

ENGLAND IN TIME OF WAR

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England in Time of War by Sydney Dobell

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SYDNEY DOBELL

**ENGLAND IN
TIME OF WAR**

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BY

SYDNEY DOBELL,

AUTHOR OF "BALDER," AND "THE ROMAN."

LONDON:

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1856.

(The Author reserves the right of Translation.)

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ENGLAND

IN

TIME OF WAR.

DESOLATE.

FROM the sad eaves the drip-drop of the rain !
The water washing at the latchel door ;
A slow step plashing by upon the moor ;
A single bleat far from the famished fold ;
The clicking of an embered hearth and cold ;
The rainy Robin tic-tac at the pane.

“ So as it is with thee
Is it with me,
So as it is and it used not to be,
With thee used not to be,
Nor me.”

So singeth Robin on the willow tree,
The rainy Robin tic-tac at the pane.

Here in this breast all day
The fire is dim and low,
Within I care not to stay,
Without I care not to go.

A sadness ever sings
Of unforgotten things,
And the bird of love is patting at the pane;
But the wintry water deepens at the door,
And a step is plashing by upon the moor
Into the dark upon the darkening moor,
And alas, alas, the drip-drop of the rain!

THE MARKET-WIFE'S SONG.*

THE butter an' the cheese weel stowit they be,
 I sit on the hen-coop the eggs on my knec,
 The lang kail jigs as we jog owre the rigs,
 The gray mare's tail it wags wi' the kail,
 The warm simmer sky is blue aboon a',
 An' whiddie, whuddie, whaddie, gang the auld wheels twa.

I sit on the coop, I look straight before,
 But my heart it is awa' the braid ocean owre,
 I see the bluidy fiel' where my ain bonny chiel',
 My wee hairn o' a', gaed to fight or to fa',
 An' whiddie, whuddie, whaddie, gang the auld wheels twa.

I see the gran' toun o' the big forrin' loun,'
 I hear the cannon soun', I see the reek aboon ;
 It may be lang John lettin' aff his gun,
 It may be the mist—your mither disna wist—
 It may be the kirk, it may be the ha',
 An' whiddie, whuddie, whaddie, gang the auld wheels twa.

* In several of the Scottish songs of this volume, the author wishes, notwithstanding whatever *couleur locale* they may possess, to be understood as speaking rather for a class than a locality. As most of the English provincial dialects are poetically objectionable, and are modifications of tongues which exist more purely in the "Lallans" of Scotland, it seemed to him that when expressing the general peasant life of the empire he might employ the central truth of that noble Doric which is at once rustic and dignified, heroic and vernacular.