

This land of Wales

Snowdon majestically stands in a flowing gown of satin, glowing white,
She looks haughtily down the valley as she guards it with all her might.
Upon the shielded valley floor, she has laid her lakes of sparkling glass,
A mountain of beauty this Snowdonia, a mountain of danger and of class,

Sloping mountains covered in a dusting of snow, silver mirrors lay in between,
Showing a clear image of where the snow had fallen on the haughty queen.
Her cascading tears slithered down the mountains in an angry thunderous roar
Leaving deep silver blades to snake for miles along the sodden valley floor.

Dark forest heavily guarded by tall trees dressed in carpets of gold and green
Await the everlasting colourful ball which is attended by the majestic queen.
As the seasons dance in union with the natural world upon the carpeted forest floor
The trees adorn their best gowns and cloaks of too impress the queen once more.

Haughty mountains, deep sloping valleys, hills and vast field of green,
Daffodils swaying merrily to the music playing for her Majesty the queen,
The roaring seas dance wildly to the music, partnered by the golden sands,
They merrily dance along the coastline clasping tightly each other's hands.

From deep within these valleys, sloping hills, high mountain walls and silver lakes
I hear a haunting voice calling me to return as a deep yearning within me awakes.
In this land of Poetry and song, beneath the haughty mountains sloping hills and vales
Is where I truly belong, in this majestic land of green and pleasant land called Wales

In this busy town there is no time for me to slowly walk, stop and glance
At the nature surrounding me as it performs its exquisite everlasting dance.
No time to greet my neighbour or the people as I rush past in the street,
I am becoming weary and need to rest, my life down here is almost complete.

Although life has been most enjoyable within this busy metropolitan town
its nearly time for me to close my spreadsheets and place my ledgers down,
It's nearly time to say goodbye to all the crowds and finally close this door.
Those sloping hills and valleys from the land of song are calling to me once more.