

Country Poetry Corner

The Watcher by Lindsay Waddell

In the morning light the dew is glistening
The keeper sits there watching, listening:

The sheep their nightly fast do break
And off across the field do rake,
The crows and pigeons all head out
Ripening grain their goal no doubt
The old hare across the meadow hops
Now and again she simply stops
And off again she makes her way
Into that nice new grass ley,
That old roebuck, been about for years,
Grazes quietly with no fears.

The red sun creeps higher in the sky
As to the west the moon does die.

More and more birds in the air
Taking their share of the morning fare
Family parties most now are
And very soon some will go far
To foreign lands where there is no cold
Where knights they fought in days of old
And where they will the winter pass
Where there is no frost on the morning grass

This early morn the air has a nip
Jack Frost will soon curl the leaves' very tip
On the hill above the grouse are calling
Down below, the chestnuts falling
The pheasants now in plumage splendid
Won't be long before their days are ended.
The keeper sees late summers morn
Those who haven't have ne'er been born

