

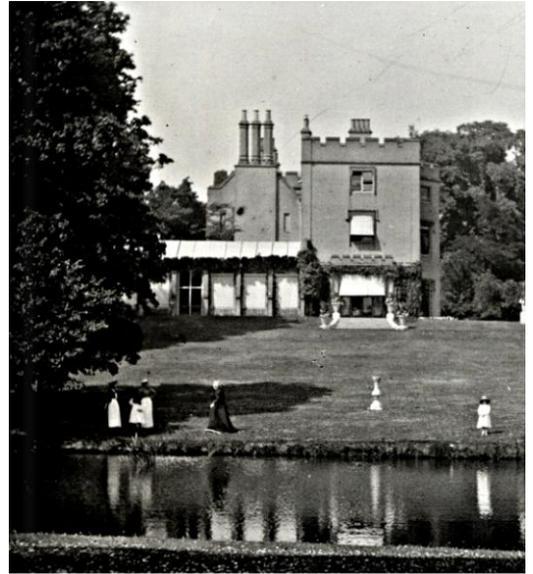
## A Call from the Hall

Oh for Blendon Hall that's been and gone  
Its sloping lawns and scenery  
And paths around the lakes and ponds  
Tended borders and Cedar trees  
Oh to see Blendon's past highlights  
Its graceful drives and greenery  
And pretty girls on large wheeled bikes  
beneath the Mulberry trees  
Oh for Warrior's retiring place  
Its horses grazing naturally  
And painting at a sleepy pace  
Beneath the Chestnut tree  
Oh for a library of book lined walls  
Its rooms fit for Royalty  
And the clicking sound of billiard balls  
In sight of the old Beech tree  
Oh for the walled kitchen garden  
Its coal house and scullery  
And grounds the snow did harden  
Coating the strong Elm tree  
Oh for two lodges still standing  
Its east lodge has taken leave  
And the English Oak commanding  
A high place among ancient trees

Oh to reach back to the Blendon scene  
To view all its changing Halls  
Blame the flickering time machine  
As a distant drummer calls



Today there exists a man that yearns  
For the farm beside the dark water  
Blendon's memory he discerns  
Despite Bowyers bricks and mortar  
Because of his passion tunnels are found  
Due to archaeology  
Men dig deep into the ground  
So what has gone we are able to see  
From Roman, Medieval and Elizabethan times  
Movements and moments make history  
A grand old Hall has been outlined  
By those men digging cautiously  
An ode to his old stomping ground  
We hear praise for a life that used to be  
When a little boy would play around  
Still lakes and grand old trees  
Historic roots haunt a strident man  
Returning to a gentle home left behind  
He talks through the spirit of Blendon's land  
A tranquil life he calls to mind  
And in time the future will bring along  
The ghost of a man with a big wide smile  
Murmuring through the trees at Blendon  
He'll play again as he did as a child  
But for now listening to a distant echo  
Walking in the footprints of Blendon Hall  
It was a tall timely Roger Mayo  
Who came through and collected the call



*Sally.H.*

*This poem was originally written as a performance piece, rather than a reading piece, for blind and partially sighted people.*