

Alas, Alack. What can we say  
Poor Worzel's boots have had their day  
No more to go at a steady canter  
Whilst their owner holds forth with witty banter



No more the Cotswolds rain and frost  
And checking the map when we get lost  
No more the Derbyshire hills and dales  
And Worzels ready store of tales



No more the jests and merry quips  
And seeing off Chris Wheatley's chips  
His knees and back have had their fill  
Of muddy fields and steep rising hills

So Ladybower's the last of many a walk  
And country strolls accompanied by talk  
But we want you to know as we reach for  
the tissues  
We love you lots and we'll really miss you

