

The town people frolic and play within the walls,  
Gathering sticks for a fire to cook a meal;  
Woman and children in the village town,  
Delighting in gaiety to eat and drink.

The medieval time period was one that fought,  
For damsels and maidens by a knight escort;  
The joust and sword fight won hearts delight,  
As Kings rode off and conquered the night.

Now with the humble township of village people,  
With a church in the centre and a spire and steeple;  
Shops and stalls with vegetables and meat,  
All waiting for others to buy and eat.

The jester danced for the king and queen,  
The poet wrote and the piper play the flute;  
The cobbler made and mended the broken shoe,  
The village scene a picture true.

The people laughed and scorned each other,  
As someone pitch hay and another scuffled;  
The fire was hot under the bellows near the blacksmiths anvil,  
As the horse was shoed, weapons forged and the armour plated.

Then amidst the gaiety of frolic and play,  
The jester laughed and played all day;  
God grant us peace from the neighbouring castle,  
As the world as then and there, was market gardens.

Signed,

The village idiot.