

An Evening Walk

As I was walking through a wood

I tried to hear just all I could:

One of the things that I then heard

Was the gay song of a cock blackbird;

A squirrel in a tree above

Was chattering to his lady love;

And then I heard a little rustle,

Two tiny fox cubs were having a tussle;

Far away, up in the sky

A lark was singing as night drew nigh...

Then suddenly! all was still,

Except a barn owl on the hill;

Some wild ducks flew overhead,

Like me on their way to bed.

Howard Hawes.

(Written at Chailey Heritage, circa 1950; I was 13)