

**BLACKBERRIES  
PICKED OFF  
MANY BUSHES**

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Blackberries Picked off Many Bushes by D. Pollex & W. Allingham

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**D. POLLEX & W. ALLINGHAM**

**BLACKBERRIES  
PICKED OFF  
MANY BUSHES**





*BLACKBERRIES.*



# BLACKBERRIES

*Picked off  
Many Bushes*

*By D. POLLEX and Others*



*Put in a Basket by*  
W. ALLINGHAM.

LONDON  
G. PHILIP & SON, 31 & 32 FLEET STREET, E.C.

1884

"Who buys Blackberries?—Asking, sir, your pardon,  
Can't you bring us something that will sell at Covent Garden?"  
"Flourish Covent Garden, and Paternoster Row;  
But let the birds and gypsies their own ways go."

*FOR ANYBODY.*







### BRAMBLE-HILL.



NOT much to find, not much to see,  
But the air is fresh, the path is free,  
On a lonely Hill where bramble grows  
In tangling clumps, and the brooklet flows  
Around its feet with whispering.

Leaf-tufted are the twines in Spring ;  
The goldfinch builds, the hare has her form ;  
And when the nightless days are warm,  
When grass grows high and small flowers peep,  
Far and wide the trailers sweep  
Their pinky silver blossoms, which  
Are braided with a delicate stitch.

The berries swell with Autumn's power ;  
Some are red and green and sour,  
Some are black and juicy to bite,  
Some have a maggot, some a blight.

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BLACKBERRIES.

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Then frost-nipt leaves hang rusty and tatter'd,  
With sleet and hail the bushes are batter'd,  
A thorny brake on the barren hill,  
Where the whistling blast blows chill.  
But under the snow, amid the dark,  
Sleeping waits the vernal spark.

I had neither garden nor park.  
On Bramble-Hill, by brake and stone,  
Many a season I wandered lone,  
With laughter, and pray'r, and singing, and moan ;  
In gray mist and in golden light,  
Under the dawn, and the starry night.  
Not much to find, not much to see ;  
But the air was fresh, the path was free.





D A W N.



REAT Morning in our sky once more,  
Enkindling land and wave,—  
To bring a day like all before,  
And find me still a slave ?

No ! let me date my years anew ;  
This day is virgin white ;  
By Heaven, I will not re-indue  
The rags of overnight !  
I was a king by birth, and who  
Is rebel to my right ?  
None but myself, myself alone :  
Conquer myself, I take my throne.