



# THE PIONEER

RURAL & RESIDENTIAL  
PROPERTY

## My Home Town

DENISE HAYNES - 'R & R' RURAL AND RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY

I stood alone on Silo Hill  
As the sun was going down  
And watched the shadows creep across  
What I call My Home Town,  
And looking down upon the places  
That once were home to me,  
I had memories of my family  
And how things used to be.

I thought about my school days  
And the things we use to do,  
The people that I worked for  
And old mates that I once knew,  
For this is where I spent  
My first 30 years of life,  
And in St Johns old Church of England  
I was married to my wife.

It's just a quiet little country town  
Full of history from the past,  
With relics of those by-gone days  
When things were made to last,  
Like those old brick and mortar homes  
That are still lived in today,  
And churches scattered around the place  
Where people come to pray.

Then there's Quambi and the Court House  
With old photographs to view,  
Where perhaps you'll learn of kin folk  
That you never even knew,  
Look through the books and records  
That go back many years,  
And learn about the lifestyle  
Of those old time pioneers



Now there are people around the district  
Who have lived here all their life,  
Like their parents did before them  
Through the good times and the strife,  
I could have reminisced for hours  
But I didn't have the time,  
For darkness had descended  
On that Old Home Town of mine.

So I thanked the Lord above me  
For the life that I have had,  
And for his help and guidance  
Through the good times and the bad,  
I put aside my thoughts and memories  
And I walked off feeling proud,  
As the street lights gave a flicker  
And lit up the Town of Stroud.

*"Thommo"*  
Len Thompson  
December 1992