

## First Line of Defence

Lobber isn't the front line of battle,  
But it plays a key role in the war.  
The defenders look not unlike cattle,  
With the merest suggestion of gore.

The trenches lie deep at cliff edges,  
Commanding the harbour's tight mouth.  
Coils of rusty barbed wire stand on ledges,  
All-direction deterrent - save south.

The Home Guard patrol when the tide's out,  
Without hope, without fear, without gun.  
The folk of the village have no doubt,  
That, (perhaps), they will scare off the Hun.

Invaders of Port Isaac's harbour  
Can no quarter, no mercy expect.  
The vigilant guardians on Lobber  
The village defend and protect.

For Lobber the high ground commanding,  
Best bastion in Port Isaac Bay.  
From Tintagel to Varley demanding  
Sharp vigil by night and by day.

Should the enemy enter Port Gaverne,  
Out of sight of the Lobber Field chaps,  
He will find himself there no safe haven,  
The beach is awash with tank traps.

The ramparts of Lobber enduring,  
No foe can prevail 'gainst their might.  
Port Isaac's well-being securing  
Till blackouts devolve to lamplight.

**James Platt,**

*taken from his book, 'West of Castle Rock',  
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