

# CONGLETON CIVIC

In Congleton Town where the river flows,  
through whispering woods next to wild hedgerows.  
Old tales linger in stone and stream,  
of bears and silk a weaver's dream.

They traded a bible to buy a bear,  
for sport and amusement in the market square.  
The trowing mills spun gold from thread,  
whilst looms clapped loud where workers used to tread.

The town hall stands with civic grace,  
a landmark tower, an eternal clock face.  
Congleton Museum is a sight to behold,  
With Roman coins, stories untold.

Congleton Park, always in bloom,  
Chasing away the dark and the gloom.  
And Glebe Farm's charm, with fields so wide,  
A peaceful escape where hearts collide.

At Daneside theatre audiences await,  
for tales to evolve as actors narrate.  
From Shakespeare to musicals, films and gang shows,  
tickets sell fast, never empty rows.

And who leads us now with chain and flair?  
It's Robert of course, long gone is the bear.  
With steady hand and civic pride,  
he walks where Congleton's stalwarts reside.

So here's to Congleton, a community for all,  
with history rich and Robert leading the town hall,  
A little town with spirit rare  
That once traded a bible to buy a bear.