

**HAZELDALE:  
A POEM**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649179701

Hazeldale: a poem by W. Desterling Humphrey

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

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**W. DESTERLING HUMPHREY**

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# HAZELDALE.

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A POEM,

BY

W. PESTERLING HUMPHREY.

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Bristol:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY GEORGE T. WRIGHT,  
2, BRIDGE STREET.

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1867.

PRICE SIX SHILLINGS.

~~5875 E~~  
PR 4809  
H92 H39  
1867  
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# HAZELDALE.

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Oh, who that has an eye to see,  
An ear to hear, a tongue to bless,  
Can ever undelighted be,  
With nature's magic loveliness.

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OH England, old England, the queen of the roses,  
Where, where can we go to see lilies as thine,  
Where else for the lip which the honey-bee poses,  
And cheek where the roses and lilies combine;  
What to me now the perfume of lilies of Shinar,  
Or Cashmere's vale garden or fruits of Cathay,  
Their flow'rs may be fairer, their fruits may be finer,  
But welcomer dearer, thy hawthorn and May;  
Ye cowslipped meadows, and corn dimpled uplands,  
Ye heather clad hills, where the grouse is at home,  
Ye banks of white vi'lets, and thrush-haunted woodlands,  
How sweet again over and by you to roam;  
And bluebells and daffodils, old friends of childhood,  
And daisies and buttercups, ever a joy,  
To the yellow and sere, the infant and manhood;  
The pure and the virtuous never can cloy;  
And gorse green and armed, and golden and sunny,  
The fortress for linnets from magpie and jay,  
Above the wild thyme and the store-cups of honey,

B

In purple heath blossoms for bee and for fay :  
And old primrose lane with its clustering bushes  
Of hazel, and elder, and black and white thorn,  
And the pond in its meadow where grow the tall rushes,  
Our mat-making gipsies transmute into corn ;  
The birds I've seen sport in the forests of Candy,  
The palm and the peepal in far Hindostan,  
The roll and the rush of the waters in Fundy,  
And far mantled Tartar in cold Astrachan ;  
I've see the vast forests of camphor and sandal,  
And tall dammar pine on the steep Behra Doun,  
The fair plain of Troas, and waters of Stambol,  
And Lebanon's snows, and its emerald crown :  
But home is the best, and the sweetest, and dearest,  
A rose 'mongst the thorns, and a fount 'midst the sands,  
A gem from the mine, and the richest thou wearest,  
The warm and the earnest, the faithful of friends ;  
A sound of deep music amongst the vibrations  
That come from the chords of the strings of the harp,  
Which nature, impartial to all ranks and stations,  
Resounds as she's weaving her weft with her warp ;  
It's the dew and the breath of the morning on roses,  
The shade of a tree and a rock from the sun ;  
It's the evening star, and the tow'r where reposes  
The wounded, the worn, and the wearied one ;  
Now again for the hum of the bee in the foxglove,  
The song of the blackbird, the linnet, and lark,  
The sough of the breeze and the coo of the ring-dove,  
And carol and whistle of boys at their work ;  
And the long crooked lanes, so green and so flow'ry,  
With caroling birds by their dear mossy homes,

And that lovely chaplet 'mongst nature's bright  
dowry,  
Our glorious orchards now radiant with blooms ;  
And the perfumed hayfield, so jocund and merry,  
The sharpening hook and the rustle of corn,  
The fruits of October for cider and perry,  
And old Christmas carol, a Saviour is born ;  
And the pearl'd laurestinus, and ivy and holly,  
Bedecking the church on the morning so dear,  
And the mistletoe bunches for Thomas and Dolly,  
And old merry Christmas and happy New Year :  
And bright, happy faces, so eagerly looking,  
Towards the fair fruits of the rare Christmas tree,  
Grandpa and Aunt Lucy preside o'er the picking,  
And children with merriment soon well agree :  
Here's the ivied tower, with the green winged dragon,  
No longer a myth, but a weather-wise vane,  
With the face of its clock as the wheel of a wagon,  
Stack up in the ivy, the sere 'mongst the green ;  
And the grey Norman church, the butt of all weathers,  
Yet taking no notice of time and his sands,  
With the spirits of evil cast out by the fathers,  
All turned to stone as example to fiends :  
And the sweet, and the chaste, and unique English  
Sunday,  
With peal and the chime of its musical bells,  
And the long train of scholars, with Jonathan  
Boundy,  
Their superintendent, and red cheeks and smiles ;  
A hundred and ten marching up on the pavement,  
And cluster of farmers about the church gate,



With flow'rs in their button-holes—tacit agreement,  
Perfuming dear zephyr, the soft and the sweet;  
Now welcome and welcome, ye orchards and meadows,  
Thou'rt sweeter than Auburn to me, Hazeldale;  
And sunshine thou'dst be, tho' all round were shadows,  
And welcome, thrice welcome, my own Isabel.  
Now for rambles again in the wood round the castle,  
The old Norman castle whose day is gone by,  
And on the old paths by the barley's sweet rustle,  
And down by the brook thro' the clover and rye;  
The brook with the overgrown bank and the willows,  
Its sedge and its rushes, and alder, and coot,  
And its deep silent pools, and its murmuring shallows,  
And otters and kingfishers looking for loot:  
The goldfinch, and blackcap, and chaffinch, and linnet,  
Are caroling sweetly as in the old time,  
And now by my window on branch of the walnut,  
A robin's responding to one on the lime;  
How often it happens in ev'ning of summer,  
You're sat, may be, down on the trunk of a tree,  
'Midst the balm and the peace of nature's low murmur,  
The sigh of the breeze and the hum of the bee;  
When a burst of rich music comes suddenly on you,  
From over your head from a branch and a twig,  
From red-breasted robin—*il flauto magico*,  
At home—independent—not robin to beg;  
As if he said welcome, old friend of December,  
I'll see you anon when the snow's on the ground,  
But now I've a fam'ly which I must remember,  
When children are hungry, the food must be found.  
The daisies seem brighter; the aspen leaves quiver,



