

It's time to go to Derbyshire, our annual trip up north  
To see the hills and splendid dales and marvel at their worth  
But sadly we are missing our resident poet and wit  
For Worzel has a dodgy knee and is pronounced unfit.

"A mystery walk is what you need", our leader told the throng  
"I've found the very place to go, it's only three miles long  
A bit of rain won't hurt us much, I'm sure it will not last."  
We set off up a great big hill, "Hey leader, not so fast!"

The rain increased in volume, and wetter we became  
And when its pouring buckets the trees all look the same  
"We've arrived, Lud's Church" our leader said, we have to go down here  
So down the slippery steps we went, conquering our fear

Lud's Church is where John Wycliffe preached. In secret Lollards met.  
It is a chasm in the rocks and today it's VERY wet.  
As water cascades down the steps it has nowhere to go  
So gingerly we pick a path where tops of stones still show

At the other end we upwards climb, it is quite steep terrain  
And guess what, as we get back up, yet still it pours with rain.  
An easy short and extra walk is how this trek was sold  
We hope tomorrow is not as wet, but at least it isn't cold.

The next day dawns, blue sky and sun, now this is what we need  
From Cromford wharf to Carsington, a pleasant walk indeed.  
Four loo stops and five cafes, the walkers all agree,  
an easy path, some ups and downs, just how a walk should be.

The walk is duly finished, for a meal we all repair,  
But wait we've lost some members, Oh no, we all despair.  
"Now, who has ordered what?" we're asked, "this is getting silly"  
"According to the order here – someone's asked for chilli"

And so another trip is done, we're sitting there replete  
Forgetting aching backs and legs, and swollen blistered feet.  
But telling the tale is difficult, in fact it's very hard  
to chronicle the day's events, without Worzel, our author and bard.

Anon.