

# **SONGS OF THE UPLANDS**

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Songs of the uplands by Alice Law

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**ALICE LAW**

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THE UPLANDS**



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SONGS  
OF THE  
UPLANDS

BY  
ALICE LAW

LONDON  
T. FISHER UNWIN  
ADELPHI TERRACE  
1908

ON VIEWING A LANDSCAPE  
IN LANCASHIRE

Though out of hearing of the world I sing  
And to unheeding ears, the more do I  
Cherish my scornéd pipe, nor lay it by,  
Nor, for what tears or laughter it may bring,  
Can I cease uttering that impetuous note  
Which for pure joy on this free air doth float.

Beholding thee, dear native North Country,  
I glow with passion that I cannot write :  
Passion that subtly takes me at the sight  
Of each grim hedge, each bitter holly tree,  
Each bristling bed of gorse, each upland lawn  
Where larks and throstles sing against the dawn.

Precious the view outspread on either hand :  
Here, where harsh lonely pastures barely keep  
Slow-moving, leisured cattle, nibbling sheep ;  
Down there the river, smooth-laid meadow land,  
Sharp mounting to this bleak, thorn-crested lea,  
Untenanted of all the world—save me.

## PREFACE

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## SONGS OF THE UPLANDS

### TO "PIERS PLOWMAN"

Glorious uplands  
Sweeping to skyward,  
Ribbed with the seams of  
Ancient furrows,  
Wind-laid, rush-tufted,  
Ridging the barrow,  
Ploughed there of old time  
By some grave husbandman,  
Sturdy Piers Plowman,  
Our foremost father,  
Who, as he mounted the  
Lea with his oxen,  
Here haply breathed a space,  
Gazed on the welkin,  
Down in the west there  
Watched the sun setting,  
Then slowly nightwards,  
Stallwards he drove them;  
Hedged his rude implement,  
Stabled his oxen,