

New Term at PRS - The Bard of PRS

The train it chugged incessantly
Nearer and nearer to the sea.
We counted the hours one by one
As more of us piled on and on.

Hopes and emotions running high
As cows and hedges trundle by.
Impatient and dreading procrastination
Oh no, not another station.

Higher and higher the expectation
Dreaming of our destination.
The huffing and puffing begins to wane
As hundreds of souls lean from the train

Excitement abounds among the confusion
We make our way through the profusion
Of boys and girls with a single mind
To meet and greet their fellow kind.

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