



TOUR REPORT
FOREST OF DEAN & SOMERSET LEVELS
13TH – 17TH MARCH 2023

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13TH MARCH 2023

After an interesting drive across from Norfolk I successfully picked up Claire and Jon at Newport station before an about turn back into the Forest of Dean and our digs at Speech House in the heart of the trees. David, Margaret and Andy were already lounging leisurely awaiting our arrival and we were soon all refreshed and off out into the field. The joy of the Forest of Dean is that many of the key sites are compressed into a small area and within just a few minutes we were pulling over to investigate Cannop Ponds from the southern stoneworks end. It was spitting lightly but this was far better than the afternoon forecast so we chanced our luck and went for what turned out to be a very pleasant walk alongside this linear pond.

There was Wild Boar evidence everywhere we looked and every verge had been rotovated by porcine snouts. Mandarins were quickly found in all their gaudy glory and it was good to hear then calling which I had not heard in many years. The usual tits and finches were coming down to a photography stump and the Chaffinches looked positively resplendent in the brief sunny interlude while green and gold Siskins and blue triangular Nuthatches nipped into the feeders.

There were no Dippers on the slipway but both Grey and Pied Wagtails were seen along the edges. Further along we found three redhead Goosanders two of which were immature males with darkening heads and throats and an apricot wash on the flanks. There were more Mandarins sat up in the trees from where they plopped off into the water in a very undignified manner.

Wood Spurge was just coming into flower and there were some

very fine Lichens to study but no amount of scanning produced any Boar roaming the forest floor. One particularly 'boarded' area was attracting many small birds down to the turned soil to look for both insects and seeds and Robins, Wren, Chaffinches, Tits, Redwings, Song Thrushes, Blackbirds and even a pair of glowing Bullfinches were noted as we sheltered from a few more spots of rain. Mistle Thrushes rattled from the tree tops and one was singing further off while a Treecreeper played hide and seek with us as is their wont. Another brief bright spell and some Buzzards got up and a very brief female Goshawk circled once and was then out of sight.

The upper lake held a couple of Wigeon, three Little Grebes, Cormorant and Mute Swan before the grey and wet returned once again. I introduced the crew to the wonders of moth leaf mines on Bramble and Beech and the usual fly mine on Holly on the way back but the only actual insect seen was a solitary *Episyrphus balteatus* Hoverfly. We reached the bus pleased with having not got a soaking and actually managing to see a good selection of species to get the trip started.

We pottered down into Parkend and stopped by the Lime and Yew tree circle but the rain had set in so we sat in the van and watched under trees and kept our ears open. Frustratingly we could hear the Hawfinches but could not see them and once the rain let up and we got out, they were of course nowhere to be seen. Nuthatches were vocal all around and two Mistle Thrushes were mournfully serenading the wetness.

With another break in the weather I decided to give New Fancy View a go and we spent a slightly chilly but basically dry visit scanning the treetop from the valley below to the distant ridges for raptors. There were a couple of Buzzards and a male Goshawk the glided across but I knew we could do better. Andy found a tree top bird that I thought would be a Goshawk but it turned out to be an



immature female Peregrine which if anything looked very out of place. Hawfinch called from somewhere down the slope and a pair of Bullfinches were stripping buds from a Hawthorns while Siskins bimbled back and forth. It was quite gloomy in the encroaching drizzle as we got back down to the van but thankfully it was a just a short drive back to Speech House passing four Fallow Deer (but no pigs!) amongst the trees on the way. A fine dinner was had before an early night beckoned.

14TH MARCH 2023

It rained heavily throughout the night but thankfully dawned calm and dry so after watching crowd of eager Redwings and three Mistle Thrushes feeding on the playing field next door, we headed straight back down to Parkend where I hoped the Hawfinches would reveal their presence. It did not take me long to hear two calling from the trees but it took about ten patient minutes to locate a female in the Limes and not in the lower Yews as suspected. A male disappeared off in a flash of colour at the same time thankfully she stayed put and gave the group fine scope views. Even from the front aspect you could see the wavy edges of the tertials poking out of the side.

Mistle Thrushes were singing once again and Nuthatches and Greenfinches were also seen well along with a Pied Wagtail on the short grass. The male Yews were a slightly paler shade than the females and their tiny flowers were sending forth a drift of microscopic yellow pollen at the slightly touch.

