

FORE STREET. IPSWICH.



Go soon
to look at Fore Street
For in this ancient town,
Trade builds
enormous
factories
And pulls
old
houses
down.

And
if you go
to Fore Street
With eyes
awake
to see
You'll
find
a lot of beauty
Between it
and
the Quay.

For Fore Street
was
the highway
Where
the wealthy
merchant men
had houses

And
their gardens
touched
the River
Orwell
then.

And
carven
beams
and bargeboards
And
gables
steep
and
high
Are
showing
still
in Fore Street
Against
the deep
blue
sky.

And quaint old
courts and alleys,
With overhanging
floors,
May still
be found
in Fore Street
And
spandrel'd
Tudor doors.

So, when
you come
to Ipswich,
Just give
a thought
to those
Who barged
the plaster fronts
With fleur-de-lis
and rose.

And may
the City Fathers,
Who guard the town
from harm,
Preserve the grace
of Fore Street,
And spare
its ancient
charm.