

A SOMEWHAT LYRICAL ASPECT OF THE RECENT TONBRIDGE TOURNAMENT ON 29 APRIL 1979

With apologies to good poets everywhere especially W. Shakespeare and Anon.

Oh, to be in Tonbridge,
Now there's archers here,
for whoever shot at Tonbridge,
Saw the turning of their year.

Season of cold rain and windiness,
Close bosom friend of the retiring sun,
Now is the winter of our discontent.

But soft!
What light through yonder shrubbery breaks?
'Tis the Tonbridge archers, with their bows they come,
Gold their goal and gold their sun.

Half a yard, half a yard, half a yard onward,
Up to the shooting line came the 500 (?).
Continuous as the stars that shine,
and twinkle in the the milky way
they stretch in never ending line,
Upon the margin of the bay.
Betwixt the river and the trees,
fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

And now they stand, like greyhounds in the slips,
straining against the start.
Bows are lifted, arrows loosed,
and nock by nock the battle raged,
Each heart apounding like the rain.
A point was won, a point was lost,
As piles pierced the distant boss.

And shot by shot the dye is cast,
A victor now emerged at last.
The shades of night were falling fast
when through this Kentish town there passed
a team who bore through snow and ice
a banner, with a strange device;
Elliott!

Then to all there commeth one,
present since the shoot begun,
Who overlooked the arrow count,
the gracious Lady Paramount
presenting finely hand made plaques,
to those who gained the highest marks,
and in this glittering scene, Maureen and Doug
Upheld the honour of our club.

Hark! A song at twilight,
when the lights are low,
And the flickering shaddows,
Softly come and go.

Stands the church clock at 20.03,
and are the archers still at tea?