



# up on the Downs

by Wes Magee

Up on the Downs  
Up on the Downs,  
A skylark flutters  
And a fox barks shrill,  
Brown rabbit scuttles  
And the hawk hangs still.

Up on the Downs,  
Up on the Downs  
With butterflies  
jigging like  
costumed clowns.

Here in the Hills,  
Here in the Hills,  
The long grass flashes  
And the sky seems vast,  
Rock lizard dashes and a crow flies past.

Here in the Hills,  
Here in the Hills  
With bumble bees  
buzzing like  
high speed drills.

High on the Heath,  
High on the Heath,  
The Slow-worm slithers  
And the trees are few,  
Field-mouse dithers  
And the speedwell's blue

High on the heath  
High on the Heath,  
Where grasshoppers  
chirp in the  
grass beneath.

