

In the past:

1908: 'To the south of the church is a fine yew tree'. *History of the County of Hampshire: Volume 3*

1939: 'Old Yew stands by the church, silent sentinel of its comings and goings for perhaps 20 generations'. *The King's England*

1999: Here is a healthy male tree, of considerable height and spread, that presents two distinct faces. Shown here is its fluted bole about 5' high, from which develop two large and many smaller branches. On the other side a large hollow is developing, partly filled with internal growth. This is seen in Peter Norton's 2012 photos below.



Girth:

1904: *Cox's Little Guide* - 20'

1995: 'girth of 19' and a height of 47'. It is multi-branched and in good condition growing amongst old headstones'. Hampshire Ancient Yew Survey

1999: 16' 10" at the ground; 18' 0" at 2' - Tim Hills

2012: 17' 5" close to the ground and 18' at 1'. Other measurements would be exaggerated by branch growth. - Peter Norton

ON A YEW-TEE IN HOUND CHURCH-YARD, HANTS

From THE STORY OF JUSTIN MARTYR AND OTHER POEMS by RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH
1862

I.

POLLED from this ancient yew-tree may have been
The branch, with which some English archer sped
His arrow, when the bravest stooped their head,
The boldest chivalry of France were seen
A moment's while beneath that tempest keen
To stoop their mailed fronts at Azincour.
Such age is thine, who yet dost still endure,
Unto thy topmost branches fresh and green.

II

I said — it was a moment in my thought —
In thy continuance thou must see in scorn
Man's feeble generations, that are born
And die, and then unto thy feet are brought.
But no — for they who are of Nature taught,
And Nature's self, are evermore too wise
For barren scorn — her truer sympathies
Grieve with us o'er the ruin death has wrought.

III

Thou too, thy many hundred summers past,
Thy many hundred winters, that have seen
Thee in thy dark robe of unfailing green,
Once and for all must lay it off at last :
While that which at thy feet was sown, and cast
To darkness and dishonour, that weak thing
Shall live again, and in continual spring
Hold ever its immortal beauty fast.