

**THE KESTREL'S NEST  
AND OTHER VERSES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649380183

The Kestrel's Nest and Other Verses by Alfred Cochrane

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**ALFRED COCHRANE**

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BY  
ALFRED COCHRANE

*μικτός γὰ μᾶκος οὔτος  
ἀλλ' ἅπαν κακόν*

ARISTOPHANES ACHARNIANS

LONDON  
LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

AND NEW YORK: 15 EAST 16TH ST.

1894

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## DEDICATION

TO L. N. AND E. N.

*My critics, in the early times  
When first I bored you with the rhymes,  
Which now my timid Muse outpours  
Before less gentle eyes than yours,  
Be pleased for our old friendship's sake  
This little book of verse to take.*

*To call to mind our firelight talks,  
Lawn arguments and woodland walks,  
When the fresh winds of Whitsuntide  
Sang through the fern on Simonside,  
Or when the autumn leaves were few  
And withered in the avenue.*

*For, since I know you can endure  
The music of the Amateur,  
My songs, what'er they may expect  
From others of deserved neglect,  
Take comfort in the hope to find,  
Your verdict now, as always, kind.*

January 1894.

## PREFACE

THE majority of these verses have already been published in the *St. James's Gazette*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Vanity Fair*, the *Spectator*, the *Theatre*, *Baily's Magazine*, *Golf*, the *Cricket Field*, *Temple Bar*, and *Pastime*. I am very grateful to the editors of these newspapers and magazines for their kindness in giving me permission to reprint them.

A. C.

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## THE KESTREL'S NEST

MAY 24, 1893

HIGH in the rocks above the burn,  
The rocks that lift a dusky crest,  
From depths of meadowsweet and fern  
We found the Kestrel's Nest.

A rugged home, whence nestlings three,  
Fierce little balls of fluffy grey,  
Forth from their crevice peered to see  
The woods and fields of May.

It was a narrow house to hold,  
Prisoned against their chafing will,  
These pirates of the windy wold,  
With lightning stoop and kill,

In autumns when yon fields shall lie  
Far, far beneath wide wings that beat,  
Poised in the dun September sky,  
O'er leagues of sallow wheat.

Well may the challenge come to mind  
In long-forgotten centuries set,  
To which our vaunted age can find  
No human answer yet.

Hear it anew, thou witless wretch,  
With all thy wisdom, doth thy mouth  
Bid yonder callow tiercel stretch  
His wings towards the South?