

View from a church spire

Blue sky and sunshine - a fine summer day
Willows weep gently to kiss River Wey

Good country town folk like bees to a hive
Circle the bandstand and dance to the Jive

Mothers with babies – Fathers so proud
Boys – bike and scooter – girls being loud

Dogs being walked ; all shapes and sizes
Owners dressed up in quite fetching disguises

Corgi, Pug, Poodle : all plead for a “pat”
Likewise young dachshund in mini sunhat

Glenn Miller favourite erupts from the Band
Folk from the war proclaim “wasn’t life grand”

Music descends on the Bowls Club in play
Their Green very smooth as Band notes are today

The church watches over a garden of peace
And the brave man it honours lives on
In the memory of people who live in the town
A gem in the land of renown

This England : my England : the land of my birth
Will always be here and will thrive:
For the people who care will sustain her;
Like bees – we belong to one hive

Margaret E. McComish
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