

**NURSERY LYRICS &
OTHER VERSES
FOR CHILDREN**

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Nursery lyrics & other verses for children by Jane Maria Grant Strachey

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JANE MARIA GRANT STRACHEY

**NURSERY LYRICS &
OTHER VERSES
FOR CHILDREN**

NURSERY LYRICS

& other Verses for Children

BY LADY STRACHEY

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1922

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I DARE not call those maids divine
Who circle round Apollo,
To pipe through these poor lips of mine
The songs that all men follow ;

Far from the summit of the mount,
Where, grace and grandeur blending,
Springs up a growth of tree and fount
The magic slopes ascending,
Reigns she to whom my vows belong,
—Smile, sisters nine, a pardon !—
The tiny Muse of infant song
Who tends your Nursery garden.

The feathery dandelion weed
Blown straight at Shakespeare's bosom,
Sprang up a crop of Mustard-seed,
Moth, Cobweb, and Peasblossom.
You whistled into Drayton's ear,
To which his fancy dancing,
Pigwiggin, Oberon, appear,
And the proud Emmet prancing.

Ah ! turn those laughing eyes on me,
Fling me one spark of fire,
Leave me an echo of the glee
That wantons from your lyre,
Make my dull voice sing clear and gay,
That, listening to the measure,
The little flowers a-bud to-day
May drink a drop of pleasure.

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