

## Rodlease Woodland Party, 23 September 2023

We buggered off to Somerset,  
waved goodbye to Boldre.  
We turned our back on Pilley Hill,  
gave it our cold shoulder,  
Rejecting all those Forest walks,  
the heather, heath and ponies,  
The snorting, acorn-guzzling pigs,  
and beer-guzzling cronies,  
Our cycling trips to Buckler's Hard,  
our walks on Tanner's beach,  
Our ambles through the bluebell woods  
of oak and ash and beech,  
Cataloguing birds and flowers  
on forest tracks and trails,  
The Solent glittering through the trees  
alight with dancing sails,  
The butter-cupped and daisied fields,  
so nicely out of town,  
Where Boldre's ancient church, St John's,  
snugly hunkers down.  
More ancient than the age old trees  
of nearby Royden Wood,  
The veteran of a thousand storms  
weathered and withstood.  
Its churchyard shimmering in the breeze  
with life above the grave,  
As snowdrops, daffodils and bluebells  
genuflect and wave.  
Its weathered, lichened, rubbled walls  
that bear its steep pitched roof  
Of russet, terracotta tiles,  
for centuries weatherproof.  
A block of space so framed and shaped  
by tile, beam and stone,  
It says to all who enter in,  
Alone, we're not alone.  
We buggered off to Somerset  
waved goodbye to Boldre.  
We turned our backs on Pilley Hill,  
gave it our cold shoulder,  
But why, oh why, oh why forsake  
such beauty and perfection?  
Can Somerset or Wells evoke  
a similar affection?

Of course they can't, the very thought  
is downright daft and silly  
There's nowhere that can match the charms  
of Boldre and of Pilley.  
We buggered off to Somerset,  
waved goodbye to Boldre.  
We turned our back on Pilley Hill,  
gave it our cold shoulder....  
To turn our backs on heaven, **now**,  
so that when we die  
It won't mean leaving heaven **again**  
with sad and teary eye,  
Instead, though dead we'll cross the Bridge,  
bear left up Rodlease Lane  
To find that alway's open gate  
In verdant lush terrain  
Not Simon Peter, Simon Parker  
is keeper of that gate  
And like St Pete he's open-hearted  
everybody's mate.  
Heaven's a sort of coming home  
to fellowship and love  
Not streets of gold and gates of pearl  
beyond the clouds above  
But Rodlease wood and partying  
music, food and singing  
To raise the spirits, lift the heart  
and set the woods aringing.  
We buggered off to Somerset,  
waved goodbye to Boldre.  
We turned our back on Pilley Hill,  
gave it our cold shoulder,  
Not to go **too** far away  
as if to Timbuktu  
Just down the road apiece, with Boldre  
as heaven to come back to.  
And so we're here to sample heaven  
a foretaste, just one night  
In which you all appear as angels  
bathed in heavenly light.  
And what a night its been good folk  
how good to share it all  
Heaven's a party, just like this  
A rave, a bash, a ball.