

THE OLD RIVER OUSE

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THE OLD RIVER OUSE,  
                  HOW GENTLY SHE FLOWS,  
RIPPLING AND MURMURING,  
                  AS ONWARD SHE GOES,  
  
SEE THE SWANS SAILING,  
                  SO STATELY AND WHITE,  
AND BEHIND THEM THE SIGNETS,  
                  WHAT A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT.  
  
AND THERE ON THE BANK,  
                  WHERE THE WILLOWS GROW,  
YOU MAY SEE THE KING-FISHER,  
                  HE LIVES THERE YOU KNOW.  
  
THE COOT AND THE MOORHEN,  
                  ARE THERE WITHOUT DOUBT,  
THEY DO MAKE A NOISE,  
                  YOU'LL HEAR THEM ABOUT.  
  
THERE IS SO MUCH BEAUTY,  
                  THERE TO BE FOUND,  
FROM TURVEY BRIDGE,  
                  IF YOU JUST LOOK AROUND.

JONAH STILL STANDS, CALM AND SERENE,  
MONARCH OF ALL HE SERVEYS,  
PAYS NO HEED TO PASSERS BY,  
AS THEY GO THEIR DIFFERENT WAYS.

THE RIPPLING WATER LAPS HIS FEET,  
AND SPARKLES IN THE SUN,  
THE LITTLE FISHES DART ABOUT,  
AND LEAP AS IF IN FUN.

THE OLD MILL STANDS BEHIND HIM,  
BUT HE NEVER DEIGNS TO LOOK,  
HE DOES NOT HEAR THE LAPWING CRY,  
THE SKYLARK OR THE ROOK.

AND I REMEMBER A FIELD THERE,  
A FIELD I ONCE KNEW,  
A FIELD WHERE THE BEAUTIFUL,  
MARSH MARIGOLDS GREW.

THEY GREW QUITE CLOSE ,  
TO TURVEY MILL STREAM,  
AND HOW LOVELY THEY LOOKED,  
WITH THEIR BRIGHT GOLDEN GLEAM.

THOSE BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS,  
THAT FIELD OF GOLD,  
WHEN IT FIRST MET YOUR GAZE,  
WHAT A JOY TO BEHOLD.

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THAT FIELD OF GOLD,  
WHEN IT FIRST MET YOUR GAZE,  
WHAT A JOY TO BEHOLD.

BUT ITS LONG YEARS AGO,  
SINCE I FIRST SAW THAT VIEW,  
THAT BEAUTIFUL FIELD,  
WHERE THE MARSH MARIGOLDS GREW.

OLD JONAH STILL STANDS, THERE  
BUT HIS EYES AT NEVER SEE,  
THE BEAUTY AROUND HIM ,  
HE LEAVES IT TO ME.

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N COLLINS

NO 6 MORDAUNT CLOSE  
TURVY  
BEDS

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