

Menai (W. Smyth, July 2011)

Speak to me stone bridge
Speak to my own soul
Tell to me your stories of the engineers of old
There was the crossing,
and there a dozen drowned
The current took the horses
And the ferry was brought down

The call went out and Telford came to build
His mighty cables cross the waters still

Sing to me strong tide
Sing to my own ears
Of how you carved this island as the ice sheets disappeared
Yours is the vortex, yours the undertow
I don't hear the high notes now
Sing me soft and low

Flooding tide around the towers swirl
That span the passage to an older world

Speak to me green hills
Of how the Roman hordes
Hunted Druid priests, abominations to their Lord
They came, relentless, with blade and battle cry
The Old Ones were defenseless
Their blood ran with the tide

And did they seek shelter in those sarcen graves
That stood a thousand years before their day?

Show to me stone keep
Through those ancient eyes
Ghosts of Gwynedd princes who left brothers here to die
So that when Edward came for Llewellyn's lands
To ring with mighty castles
There was none could stay his hand

My love and I a thousand miles have flown
To walk among these spirits, to build bridges of our own