

Pumpkin Ridge

On a strawberry farm on Pumpkin Ridge
The magic berries lie
Farmers till the fields with words
And never stop to wonder why

A town is nestled there, beneath the clouds
With rolling fields around
The people speak in jeweled tones
And stroll the dales and wooded downs

With knowledge true and wise, the Mayors wish
Does rule the moon and stars
The merchants sell for penny songs
The wares they trade from kingdoms far

A parson tolls a bell in the low church
And the steep hills sing
He knows his deeds last a lifetime
And guarantees his wedding rings

The lassies on the ridge all walk with smiles
They will not wait for sighs
I had a miss on Pumpkin Ridge
And now I cry, and wonder why

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