

Nos Da Pathew

*The Story of the Dormouse*

By Sarah Hancock

If you're very quiet  
And you do not make a sound  
You may just hear the sweet little snores  
Of something snoozing beneath the ground.

Look, there in the hedgegrows  
Near the brambles sharp and thick  
I spy something interesting  
Tiptoe, davel, come quick.

Tucked up very tightly  
In its nest shaped like a ball  
Made of leaves and honeysuckle bark  
Is something cute and small.

Outside it is Winter, Gaeaf  
Frosted winds dance through the air  
Snowflakes swirl and twirl and glisten  
The trees are all frozen and bare.

But inside the nest is cosy  
Cwtchy and warm and snug  
For chwech whole months this little nest  
Has given a big, toasty hug.

What could be inside this nest?  
Who is fast asleep?  
Maybe we could stay for a while  
And take a little peep?

Look around the woodland  
Change is ready to come  
Soon the frosty, bitter ground  
Will be heated by the sun.

Soon the trees will have their leaves  
Buds will blossom and shoot  
Blodau will grow and stretch and bloom  
As they flourish with petals and fruit.

The season has changed and we welcome Gwanwyn, Spring  
The sunshine gleams in the sky  
But still no sign of our snoozing ffrind  
Perhaps they are nervous or shy.

Unless this little creature of ours  
Only comes out at night  
That would make it nocturnal  
I wonder if we're right?

Soon the light begins to fade  
As the sun nuzzles down in its bed  
As the ser glow and shine over the nest  
Out pokes a little, furry head.

Its soft golden fur catches the light  
Revealing its large, du eyes  
Its whiskers twitch and wiggle around  
And its tail is long in size.

It peeks around the woodland  
From its cosy, honeysuckle house  
And as it gets ready to grasp its toes  
We realise it's a dormouse.

Shwmae little creature,  
We were wondering what you could be  
Sleeping and snoozing all Gaeaf long  
You must certainly be hungry.

Our little dormouse sniffs around  
It's time to leave the nest  
Time to nibble some delicious bwyd  
After it's long, wintery rest.

Out the little dormouse climbs  
Scurrying across the branches  
The treetops, the hazel, the brambles too  
It's tail performing balancing dances.

Over and under the little mouse crawls  
Hardly making a sound  
Carefully navigating the branches above  
And never, ever touching the ground.

Soon it reaches a feast of ffrwythau  
Flavoursome bramble berries  
It nibbles and chews and munches each one  
And swallows them into its belly.

Next it finds some hazelnuts  
Which the dormouse quickly devours  
Then to finish the delicious feast  
It nibbles on hawthorn flowers.

When the sun begins to peek  
It's golden, shimmering head  
The dormouse with its belly full  
Takes a nap in its hedgerow bed.

For days to come this little mouse  
Repeats its Springtime routine  
Eating when the sun glow bright  
Then returning to nap in the greens.

Soon the woodland will change again  
From Spring to a warmer Haf, Summer  
Before the Autumn winds begin to blow  
And the leaves all change their colour.

Warmer weeks bring warmer thoughts  
The sun makes the ground shine and glitter  
And soon our little dormouse ffrind  
Gives birth to a small, mousey litter.

With tiny eyes and tiny whiskers  
Small ears, small tails and toes  
These pups will look to our dormouse ffrind  
To help them feed and grow.

Un deg wyth days pass, their eyes open wide  
And the woodland looks big and enticing  
After wyth weeks of growing in their safe, cosy nest  
Adventures await, new and exciting.

A cooler air swirls through the trees  
And the leaves begin to fall  
Gently spiralling from the branches  
And covering the woodland floor.

Oren, brown, aur a coch  
Collect in a colourful bunch  
And as you step upon these leaves  
They release an Autumnal crunch.

Now its time for our dormouse ffrind  
To collect the grass and leaves  
And roll them into a sphere shaped ball  
To place upon the trees.

It scurries along the branches and hedges  
Un leaf, dau leaf, tri  
Grass to snuggle and build and shape  
Another nest that's warm and cosy.

Soon, the Gaeaf will arrive  
Little dormouse you must be quick  
Finish your ball shaped, toasty nest  
And place it in the brambles thick.

Our dormouse finds the perfect spot  
A place that is safe and sound  
To see it through the frosty Gaeaf  
Always a little beneath the ground.

As the plu eira flurry and float down slow  
The mouse scurries swiftly inside  
It's whiskers, fur and tail disappear  
As it settles down and hides.

The woodland has seen a year pass by  
Marked by the ice that gleams  
The blacks of our dormouse's eyes start to close  
And gently it begins to dream.

That each year when it awakens  
From its deep, snoozy sleep  
The woodland remains peaceful and safe  
Where it can eat, and crawl and peep.

That hedgerows will be thick  
And trees have branches plenty  
And humans do not cut them down  
And leave the woodlands empty.

Without the trees, the hedges, the branches  
The dormouse will be bound  
Not able to search for food or mates  
For it cannot touch the ground.

This sweet dormouse can only dream  
Until it's time to wake again  
Who knows what the woodland will look like  
In chwech months for our little ffrind.

But now we will leave our ffrind to slumber  
Snuggled up tight and getting its rest  
Tucked safely away in the hedgerows thick  
Lies this magical dormouse nest.

If you're very quiet  
And you do not make a sound  
You may just hear the sweet little snores  
Of something snoozing beneath the ground.