

A Poem for Mirfield

**In the Domesday Book, your name was writ,
A town of fields where oxen toiled,
Mirfield, where wool and grain would knit,
In hands of those by labour soiled.**

**Through centuries, your roots have grown,
From Saxon chapels, humble stone,
To Gilbert Scott's grand tower tall,
Your church still stands, recalling all.**

**The Hoptons, Saviles, once called home,
In halls that watched the ages roam.
Through plagues that cast a shadow deep,
A town that would not dare to sleep.**

**In 1642, the war drums rang,
And Fairfax called, and swords soon sang.
When Jacobite's marched south in fear,
Your people clung to what was dear.**

**The Industrial Age brought change anew,
With canals and rails that carried through.
The Luddites rose in battle bold,
But still, you grew with heart of gold.**

**Your faith stood strong through passing years,
With Methodists, and Baptists' prayers,
Moravian hymns filled skies with song,
While the Resurrection stood so strong.**

**In schools, the young began to dream,
With Thorpe's great gift, a growing stream.
The Brontës walked through Roe Head's doors,
Where stories soared on distant shores.**

**Oh, Mirfield, town of grit and grace,
Your history's woven, time can't erase.
Through trials fierce, you held your stride,
A place of pride, with hearts allied.**

**From fields of wool to engines' hum,
Your spirit's beat a steady drum.
Resilient, rich in mind and heart,
Dear Mirfield, ever play your part.**