

# Welcome to Poets Corner

## The Walker's Prayer

**Lord** bless all walkers that we may live long and healthy lives, especially bless our leaders for they are all powerful and lead us through the wilderness.

**Yea** though they lead us down the valleys and over the hills, we shall feel no pain for our hearts, minds and muscles are numb.

**Let** them know their north from their south and their east from their west.

**Let** the sun shine so that we may have a faint idea in which direction we are heading.

**Grant** O Lord that they curb their tongues and not tell us that we have walked 7 miles when we know that we have walked 10.

**Also** let them know the difference between a gentle slope and a steep cliff.

**Give** them the ability to count, so that they know the number of walkers, so that none shall go astray.

**Make** them prevent the leaders from starting to walk the minute everyone has caught up.

**Curse** those walkers who overtake the leader, let their sticks break, their laces come undone and their flasks leak.

**Curse** also those who disappear into the woods without telling the back marker.

**Grant**, O Lord sunshine at all times, but not too hot, cooling breezes, but not strong winds, shade needed and incomparable views when we are resting.

**Spare** us from brambles, nettles and other obstructions.

**Lead** us not down the wrong paths.

**Finally** Lord let us arrive back at our cars safe and sound for we are children of the wilderness, the blind being led by the blind, and we are shattered.

**Give** us strength to turn up for the next walk, for we are of the tribe stupid and know no better.

**We** ask all this with tongue in cheek, ever conscious that many a true word is spoken in jest.

*Anon*

## Three Verses For Weary Walkers

The café shuts its doors at close of day  
The rambling club wind slowly o'er the lea  
The waitress homeward plods her weary way  
And fifty walkers go without their tea  
The howling wind, the driving rain  
The ploughed up path, the muddy lane  
The blocked-up stile in the six foot wall  
I love them, how I love them all  
I must go out with the 'C s' again  
For no matter how hard I try  
'A' party walks me off my feet  
And the 'B s' just pass me by

*By Peter Lidgett with apologies to Thomas Gray, Emily Bronte and John Masefield*

## The Centenary Ode

Our celebrations were held in a golden Olympic year  
It took a four year cycle for the planning as time drew near

It all started with a New Years day walk  
We were up and rambling after all the talk

In March we met at Fulford Church Hall  
A barn dance was held and we all had a ball

A book was written to record and archive  
This included members memories to keep them alive

We ambled to Lead church with the Dean for a talk and a prayer  
To remember past times and those for whom we still care

John and Noel walked 100 miles for 100 years  
Supported by friends and occasional beers

Sunday rambles revisited routes from the past  
October saw us in period costumes cast

Our last event - a buffet for members past and present to inspire  
A good time for all in the suite at the Knavesmire

The toast the York CHA & HF Rambling club today, tomorrow and past  
With a wish for another 100 years of fun - long may it last

*Noel Shouksmith*