

From a Fortress Wall

From these stone walls so cold and gray
There come the voices from the past
The sounds of joy and sadness from days of old
When a nation had its image cast

Within these walls so old
We can hear the sounds of life anew
The first cries of a newborn child
Cries, which faded before our nation grew

We hear the sounds of nature too
The wind that whistled through the trees
As drafts of falling snow around them grew
The sights of spring one sees
When Mother Nature did her land renew
The first peepers of the spring
As their melody of a bygone day did sing
The honking geese as on a never-ending flight they wing

We may but search these ancient walls
To have a talk with God from long ago
An outstretched hand from great and small
Grasped God in search of the way to go
God heard the talk from this bygone day
And reached forth this hand to guide the way

We hear the sounds of its axe ring out
For here beneath these crushing blows
A mighty tree must fall
The plodding oxen will break its earth
And waving fields of wheat and corn will grow
These sights and sounds as not for just today
For they will never fade away
Those who broke the soil that day
Have passed as spring to fall
And their labor yet remains
A silent tribute to them all

We hear the sounds of life here too
The children's laughter rings from wall to wall
For here they played with toys long gone
And ran a race long won
But yet the sounds will always stay
To remind us of the young of yesterday
Here too we hear the sounds of greater age
With wise advice for one and all
The old had run their race both long and well
And now these old walls their stories too must tell

We hear the sounds of peace and war
The clash of steel
The muskets roar
But these too must fade away
And there dawns another day
The hand and mind must turn to other things
To plow the fields, to milk the cow
To rebuild those things destroyed
And do the thousand things yet undone

By Willes Barshied Jr
Written in the 1950s about Fort Klock