

The Bluebell Woods

Kat Farmer - 2011



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Bluebells must be out by now, t'is mid April, soon be May.
So what do you say? Let's go down to the woods today.
You remember the way to the bluebell woods, the woods that come down to the stream?

Where the new beech leaves are the purest green,
full of sunshine and rainbows, fresh and clean.
We'll set off past our lady larch, we can run down the hill and under the railway arch.

Then on over the sparkling stream
where dandling trout gleam and dart under the bridge.
On past the farm where old Mic keeps watch, lazin' in the sun, dozin'.
He'll see us and raise the alarm, all teeth and gruff,

But we know him well enough,
don't mean no harm, just wants to play.
He'll wag his tail and tag along up to the ridge,
Then at the grassy track he'll double back,
he knows his way home.

We'll go down by the holly tree,
beside the forgotten folly.

Dark and dangerous, crumbling into the ground,
fallen stones all around there are.
Keep out says the rotten sign, but kids have no fear.
We'll lift the line and scramble in anyway.

Through the brambles and over the stones,
and in the twinkling of an eye
we'll be inside, to peer up at the sky,
and wonder, 'who lived here in days gone by'.

Then we'll leave the square red tower behind,
and find the old cart track that runs from the back of the ruin.

Meandering,
skulking under the lofty trees, down through the eerie shadows.
We'll dream of charging knights and pretty maids,
and laugh as we clear branches from our path and push on till we see sunbeams ahead.

That's where the woodland shade gives way and opens
to the bluebell glade,
a glade so blue it must be heaven...

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