The nearby Dippers were the next stop but some blue sky appeared and so did the Buzzards so I decided that we should go straight to New Fancy View once again. It was far more pleasant this time and before too long I found a



Hawfinch

male Goshawk over the distant ridge again but with far better light and a circling bird, it afforded everyone good views. A second male came up and they jousted for a while before the first bird drifted towards us and showed even more detail.

Buzzards were to be seen in every direction with the odd Raven joining the mix. Both species were displaying in their own way. Siskins and Bullfinches were noted once again and a Marsh Tit sang below us. A few minutes later a huge female Gos appeared way off towards Cinderford but she too ended up coming much closer and circled up into the sky where she eventually passed through the lowest cloud and was lost to view.



Dipper

With two key targets now seen well we retraced our route to Parkend to look for the Dippers behind the Fountain pub to be greeted by a Red Kite overhead as we pulled up. It was a fast flowing braided stream and looked ideal but it took us until we were nearly back to the pub to pick one up discretely sitting just below the road bridge with its gleaming white breast being the only giveaway until you raised your bins.

It was colour ringed with pale yellow over pale green on the left leg. I had not seen Dipper for some time so was very pleased to locate this one.

A Grey Wagtail sang from the pub roof and the woods held singing Goldcrest, Nuthatch, Treecreeper and calling Great Spotted Woodpecker while a doe Fallow Deer was grazing with some sheep in the adjacent paddock.

Back to Speech House for a comfort stop and then on to Nags Head for a pre-walk lunch in the sunshine of the car park. We opted for the 2.5mile big circuit and it was just pleasant being in amongst the quiet of the trees with at long last a temporary feeling that spring was actually happening. We saw our first Butterfly of the trip with a smart Red Admiral but it was just not quite warm enough to lure out any Brimstones. The Larches were flowering and little crimson pineapples were scattered across the path where there was ample evidence once again of the Wild Boar that live there. A large plastic container was randomly on the path but had clearly been played with by the pigs and you could see where they had chewed large holes in it!

Nuthatches, Goldcrests, Coal Tits and Treecreepers were very evident and by the end of the walk we had found five singing Firecrests two of which were paired up. Having the males close to each other resulted in some superb views as they flared their crests at each other from either side of the path.

We heard Hawfinch calling on a couple of occasions and had two fly over before a singing male quite close to the car park briefly gave himself up as he sat

unobtrusively in the canopy. His bill gleamed steely silver. Buzzards and Ravens drifted over and a male Sparrowhawk zipped through at knee height.

A small quarried cave alongside the path warranted exploration and I was hoping that it may actually hold Cave Spider (I suspect *Meta menardi* on distribution) so I was delighted to discover several dangling silken teardrop egg sacs and a single female. Curious fungi grew from the dripping roof but I could not find any hibernating moths.

With the weather holding we opted to explore the lower trail down to the two ponds which took us through a towering stand of ruler straight Spruces. There was nothing from the hide but back in those trees a Goshawk was noisily proclaiming his territory.

Whilst standing their listening, Claire suddenly said 'Pig!' with a remarkable degree of calmness and there was a big sow trotting through the trees about 200m away with a string of pint sized humbug boarlets trotting behind her. I may have been quite ecstatic at that point but we all remained quiet and crept up the path towards the edge of the wood hoping that they would emerge.

As it happened a bellowing snort and grunt just a few metres off the path stopped us in our tracks and we saw her turn curly tail and crash off calling her offspring to follow her. We counted 15 before they all disappeared from view after just a few magical seconds. We were all beaming.

Our last stop was back at Cannop Pond but we entered from half way up by the causeway this time. The Wigeon were displaying and now numbered six and a pair of Tufted Duck were new to the list. The Mandarins were dotted around the edges but some kids came to feed the ducks and there may have been just a bit of gratuitous Mandarin papping.

We found the bird feeding station this time and with it a single Marsh Tit amongst the Blue, Great, Coal and Long-tails in attendance. Chaffinches and Nuthatches also dropped in before the king of



the passerines, a Raven came in for a look and perched up above our heads before being seen off by the Carrion Crows.

The cloud bank had returned and the temperature had dropped once again so having had very successful day we retreated for our dinner and a warm up.

