**LOTRŠČAK TOWER POEM**

There's an old, old tower on a hill, 

There's a black, black cannon on the windowsill. 

The cannon shoots, shoots each day at noon, 

To scare the Ottoman army away, BOOM! 

There is a big, big bell at the top. 

The big bell rings, rings and never stops, 

Until the strong, strong gate is shut tight, 

And Gradec is safe, safe for the night. 