death in 1948. He was the "Clockwinder" for many years in the first half of the 19th Century. He wrote a number of poems about Marloes.

A dear little village, that's by the sea,
A cluster of houses, yet homeland to me,
No stately mansion, or big squire's hall,
No castle or abbey adorns thee at all.
A farm worker's dwelling or fisherman's cot
That I would not change for the best of the lot.

Thy name is not mentioned in history's tale
But the Cross in the Yard shows thou didst not fail
To answer the Call: but sent men out to fight
For England, and Marloes, and all that was right.

Oft times in fancy I have heard thy church bell
As it called us to service, or rang a knell.
Four square to the wind stands thy quaint old clock tower
From which I have oft heard Big Ben strike the hour,
The hoot of the motor is not often heard,
But something far better – the song of the bird
As it warbles deliciously there on the tree
This in reality is like heaven to me

Thy chapel it stands as 'twas built on a rock
Of faith; and with love will stand many a shock.
And so in our fancy we pass by the shop,
We call at the smithy, that stands near the top
Of the village; and here we will rest awhile,
For a word with the smith raises many a smile.

Then we come to the Beacon, and Oh! What a view
It's ever the same; to me ever anew.
The broad Atlantic, and ships sailing the sea
I see the Islands, and of lighthouses three.
There's Skokholm and Skomer and Getham as well,
With Grassholm away where those big billows swell.
Could I only be "Monarch of all I surveyed",
My kingdom the lands I can see now displayed.
I should own all from Steynton right out to the sea
While Talbenny and Hasguard would all bow to me.

Now we'll step down to Muslic, to see the bay,
A good place for bathing, at least so they say

Then I'll take you to see the gem of the lot
The South Shore, it is the Marloes bon tot,
Unspoilt by trippers, I unfold to your gaze
A sight that will make you stand still in amaze
Away there stretch the sands as far as can see,
With cliffs that will beat all in this country;
Three Chimneys and Horseneck are there to be seen
With Tom John's on the right looking ever so green.

No pub doth cast o'er us the shade of its sign
All men are Pussyfoots, in this old home of mine.
Their faults are many, tho' they're by no means dull;
I just ruffle feathers, and sign – AN OLD GULL