

Old Church Farm,  
Broughton,  
STOCKBRIDGE,  
Hants.  
SO20 8AA  
Tel: 0794 301210

15. 8. 88

Dear Ethel

Here is grandfathers poem.  
Perhaps you already have  
it. This was typed from a  
handwritten copy in the Rectory  
blade box.

I am going to put it in the  
essay as in this carbon.

Don't forget Ethel will  
get your pills on Fridays.

Yours.

Derek.

BROUGHTON HALL.

Poem by G. COZENS, December 1898.

Tis of a lovely residence  
I am about to write  
The mansion is in Broughton Park  
Stands open to the sight

There is a splendid rank of trees  
That rises from behind  
That shelters this fair mansion  
From storms of wind and rain

The rooks they build their lofty nests  
Around this fair domain  
And you hear their noisy chatter  
Mid storms of wind and rain

There is a lovely sward of green  
Stands on a rising ground  
And the beautiful flowers upon the lawn  
Spread perfume all around

There is a noble trout stream  
Runs straight all through the Park  
Where the angler he can sport at will  
From early morn till dark

The wild duck often makes her nest  
Beside the streamlet clear  
And the moor hen makes it her abode  
At the season of the year

The wood pigeon here builds her nest  
Upon the tallest trees  
And the cooing of the turtle dove  
You hear with perfect ease

The birds they sing their merry songs  
They make the Park resound  
And their united voices  
Make a melodious sound

You may stand before this mansion  
A little to the right  
You have St. Mary's right in view  
And open to your sight

There many of the residents  
From this fair mansion lie  
Waiting for their summons  
To rise above the sky

For many a worthy gentleman  
They have been buried there  
And many a pious lady  
From this mansion famed and rare

A poetess of noble birth  
Once graced this peaceful dome  
But many a year have come and gone  
Since she was called home

To tune her harp to Jesu's praise  
In a far nobler strain  
Than ever she wont to do  
While in this fair domain

Her Hymns are evangelical  
They are of matchless worth  
They are sung by congregations  
Through nearly all the earth

There's many a worthy gentleman  
Have owned this fair domain  
And now a worthy gentleman  
Have bought it back again