

THAT ELUSIVE KEY

We sought it here, we sought it there
We sought that door key everywhere.
Was it in the kitchen under a tin?
Dropped down the toilet, thrown in the bin?

Moya said 'On the table I put that key
Which of you moved it?' 'Not me', 'nor me'
We searched the hostel bottom to top
All day Saturday, Sunday non-stop.

I begged St. Anthony with a fervent plea
'Please, please Anthony find our key'..
But it seems he can't have been at home -
Must have been Patrick manning the phone! **(Sunday was St. Patrick's Day)**

Was it buried in the corner of someone's bag
That elusive key with a little tag
Saying 'Glen Cottage, Earby'? Could it be
That was the hiding place of the key?

Sunday we left a five-pound fee
For the Warden to buy a brand new key.
Hope it won't mean we can't go again –
Such a lovely weekend, not a drop of rain.

And if there's a moral to this rhyme
Well, wherever Crosby goes next time,
At the Walking Meeting let's agree
To make one of us *Mistress of the Key!*

Marie Hudson Crosby Walking weekend 15th –17th March 2002