15TH MARCH 2023

It had been very cold overnight and there was a heavy frost on the playing fields and just a few Redwings huffing cold breath into the still air. Greenfinches were wheezing around the Speech House car park as we packed up and de-iced the van. I had decided that Goldcliff would be given a miss in favour of the other side of the Bristol Channel and headed down to Chepstow and then over the bridge and down to Bridgewater so that we could get to Steart Marshes before high tide. The weather was a complete mixed bag on the drive down but we still added a few species to the trip list including Rooks, Herring Gulls and a couple of M5 Cattle Egrets!

The usual wiggling took us to the car park passing Yellowhammer and a some Redwings in the lanes before a squidge across the salt marsh to the cobble bank overlooking the sea. Skylarks sang all around despite the dreary conditions and Meadow and Rock Pipit, Linnet and Reed Buntings were all seen as we crossed over.



The tide was most of the way in but there were still flocks of Curlew to be found along with Turnstone, Oystercatcher, Dunlin, Grey Plover and Redshank to at long last give us some waders. Shelduck bobbed offshore and a couple of Kestrels and Marsh Harriers were seen over the fields. Back at the main car park we headed

off into the light spitty rain towards the Quantock Hide encountering a fine pylon Raven on the way along with Cetti's Warblers, Reed Buntings and a few explosive Redwings.

The first Marsh Marigold was in flower and I pointed out the Cigar Galls of *Lipara lucens* – a small fly whose larva live inside the Phragmites stems and cause the plant to react accordingly. It is a little like the moth larva wiggle of *Stigmella aurella* on Bramble as once seen you can't unsee it and will find almost without thinking! Similarly the exploding heads of Greater and Lesser Reedmace contained the larva of *Limnaecia phragmitella* and those of Teasel, one of the two *Endothenia* species of moth larvae. The guests can certainly say that we did not only do birds!

Down at the hide the very same immature Spoonbill that I saw in January was still dozing out front but amazingly was joined almost immediately by a fully plumed adult that circled. We retreated into the hide for a more comfortable view and watched both shuffle positions before the characteristic snoozing position was taken up.



Spoonbill – Andy Buck

Three immaculate Icelandic Black-tailed Godwits in full breeding finery were out front along with Redshank, Oystercatchers and about 50 Avocet but not one Lapwing. The Little Ringed Plovers eluded us but we did have four Golden Plover fly over. The 'missing' dabbling ducks of Teal, Gadwall and Shoveler were added too.

I always have a cursory look through the big gulls but was not expecting to find a very smart 1w Caspian Gull on the Spoonbill island. I ticked off all the salient features with my crew and the two hide guides before we continued on our way.

Two Brown Hares fed silently in the meadow behind the wicker Hare sculpture and a male Stonechat popped up briefly in the rain while a female Kestrel diligently hovered for her lunch. She was very wet and I only hope that she caught something and could seek some shelter. Back at the Van, Sam the warden came over to ask about the Caspian Gull. Thankfully he saw it later. A new Somerset bird for him and the first site record.

A fairly direct route back through Bridgewater took us onto the M5 once again and a little further south before cutting into towards Langport and Swell Wood. It was raining again but we persevered with the upper woodland path (I could not face the road hill!) as it said that there was a view point. They lied as the trees have obviously grown a bit since the map was made but despite the obscured view and treacherously muddy track we managed to see seven Cranes and at least five Great White Egrets and two Roe Deer out on Sedgemoor.

Despite the rain there was some time for botany with a few Primroses and Lesser Celandines in flower along with singles of Sweet Violet and Bluebell. Great Spotted Woodpeckers were drumming and Green Woodpeckers were yaffling but I was delightfully surprised to hear the drumming of a Lesser Spotted Woodpecker too, coming from the main section of the wood. It was just too dreary and damp to pick out on the tall Ash trees but it was a pleasing and educational encounter none the less.

We all managed to get back to the van without incident although we may have been transporting some of the forest floor mud around with us by then. Margaret and Dave had found the Heronry hide and its feeding station and we joined them for a relaxing sit down with a host of small birds coming into feed. There were the expected five Tits including sneezing Marsh Tits and greasy Coals

and along with the Nuthatches there were Treecreepers actually coming to the logs for suet pellets that had been put out.

Up above Grey Herons noisily came and went from their seemingly flimsy canopy nests and Rooks and Jackdaws added to the cacophony.

