

The Storyteller

I'm a teller of tales, a spinner of yarns,
A weaver of dreams and a liar.
I'll teach you some stories to tell to your friends,
While sitting at home by the fire.
You may not believe everything that I say
But there's one thing I'll tell you that's true
For my stories were given as presents to me
And now they are my gifts to you.

My stories are as old as the mountains and rivers
That flow through the land they were born in
They were told in the homes of peasants in rags
And kings with fine clothes adorning.
There's no need for silver or gold in great store
For a tale becomes richer with telling
And as long as each listener has a pair of good ears
It matters not where they are dwelling.

A story well told can lift up your hearts
And help you forget all your sorrows
It can give you the strength and the courage to stand
And face all your troubles tomorrow.
For there's wisdom and wit, beauty and charm
There's laughter and sometimes there's tears
But when the story is over and the spell it is broken
You'll find that there's nothing to fear

My stories were learned in my grandparent's home

Where their grandparents also had heard them
They were given as payment by travelling folk
For a warm place to lay down their burdens
My stories are ageless, they never grow old
With each telling they are born anew
And when my story is ended, I'll still be alive
In the tales that I've given to you.

By Mike Jones

Here is a link to a recording of the poem setting to music:

<https://chirb.it/HEBPFy>