

## **Longbredy Farm Days**

From seedtime 'til harvest, there's work everywhere.  
Hedges and ditches all needing repair,  
Cows in the meadow, waiting calves to be born.  
Our vigil oft takes us from sunset 'til dawn.

Is our work too demanding, those inner voices call,  
Rising early every morning, Winter, Summer, Fall.  
Holidays? Don't ask us, how could we leave it all !!  
The thought of briefing someone else, the enthusiasm galls.

It's then I take myself away, right up across the fields,  
And battle with the elements, my Setter at my heels.  
She bounds and races, and lifts the faces of grazing deer,  
Who quicken their paces.

The antics of Hare, the colour of Pheasant,  
Give to me sights I will always treasure,  
And down in the vale and way on the hill,  
Redcoats and hounds thrown in for good measure.

When on a ramble, there's no greater thrill,  
Than when a basket of mushrooms I can fill.  
Country folk come from every direction,  
For to flavour the bacon, they're sheer perfection.

We have a lane, I feel it's my own.  
I'm sure I know every inch.  
Every Spring brings primroses, bluebells. Pink champions.  
A carpet, no earthly Gardener, could improve on.

Summer, winter, Autumn or Spring,  
Always something worth treasuring.  
So, when 'Ifs' and 'Buts' are sorted out, to me it's very clear.  
I wouldn't change my life, not in a million years.

Holidaying caravaners, down from the City,  
Look on with envy, when our lifestyle they see,  
The peace and the calm, so little to fear.  
They ask, "Do you know you have Heaven right here?"  
And our answer? "WE DO."

**Jean Salisbury**