On now to Greylake passing two more brief Cattle Egrets near Aller (could not stop) and a few roadside Ravens and Buzzards before arriving at the little car park. We were the only ones there. A pleasant hour was spent watching the Teal, Shoveler, Wigeon, Gadwall and Pintail from the hide although the vast numbers of January were somewhat depleted. At long last we found a couple of Lapwings and there were several camo-Snipe amongst the peat clods. Great White Egrets moved to and fro and



Treecreeper – Andy Buck

at least seven were seen including a fine breeding adult with a black bill and partially coloured legs. It is odd how much small the bill looks when it is dark and completely changed the profile of the bird in flight and on the deck.

Water Rail called from several spots and Cetti's were half-heartedly singing as the drizzle increased and the temperature dropped. The warm and inviting Swan Hotel in Wells beckoned.

16TH MARCH 2023

When we came out of the hotel we suddenly realised that the majestic Wells Cathedral was literally across the road and after a quick snap (and a Raven overhead) we set off for the Avalon Marshes. A Sparrowhawk was added on the way and we soon turned off towards Sharpham and wiggled our way through the lane of active peat works and packing plants (surely their days are numbered?) and parked up by the pit I had been directed to. A immature female Lesser Scaup had been around for weeks and she had been on this particular pit for some time now. A singing Chiffchaff greeted us as we got out of the bus and Pochard and Great Crested Grebe were new for the trip. I scanned the small numbers of Tufted Duck and Pochard present and found her after about ten minutes. Thankfully she was close enough that I could talk the crew through the features of this difficult age and plumage. Great White Egrets drifted around and the fields were full of Mute Swans along with a few Canada and Greylag Geese. Pleased with early success we continued the circuit and found ourselves at Ham Wall.



Lesser Scaup

The two Glossy Ibis had been generally very hit and miss so we were very happy to find them almost immediately on the main flood. It was good job that we checked through a gap when we had a chance as they were soon spooked by a Marsh Harrier and we never saw them again! With a little bit of sun on them they were even actually living up to their name with green wings and a rich vinous hue to their bodies. There were more Great Whites and Little Egrets and the Cormorants were on nests in the stunted dead trees.

Cetti's Warblers were very vocal and there were a few more Chiffchaffs and we all had good views of several foraging birds with their pumping tails. A couple of half-hearted Reed Buntings sang and a male Stonechat sat on the channel side vegetation where a full breeding plumage Great White Egret stalked the margins.

We veered off and down towards the Avalon Hide negotiating our way past the posturing Robins guarding the bridge. It was a bit muddy in places with a Vicar of Dibley-esque puddle to be avoided on the way. Water Rails were vocal and Great Crested and Little Grebes could be heard. The Barn Owls had obviously been using the hide but we found clean seats and settled in for a Bittern watch. There were Marsh Harriers, Egrets, wildfowl and invisible Water Rails but no Bitterns till a



Bittern – Andy Buck

minute before we were going to leave when two lads from Norfolk walked in, sat down and said ‘ Bittern climbing the reeds...’ It lingered just long enough to raise the bins before a very nice flap across to the next stand of reeds. The steely blue cere of this male was visible even in flight! We thanked the Norfolk Wildlife Trust lads and headed back for lunch in the car park before part two took us across the road onto the Shapwick Heath side. We walked as far as Noah Lake which I had not been to before, hearing the booming of Bitterns both sides of the path on the way. Noah’s was teeming with Wigeon along with a few other dabblers but it was the clouds of Sand Martins skimming the surface that we had come to find and were not disappointed. I have seen a handful of March birds before but nothing on this scale. Tiny flies were evident and they were zooming close to the water after morsels. It was wonderful to just close your eyes and hear the buzzing of this epic traveller as they revelled in the available food.

I scanned for the Ring-necked Duck but there were only a few Tufted Ducks and Lesser Black-backs predominated over Herring and Black-headed Gulls. We could see a couple of low Heron nests in a stunted tree and several Great White platforms stacked up high in the Phragmites.

We crossed over to the adjacent Seventy Acres Hide with the sound of a close Bittern sucking in air before letting it out in four long ooom-baaaahs. We sat in the hide and saw nothing; came back out and he did it again!

Lords and Ladies were pushing through in big clumps and I found some Scarlet Elf Cups on rotting logs; my first for some years.

Bullfinches called in the Alder Carr and it was just crying out for a Lesser Spotted Woodpecker.

We opted to retrace our steps to Ham Wall and then drive around to the other end of Shapwick. It rained all the way but thankfully let up once again when we stopped by the bridge. The trail took us through the trees and we could once again here Bitterns along with ‘kipping’ Water Rails and clucking Moorhens. Chiffchaffs were singing well



Scarlet Elf Cups

and a huge cob Mute Swan sat defiantly by the path. If you will pardon the phrase, he had the biggest knob I have ever seen on a Mute Swan.

