

Tuesday 22nd August 2017, “In the footsteps of Samuel Taylor Coleridge” with Iain Ure and Dee Woods

POETRY IN MOTION

We crossed the wild Streamlet of the West
Thy crossing plank, thy marge with willows grey and balsam pink
Then clambered up the donkeys hill, through woods of green,
With muddy pools and trifling rills.

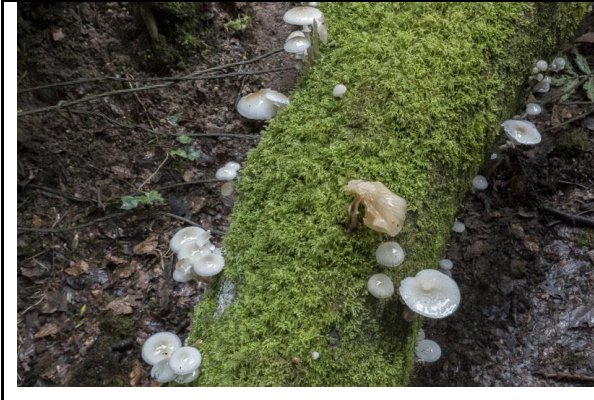
Atop White Hill a pause for misty views of purple hues,
The fair breeze blew, the oat cakes flew
Then down we trod, renewed our plod
Through fields with strange humps and bumps
Into a garden where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree
Until from the sultry heat we into the cave did retreat
With hopes of pixies there to meet.

We jogged the accustomed road along
And paces cheery to her cheering song
Fell into the arms of The Volunteer.
Up to the old church tower,
whose bells the poor man’s only music, drew us in.
The astronomical clock, oh what a shock.

Once refreshed, homeward we walked
by lonely Otter’s sleep-persuading stream,
Or where his wave with loud unquiet song
Dashed o’er the rocky channel froths along;
Or where his silver waters smoothed to rest,
the tall trees shadow sleeps upon his breast.

Dee Woods - With sincere and deep apologies to Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Glistening fungi



The cave



The astronomical clock

