

## The Barn

Down the track,  
it was the old barn,  
the barn in the far field,  
Woodward's barn.  
old Tom Woodward's barn.

Down the long track,  
past the chestnut trees,  
the five horse chestnuts  
alongside the watercress stream,  
old Will Farthing's watercress.

Down the rough track,  
the oaken door barn,  
the hinges rested, left swinging,  
hanging askew, left broken on  
old Jim Moule's land.

Down the deep rutted track,  
it was the tall hay bales  
leaning, spilling, tumbling.  
old Tom Woodward's boy,  
Freddie, young Freddie Woodward.

Down the green lane track,  
the barn door broken,  
hay bales collapsing, rope swinging  
it was young Freddie hanging,  
old Tom Woodward's boy.