The North Kent posse were coming the other way but had not seen the Ring-necked Duck on Decoy Lake but we pressed on and spent a wonderful time out of the light rain watching the pit. I checked all the Tufties but there was no RND and it would appear that there are large bits of invisible water between here and Noah Lake beyond. Great Crested Grebes were cruising in pairs but were not displaying and seven Great White Egret nests could be seen in the reeds with adults moving in and out all the time. The duck on the pool to our right were very agitated and rarely stayed long but I initially did not equate the high pitched piping with the threat that they could see. I suddenly remembered what Otter was meant to sound like and told the crew to keep their eye open. Almost immediately one swam across a small gap followed by what I presume was a large calling cub. The call felt like it was getting closer and then one appeared on the main lake and swam strongly away from us along the reed margin before disappearing into the next section. Everyone got great views.

The walk back allowed us to cut across using the line of the Neolithic Sweet Track which has been dated to 3807 BC using dendrochronology. It was a swampy microcosm of Levels life, teeming with

Mosses and Lichens along with Grasses and Ferns. I can only imagine the clouds on summer insects in here. It was a magical place.

With the weather closing back in I opted for no more walking in the grim conditions and instead decided to have a drive up toward the Westhay Moor reserve primarily to see if I could find any Cattle Egrets. Great Whites were encountered in the fields with the many Mute Swans and a few Fieldfare and Starlings were roving around. Two Little Egrets caused a momentary stir in a field and ten Grey Herons were sat hunched and dejected along a single ditch. Amazingly as I got to the farm on North Chine Drove where I saw two back in January, I could immediately see a smattering of white around the cattle. I pulled over and we all stood under the tail gate of the van to scope the white blobs. There were seven Little Egrets and 23 Cattle Egrets all poking around the hooves of their bovine friends. Success.

The day was done and we drove back to Wells in the increasing rain with happy but tired smiles. Dinner was a fine affair once again, momentarily disrupted by Nigel Kennedy walking by to join friends for dinner. A quick Google showed he was playing in the Cathedral the following two evenings.

17TH MARCH 2023

Three of us agreed to get up early and try and make a pre-breakfast visit just across the road to Wells Cathedral. We were inside just before 7am and had this imposing and immense building almost all to ourselves. It is a truly wonderful and ancient creation. Back outside the Ravens kronked avidly from the top of the towers and surveyed their domain and a large stately circular Yew stood in the cloisters courtyard. One last breakfast and then we were underway and off for a last few hours in Avalon.

The SWT reserve at Catcott was our choice of stop and we were soon in the car park where Great White Egrets and the sounds of many whistling Wigeon greeted us. The habitat from the main hide was very different to the sites further east with a huge sedge bed interspersed with a myriad of pools that were teeming with dabbling duck. As expected Wigeon were in the majority given the



volume of whistling but there were a few Pintail, Shoveler and Teal too. I looked for Garganey but had no joy but unlike at the other sites there were Lapwings tumbling in energetic display and it was good to hear them in fine voice for the first time this spring. There were more Greylags and Canada Geese here too and Reed buntings were singing from several high points.

From here we walked down the lane to the main access path passing a couple of singing Chiffchaffs on the way before following the muddy lane into the damp woodland. The sedge fields were still pretty dry despite all the rain but hopefully they will soon have breeding waders and duck on them. Cetti's Warblers could be heard from the Alder lined ditches and the verges held flowering White and Red Dead Nettle and a few Dandelions but despite the slight climb in temperature there were no insects in attendance.

The trail to the Tower Hide was followed and it took us through to some fine wet heathland sheltered in the heart of the complex. Clumps of Bog Myrtle were scattered around and some of the chestnut buds were opening to reveal the curious flowers hidden within. Treecreepers, Coal Tits and Great Spotted Woodpeckers were all heard and like most places around here there were Bullfinches calling out of sight. Scarlet Elf Cups were common and I looked under the leaves of the fine Hart's

Tongue Ferns to discover the mobile home made up of the plant's sporangia of one of the two

Psychoides moth larva but I was not going to probe further to discover what colour its head was!

The loop took us eventually to the hide which was quite literally full of Flies!

