

GUMSLADE



If, perchance, you care to ramble
Along the byways edged with bramble
Head for Gumslade, Sutton Park
Through the thicket, dense and dark

Enter the dell and you will find
The outside world will be left behind
Where the widening ways can be walked with ease
Within the avenues of trees

In this ancient forest, deep
Mighty oaks, their secrets keep
Where roaming Kings, to deer gave chase
Now silence haunts this hallowed place

To Shakespeare, Sutton was a familiar destination
From where, it is said, he gained inspiration
To write the play **Midsummer Night's Dream**
And mentioned in **Henry the 4th**, it would seem

The **Mayor's Arbour** remains a mystery
No-one knows its purpose or history
Even though maps clearly mark its location
There still remains no explanation

So, if to Gumslade, you make your way
Spare a thought for a bygone day
In these oak woods, dense and dark
Within the heart of Sutton Park.

Anne Nash