

Paul Colvin, a poet from Glasgow, now living in London, took inspiration from his homeland to write the following poem: "A Journey Down To Moffat". Paul has kindly given his permission for us to reproduce his poem here:

A sunset unlike any before  
Brings a sunburst orange covered moor  
The sun's a flaming fireball  
This molten star engulfing all.

The silhouettes on amber sky  
Raped, leafless trees, so black rise high.  
Thicket branches, like veins, reach out  
From ancient trunks, so bold so stout.

The hills and moors they twist and turn  
And cutting through, a rock strewn burn.  
Trickles down, meandering through  
This south west corner's rolling view.

These rolling hills have tales to tell  
Their eyes have seen the thieves from hell.  
The Reivers' raids on borders' towns  
When civil wars raged up and down.

Young Wallace picked his first four men  
From Moffat village in the glen.  
A place renowned for Scotsmen loyal  
To fight the tyrannical English royal.

The Black Bull Hotel's where you'd see our bard  
Writing songs and sonnets or loving hard.  
His portraits hang up everywhere  
And songs are sung with graceful air.

Now Moffat town as it's now called  
Victorian visitors it enthralled.  
By way of spas, for wealthy folk  
A hefty price paid for a soak.

William Colvin, from Craighielands,  
Commissioned Brodie with his fair hands  
To sculpt a fountain made of bronze  
And High Street Moffat, it now adorns.

And I'll vow to return one day  
These friendly folks will stop and pay  
Respects to you and bid you back  
To join in the Moffat craic.