

Concert for Four Seasons



Deep in sun-spattered woods, approached
by paths no longer people-trod,
there is a pool where waters from the distant fells
pause in their unbridled rush to find their native sea.
Umbrellard by well watered alder trees,
shadow-swept by towering birches,
now calmed beneath long waving willow wands.
the pool becomes a Concert Hall
where nature's orchestra resides to play
and choirs sing songs for all the seasons of the year.

The trees hear music of a thousand various instruments:
Rippling treble keys of water over shingle pebbled shallows;
Whisper of waves across smooth soft- silt sand;
Plopping of guitar strings in hidden hollows of the river bank.
All instruments are there within the medley of the wind;
Booming cello plucking cables up on high;
Violins, violas whining through the tall reaches of the conifers;
gently fortissimo among the waving grasses:
Wind section provides its constant backing, now high, now low;
oboe and flute sound in the creaking branches;
A roll of drums as thunder wakes the distant hills;
Xylophone tap taps on fraying broken fencing wires;
And all the while staccato drips of rain beat time
from tips of laden birch tree leaves.

Orchestral programmes come new with every season.
New choirs take up new themes, and soloists call by
to add their individual talents to the songs
of myriad migrant insects on the wing;
bees share winged complement with dragonflies;
each bird a different part to sing -
sweet nightingale above coarse pheasant's rasp;
shrill call from robin and the wren;
and even croak of frogs delighted by the music of the rain.

Wind orchestra takes precedence for Winter's slow movement.
Plucking tunes from stretched fence wires and brittle hedges;
Shivers across broken ice where imprisoned water flows.
Through a pause of crispy breath-white stillness -
the music of a tired, retreating world -
Deep melodies reverberating memories:
Single sharp sounds like bleat of sheep, discordant crow:
A deer treads lightly on the tangled twigs beneath dead leaves
whose hues make music of another sphere:
Short bursts of bird song from a snow-white world
of artistic, captured raindrops - beautiful in purity.

Gentle sounds rise in crescendo throughout the Spring.
Emerging life, excited and expectant draws a louder song:
Wrens and tits play piccolo while orchestras tune up,
practicing their love songs;
repeated urgent notes with passion of the budding leaves.
Through tight strings of grass, fresh-tuned, the pace increases -
largo to lento, adagio, andante
rising in volume - moderato to allegro.

The writhing waters flow with sparkling urgency;
Each sunrise wakes the world some minutes earlier
to hear the hidden sounds;
buds breaking, rabbits burrowing;
blackbird tugging at his elastic worm,
the creeping, crunching snail, awake and moving house;
bark of the fox, squeal of a rabbit captured by a stoat;
all embracing notes in the concert of the Spring.



The symphony of summer follows now:
Bright sunlight squinting through leaf-laden trees
highlight the wildflower audience along the river banks
performing their own song in multicolour beauty
- deep, deep music of the soul -
a joyful rhapsody of mellow, lazy tunes;
of happiness, contentment and of peace;
with sounds of plopping, jumping fish in the gentle flowing water,
while bees hum busily from flower to clover blossom,
binging on the summer surfeit of sweet nectar.

And now at last, not least. an Autumn Concert takes the stage.
Excited seed pods rattle with expectancy;
Falling leaves flutter through their boughs
undressing for the winter sleep -
nature's wind-chimes - soft timpani -
satisfaction songs, shivering in cool anxiety
as summer playtime gives way to seasons of new mystery -
those strange notes which call to preparation, to reap and store
while distant tractors hum in their own chorus.

This is music with a consciousness of time
when every pulse records the passing moments one by one.
Heavier rain - full-bodied drops - create accompaniment
to parting birds song - sad farewells.

Through every season, suns make melody
among the circling globes of space.
Their music floods the universe,
conducted by the One who wrote the score
and in whose praise the whole creation joins
in silent, sacred harmony.
These constant concerts by the secret pool,
endlessly performed through brightest day and darkest night
- myriad notes - sounds of eternity which link our lives
to deepest truth and highest praise.

