

East Of Hereford

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How grand the land the roll and curve
a mist at dawn 'twill make you swerve
o'er Oyster Hill, the gasp of it
the mist, blue skies, sun Ledbury lit

see Spire and Green and Cutting Club
Wyatt's, chips & beans, Ceci's, the nub
of it is fruit, bikes, cheese. The thought'll
take a page at least of Ledbury Portal

Aylton, Putley, Colwall Green and back
of gorgeous gals and blinking lads and laughs no lack
the Homend whistles, aye, pleasures mortal
for these and dozens more
we scan the dashing Ledbury Portal