

Ode to Lenham

Twixt Len and Stour the river runs;
Beneath the hamlet built for sons
Of Kentish men in bygone years,
For warriors to rest their spears.

From Chalky Downs to clay-bound Weald
The fertile fields give hearty yield,
To feed our folk and make the day
For those who pass on Pilgrims Way.

The turnpike on the Dover road,
The 'Dog and Bear' to rest your load.
Lenham medieval square
Held markets and a local fair.

This wins the 'English Village' prize;
Historic, calm serenity.
Can this survive in 'trebled' size?
Or lose its true identity!

Peter Bailey
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