

Country Poetry Corner

The Golden Plover by Lindsay Waddell

A more plaintive sound it's hard to find
Yet mile on mile it's in the wind
Drifting on the moorland edge
Festooned by cotton-grass and sedge.

A tasty morsel it does make
Yet its life I'm loath to take
A sporting bird it may well be
But it's too beautiful, you see.

And company it gives me day to day
When on that mountain ridge at play,
And in the morning springtime light
When on high in graceful flight.

And as the day draws slowly on
It resounds again with soulful song

When out at night from home afar
The golden plover is a star
Seen and heard still on the wing
When even then it still does sing.

And when summer ends it'll be a sad loss-
It drifts off back towards the coast
Where during winter bodies mend
And when bad weather it does end

Back to the Dale on moorland edge
Festooned with cotton-grass and sedge
It comes, and in the early morning sky
I hear that plaintive, soulful cry.



Photo credit: David Mason