

## **Robin Hoods' Stride**

By

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With legs astride, some fifteen meters,  
He walked across these gritstone features,  
Beside this track, the ancient Portway,  
Dressed as the forest in green and grey,  
For Robin Hood strode over this tor,  
Whilst on his travels to aid the poor,  
These rocks stand proud, like a modern sprawl,  
It's also known as Mock Beggar's Hall,  
For when the fog and mist enclose,  
It looms like a mansion, so grandiose  
To the North lies Nine Stone Close circle,  
Undoubtedly a fairy portal,  
Once there were nine, but now there are four,  
Though if you search you can find one more,  
All around lie iron age enclosures,

Buried under mounds of sweet clover,  
Allegedly these stones will dance,  
Sending the cattle into a trance,  
But noon or midnight, they can't agree,  
When this spectacle you can see.

Hidden by yew trees, to the North-East,  
The cave of a hermit long deceased,  
With a crucifix carved at the rear,  
A 12th Century monk prayed right here.

Climbing is popular on the rocks,  
And wildlife like buzzards, rabbits and fox,  
It's great for kids, just watch for cow pats,  
And if it's hot take spray for the gnats.

There are three attractions at this place,  
But please don't litter, spoil or deface.