

Country Poetry Corner

Friends by Lindsay Waddell

A flash of yellow in fields of gold
That's the yellow wagtail told
Off for the winter, back in the spring
A touch of colour it does bring

Sound of the Lapwing envelops the Dale
Year on year they never fail
On their nests in fields so bare
With our help they'll long be there.

The curlew's lament's a mournful song
It fills the air all day long
It bubbles and trills as it hangs in the air
Whether it's foul or whether it's fair.

The snipe they're drumming by the dozen
Not unlike their larger cousins
Their nest in grassy cup so deep
In wet tussock beside the sheep.

The redshank on post top calls out
Its 'pip pip pip', a monotonous shout;
Of trespassers it is not very fond
More often than not it's beside a pond.

Oystercatchers in black and white
Calls be heard in the dead of night
A gravel scrape serves for a nest
Four eggs in it and that's her best.

Golden plover on high hill top
The soulful sound just does not stop
Spiralling high in spring display
Keeping all his foes at bay.

The dunlin likes its feet real wet
Where it's sodden it's a real good bet
Slips off its nest afore it's seen
Hard to pin down where it has been



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The merlin warns off all who dare
Near her nest or stand and stare
Crow and gull are treated alike
A little bird but plenty of fight.

Smaller birds they do abound
'Til the whole moor resounds with sound
Pipit, lark, ouzel and twite
Many more are seen in flight.

All these birds and many more
Can be found around the moor
Yes, the keeper is their friend,
Without him that would be the end.