

'LOUD News Speaks In Volumes'

Come hither. Gather! Hear ye, all!

"Oyez oyez! Come hear ye" -

Now, bell ringers say;

Each, launching voice in volume.

What news, in Loyal Company,

Since nineteen ninety three?

What news from recent history,

And what, say you, from yonder?

What newscaster wanders with their words

Untold, from towns and city walls?

Who speaks aloud across town squares,

Calls and bellows, projecting sound

From practised throat;

Torso, button-bound

In decorated coat?

Have we not heard?

Town Criers DON'T cry, nor whimper words!

They SHOUT in measured decibels,

Loudly forcing sounds in declarations;

Proclamations read to waiting crowds..

No microphone, nor megaphone.

They hone their less-than-quiet vocal skills

Until they're summoned one by one

- to speak out, aloud, and up

In recognition of old traditions,

With an air of knowing exposition;

Shouting residential views.

Exhaled, the spoken breath

Uncurtailed by tongue and teeth,

Clearly heard in booming words

And duty bound, expelling news

- written in unwinding scrolls.

(No Internet nor book of notes.)

Yet, may we ask - "who is the best?"

Come here ye all. Stand tall and proud, or

Small and loud. Proudly throw your voice

To listening crowds, where judges say

- who wins today:

From way down South to Dover;

To North West - there, the Grampians,

And further East to John O'Groats,

We seek - this day in Sleaford -

Oyez! The British Town Crier Champion !

(C) J.R.Street. 2024.