They must have hibernated in there and emerged when it warmed up slightly

and could not get out. I did my best to release a few but they stubbornly insisted in heading back to the windows. Many seemed to be *Pollenia* (Cluster Flies with their golden hairs) along with a few *Musca autumnalis*. Four big fat Queen Common Wasps were a little easier to persuade that the outside world would be a better place for them.

The pools below were only home to a few Coots and a pair of Mute Swan and two Cormorants came in for a feed. Bearded Tits could be heard pinging from the Phragmites along the back and with a bit of patience we all got good views of both sexes as they clambered around. This was one of our missing species so it was good to get one on the last day.

With time getting on we ambled back to the van with a stop at some old workings pools in the woods amazingly giving brief views of a Great Crested Newt lounging on the surface before plopping back down with a flick of its long tail. The sun had even come out although the wind had got up and two male Brimstones appeared as if by magic and zoomed up and down the path. Alder and Grey Poplar catkins blew in the breeze and a Little Ringed Plover flew over calling a couple of times but I just could not find it.

Back at the van it was time to say farewell to Andy before I headed north to drop Claire and Jon in Bristol and Dave and Margaret back at Speech House. With the passengers all safely deposited I only had the cross country journey back to Great Ryburgh to go to round off an exhausting but thoroughly enjoyable five days away.



Bog Myrtle

Howard Vaughan

Bird List:

- 1 Mute Swan
- 2 Greylag Goose
- 3 Canada Goose
- 4 Shelduck
- 5 Mandarin
- 6 Mallard
- 7 Gadwall
- 8 Pintail
- 9 Shoveler
- 10 Wigeon
- 11 Teal
- 12 Pochard
- 13 Lesser Scaup
- 14 Tufted Duck
- 15 Pochard
- 16 Goosander
- 17 Pheasant
- 18 Great Crested Grebe
- 19 Little Grebe
- 20 Cormorant
- 21 Bittern
- 22 Cattle Egret
- 23 Little Egret
- 24 Great White Egret
- 25 Grey Heron
- 26 Glossy Ibis
- 27 Spoonbill
- 28 Red Kite
- 29 Marsh Harrier
- 30 Buzzard
- 31 Sparrowhawk
- 32 Goshawk
- 33 Kestrel
- 34 Peregrine
- 35 Water Rail
- 36 Moorhen
- 37 Coot
- 38 Common Crane
- 39 Oystercatcher
- 40 Avocet
- 41 Little Ringed Plover
- 42 Golden Plover
- 43 Grey Plover
- 44 Lapwing
- 45 Dunlin
- 46 Turnstone
- 47 Redshank

- 48 Black-tailed Godwit
- 49 Curlew
- 50 Snipe
- 51 Black-headed Gull
- 52 Common Gull
- 53 Herring Gull
- 54 Lesser Black-backed Gull
- 55 Caspian Gull
- 56 Great Black-backed Gull
- 57 Feral Pigeon
- 58 Stock Dove
- 59 Wood Pigeon
- 60 Collared Dove
- 61 Kingfisher
- 62 Green Woodpecker
- 63 Great Spotted Woodpecker
- 64 Lesser Spotted Woodpecker
- 65 Skylark
- 66 Sand Martin
- 67 Rock Pipit
- 68 Meadow Pipit
- 69 Pied Wagtail
- 70 Grey Wagtail
- 71 Dipper
- 72 Wren
- 73 Dunnock
- 74 Robin
- 75 Stonechat
- 76 Song Thrush
- 77 Redwing
- 78 Mistle Thrush
- 79 Blackbird
- 80 Fieldfare
- 81 Common Chiffchaff
- 82 Cetti's Warbler
- 83 Goldcrest
- 84 Firecrest
- 85 Great Tit
- 86 Blue Tit
- 87 Coal Tit
- 88 Marsh Tit
- 89 Long-tailed Tit
- 90 Bearded Tit
- 91 Nuthatch
- 92 Treecreeper
- 93 Magpie
- 94 Jackdaw
- 95 Rook

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|-----|---------------|
| 96 | Carrion Crow |
| 97 | Raven |
| 98 | Starling |
| 99 | House Sparrow |
| 100 | Chaffinch |
| 101 | Linnet |
| 102 | Greenfinch |
| 103 | Siskin |
| 104 | Bullfinch |
| 105 | Hawfinch |
| 106 | Reed Bunting |
| 107 | Yellowhammer |