

## North of the Stream

North of the stream a windmill seen,  
Alone, aloft an untouched scene  
Of cattle grazed on open lands.  
'till fate brings fruit and farm work hands,  
And sand is gleaned for brickfield teams.

Tramways lit by lantern beam,  
Rivalled by a trolley bus scheme.  
Working docks and railways manned,  
North of the stream.

North'Heath shops a business dream.  
A boom in building gathers steam.  
More houses planned across the land  
As trades and pub and church expand.  
Onward moves the time machine,  
North of the stream.

*Sally.H.*

