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From

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Illustrations by Sarah Lovell

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# The Last Song of the Mistle Thrush



## A Poem For Our Time

By Ruth Mary Flanagan

Illustrated by Sarah Lovell



Upon this spot, in days of old,  
A mistle thrush, so I've been told,

Would perch high in a tall oak tree  
And sing of life's rich tapestry.



He sang of bees and butterflies,  
Of morning dew and azure skies,  
Of maidens dancing at the fayre  
With daisy garlands in their hair.

Of joyful faces as they danced,  
Of rosy cheeks and sweet romance  
And fields where plough and horses lay  
As summer slowly slipped away.



Soon the Harvest Moon would glow  
And paint the fields in gold below.

Then as the crop was gathered in,  
He'd look across the fields and sing.



He sang of carpets on the ground,  
Of crisp, bright leaves in red and brown,  
Of fattened pigs with rounded bellies,  
Of nuts and seeds and wild berries.

Of boys and girls that came and played  
And chased each other through the glade,  
Who laughed while dusky evenings crept  
And spring and summer softly slept.