

The Autumn day was sunny, too nice to be inside
Just right to see the changes in the near by countryside.
I'd no set destination, nor anyone to please
So I could either travel on or simply take my ease
I found myself in Keighley but never thought to stay,
As I knew from previous visits it was early closing day.
The road was now quite busy but I knew every bend and turn
And almost before I knew it I was going through Eastburn.
I saw the cars in front had stopped and forming quite a queue
For the level crossing gates were shut to let a train go through
The train has passed, the road is clear, we start off with a lurch
To climb the rise and turn left on reaching Kildwick Church.
Not very far along this road, in a lay-by, is a stall
Supplying tea or coffee, so I decide to call
A meal, a pipe, perhaps a nap before I set off back
To try and find a new route just off the beaten track.
A sign post says to Kildwick Hall, this gives me quite a thrill
And as I travel slowly I come upon Farnhill.
My pouch is getting empty when I spy a village shop
Perhaps they'll have my favourite brand so into it I pop.
I note a Methodist Chapel, also an Institute,
And another shop still open with a fine display of fruit.
But coming now towards me are some Villagers I see
They bid me a 'Good Evening' whilst chatting merrily.
I hear them call each other, their names I cannot miss
There's Dorothy and Marjorie, carrying music is Phyllis.
There's Bill and also Norris and Florrie fair of face,
And last of all as shepherdess I'm sure her name was 'Grace'.
By now it's getting late, how quick the time flies on
So off I go to make a call beneath the sign 'White Lion'
They always make me welcome, so when'ere I'm in these parts
I end up in the tap-room for dominoes or darts.
Tonight the final game I played with Tommy, Charlie, Jack.
At closing time a quick 'Good Night' then off on my way back.
Then safe and sound at home again, as in my bed I lay,
My thoughts are still of Kildwick and a really good half day.