

OLD CAISTOR

"Looking Backwards" by Arthur Rhodes. 82 yrs old.

Caistor, dear old Caistor
Little town on side o' hill,
Although away for 30 years
My heart is with you still.
For I was born at Caistor,
In the year eighteen fifty-eight;
Two masters only, in sixty years,
So I must have pulled my weight
But now we have to stand aside,
As many have before;
We have our day, then fade away,
Pass out for evermore.

In youthful days with catapult
The woods we used to roam;
The rats we killed were left behind,
The rabbits we took home.

Then down to Moortown river

We went almost every week
With rod and line and patience
The finny tribe to seek.
Sometimes we had an empty creel,
More oft of fish a score;
They were happy days in those days,
But they have gone for evermore.

For what was once a river
Is not even now a stream;
The river bed is all dried up,
Seems almost like a dream.

And the water mill has vanished
That ground the corn in days of yore.
They were prosperous days in those days,
May they return once more.

Then out with your girl on summer nights
Sky-studded with stars so bright,
And the man in the moon looks smiling on,
And no one else in sight.

For youth is time for love
With hot blood to the fore;
They were glorious days in those days,
But they have

Then there was palmsun fair and Michaelmas,
What fairs they used to be;
What thousands of sheep and beasts on view,
What a sight it was to see.
And on Saturday night in the Market Place,
Amusements in galore,
With crowds so large you could hardly move,
But they have gone for evermore.
But Caistor, dear old Caistor,
It remaineth still,
The dearest spot on earth for me;
The little town on side of hill.

This poem written by Arthur Rhodes who was born in a house on Brigg Road (Where some of the Rhodes family still lives,) and lived there until he went to work at Brigg.

At Caistor he worked at Johnson's as who were wheelwrights and trap makers for 38 years earn 28 shillings a week and sometimes working fro 4 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Then he went to Brigg to work for Allen's body-builders and coachmakers, until he retired and became the caretaker of Brigg Reading Room.