

**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**

By the same Author.

In Small 4to, Printed on Antique Hand-made Paper,
bound in cloth, Price Five Shillings,
or in vellum, gilt, price 7s. 6d.

DAY AND NIGHT SONGS.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON: GEORGE PHILIP & SON.



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.

BLACKBERRIES.

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.

