

From Tixall down to Gentleshaw  
The Chase spreads out its charm.  
Not widely known to foreigners  
But to us-healing balm.  
Space for dogs to run and man to think,  
A place to walk and dream.  
Each takes his favourite path to follow,  
Like a meandering stream.  
A place to come to be refreshed -  
So leave your cares behind.  
Choose if you like the wilder parts  
Expected things to find:-  
A marvellous view, a bracing wind  
Lost in a sea of heather.  
Amongst the bracken, by a stream  
Troubled by flies in hot weather.  
Escaping to the dark still woods  
To enjoy the smell of pine.  
What ghosts lurk here from bygone years  
Hunting for the mine,  
Forgotten now and scars healed over -  
Industry gone for ever.  
But forging links upon the Chase  
Which we want never to sever.

