



△ A stalwart working horse pulling a cart at Ranmore Farm, near Dorking.

DEREK FORSS



△ An old thatched cottage hiding down a leafy lane at Chalton in Hampshire.

JOHN BLAKI



Going Home Together

The author of this simple but lovely poem is unknown. It was sent to one of our readers (F.M. Robinson, of Dorset) via an uncle who was serving in India during the First World War.

Over the seas in India the sun was dropping low,
With tramp and creak and jingle I heard the gun teams go,
And something seemed to 'mind me a-dreaming as I lay
Of my own old Hampshire village at the quiet end of day.



△A New Forest cottage with garden blooming on a late summer's day... at Bransgore in Hampshire

JOHN TARLTON

Brown thatch with gardens blooming, with lily and with rose,
And the cool, brimming river so pleasant where it flows.
Wide fields of oats and barley and elder flowers like foam,
And the sky gold with sunset, and the horses going home.



△"Harvest is a-coming home"... an old horse-drawn cart loaded with sheaves at Holme-on-Spalding Moor in Yorkshire.

B.R. BURROWS

*Home lads home, all among the corn and clover,
Home lads home, when the working day is over,
Oh, there's rest for horse and man when the longest day is done
And they go home together at the setting of the sun.*



△ An Essex farmworker, sitting sideways, comes jingling home with his team of horses.

B. AUSTIN

Old 'Captain', 'Boxer' and 'Traveller', I see them all so plain,
With tasselled ear-caps nodding along the leafy lane,
There's a bird somewhere calling and the swallows flying low,
And the lads sitting sideways and singing as they go.



△ Remembrance Day at the Cenotaph in Chichester, Sussex.

JOHN E

Well gone is many a lad now, and many a horse gone too,
Of all the lads and horses in those old fields I knew,
Like Dick that fell at Givenchy, and 'Prince' beside the guns
On that red road of glory a mile or two from Mons...



△ After the day's work on the farm... a welcome drink and a splash in the pond on a Suffolk farm.

JOHN TARLTON

Dead lads and shadowy horses, I see them just the same,
I see them and I know them and name them each by name,
Going down to quiet waters when all the west's aglow,
And the lads sitting sideways and singing as they go.

*Home lads home, with the sunset on their faces,
Home lads home, in the quiet happy places,
Oh, there's rest for horse and man when the longest day is done...*



...and they go home together at the setting of the sun.

△ "The White Comrade", a poignant painting by G. Hillyard Swinster