

## EDINGALE

Fair Edingale, 'tis ours to view  
Thy cornfields waving in the breeze;  
'Tis ours to note the verdant hue  
Of thy broad leas.

Thine ivied church in holy ground,  
With blessings for the humble waits;  
For everlasting Peace is found  
Within its gates.

Thro' stained windows slants the sun,  
As Heavenward our praises speed,  
Then low before the Holy One  
We state our need.

While standing near the snow white farm,  
We view the Lichfield city spires;  
That glisten in the sunshine warm,  
With golden fires.

We love to watch the sheep and kine,  
The scamp'ring hares, and screaming geese;  
Or see the angler ply the line  
In winding Mease.

Not here the princely pow'r and pomp,  
Nor the processional display;  
But cluster'd trees where children romp  
In mirthful play.

Far from the city's noise and care  
No smoke, annoyance aids our fears;  
O may we breathe thy pure sweet air  
For happy years.

Arthur W Berry