

## From “An English Pastoral” by James Rebanks

I have worked here my whole life, but I am only now beginning to truly know this piece of land. I stumble across a field at a different time of day, or in a different light, and I feel as if I have never seen it before – not the way it is now. The more I learn about it, the more beautiful our farm and valley becomes. It pains me to ever be away; I never want to be wrenched from this place and its constant motion. The longer I am here, the clearer I hear the music of this valley: the Jenny wren in the undergrowth; the Scots pine creaking and groaning in the wind; the meadow grasses whispering. The distinction between me and this place blurs until I become part of it, and when they set me in the earth here, it will be the conclusion of a lifelong story of return.

*Read by Angus Adams*