

**A  
COUNTRY MUSE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649504213

A Country Muse by Norman R. Gale

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BY  
NORMAN R. GALE.

LONDON  
DAVID NUTT in the STRAND  
1892

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## PREFACE.

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The contents of this book have been selected from several small volumes of verse issued for private circulation between the years 1888 and 1891.

Kindly notices in several of the leading literary Reviews have encouraged the author to submit his work to a larger circle of readers. Included in *A Country Muse* are some verses not hitherto published.

*Rugby, May, 1892.*





SONG.

---

**T**HIS peach is pink with such a pink  
As suits the peach divinely ;  
The cunning colour rarely spread  
Fades to the yellow finely ;  
But where to spy the truest pink  
Is in my Love's soft cheek, I think.

The snowdrop, child of windy March,  
Doth glory in her whiteness ;  
Her golden neighbours, crocuses,  
Unenvious praise her brightness !  
But I do know where, out of sight,  
My sweetheart keeps a warmer white.

TO A NEST OF YOUNG THRUSHES.

---

**D**EAR little birds, you're ready now to fly,  
But just a word before you say "goodbye,"  
And flash across the stately fields of rye  
To flit afar !  
Sit in a line upon that wild-rose spray,  
And pay attention to the things I say,  
Which will not last until the dying day  
And evening star.

You yonder, by that angry-looking thorn,  
Clean wings and breast to-morrow, neither scorn  
The sage advice of very long years born  
And thin grey hairs !  
And you that perch the nearest to my face  
Please have the modesty and courtly grace  
To check that coming song—'tis not the place  
For evening prayers.

Now, little thrushes, shall we not begin  
Before the stonechat's clink so crisp and thin ;  
Ere larks hang o'er us with that lovely din  
We heard last night ?  
Sit still, my pretty ones, for now's the time  
To sip of wisdom ere the winter rime  
Freeze summer hearts and hush the laughing chime  
Once loud and bright.

Well, first of all, I knew you ere you came  
To live in this my hedge. That dear old dame,  
Your mother, trespassed on my lands ; small blame  
She's had from me !  
I knew the nook she chose, and saw her beak  
Fetch straw and grass, and tho' we could not speak  
We were the best of friends, and very meek  
She'd ever be.

