

The Beech Hill

I walked along the dappled path
Beside the woodland way
And gloried at the sight of trees
Reborn again in May

I heard the sound of a merry brook
As it made its joyful way
Down through the fields beneath the trees
I'd listen all the day

I thought I'd seen and heard it all
But then I heard it start
The singing of the blackbird
That completely filled my heart

Sarah Lynch
Malahide
Co.Dublin