

SANDGATE VOLUNTEERS IN SUSSEX

It's Nine O'clock on Saturday morn,
The weather's fair in places.
So on with our jeans and jumpers warm,
To help in our open spaces.

There's much to do in Sandgate Wood,
And Sullington Warren too.
We said we'd come if we possibly could,
And we meant it - didn't you?

Today we repair a tumulus,
Eroded by feet and wheels.
So reach for that rock and toil with us,
And see how good it feels.

We should take care to save our heath,
From spreading pine and birch,
And pull those seedlings from beneath
The heather, as we stoop and search.

'The Great Storm' raged and changed the scene
In our woodlands overnight.
With open sky, where our trees had been.
Remember that sorry sight?

It took long months to clear pathways,
Of brash and branch and bough.
We lopped and chopped with fires ablaze,
And the saplings are rooting now.

Firm grow the beech, hornbeam and oak,
Providing dappled shade.
Let showers gently fall and soak,
The bluebells in the glade.

See kestrels, rooks, magpies and jays;
Brooks burbling into ponds,
As willows wave on summer days
And ferns unfold their fronds.

So come and join the volunteers.
Our woods and heath need you.
Resolve to help as springtime nears,
And you'll enjoy it too.