



Ancestors

**The limbs that move, the eyes that see,
These are not entirely me;
Dead men and women helped to shape,
The mold which I do not escape.**

**The words I speak, my written line,
These are not uniquely mine;
For in my heart and in my will,
Old ancestors are warring still.**

**Celt, Roman, Saxon, and all the dead,
From whose rich blood my veins are fed;
In aspect, gesture, voices, tone,
Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone.**

**In fields they tilled I plow the sod,
I walk the mountain paths they trod;
And round my daily steps arise,
The good and bad of those I comprise.**

**Written by English Author Richard Rolle,
over 600 years ago.**