

In Search of Shrewsbury's Treasure

By Ian Joynes

The Belle Vue fest set me the mission,
Of entering their competition,
To find by using no half measures,
The location of the buried treasure.

I searched the town both far and wide,
With my wife, Amanda at my side,
First the Square, where we met Camilla,
We stopped for ice cream - I had vanilla.

The Dingle then - looked day and night,
But still no treasure chest in sight,
Just some new thing amongst the flowers,
Where I thought I glimpsed the Eiffel tower.

So we climbed Pride Hill where shops abound,
Where bustling shoppers and buskers sound,
And with aching legs we reached the top,
Then went back down through Wyle Cop.

By English Bridge we tried to see,
Where the Christmas shop once used to be,
We U-turned by the House of Grain,
Up and down, twice back again.

But without a map or X to find,
It was hard graft you know, a real grind,
So we both sat down and stopped for tea,
I remember it clearly, ten past three.

It was then and only then we knew,
What they'd meant in old Belle Vue,
For the town that gives us so much pleasure,
Is stunning Shrewsbury our national treasure.