

**REEDS SHAKEN WITH THE  
WIND: THE SECOND  
CLUSTER, BY THE VICAR OF  
MORWENSTOW, CORNWALL**

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Reeds shaken with the wind: The second cluster, by the vicar of Morwenstow, Cornwall by  
Robert Stephen Hawker

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**ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER**

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MORWENSTOW, CORNWALL**



# Reeds

SHAKEN WITH THE WIND.

THE SECOND CLUSTER;

BY  
THE VICAR OF MORWENSTOW,  
CORNWALL.

Kowza nebaz, ha kowza da.  
*Old Cornish Saying.*

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DEBBY,  
HENRY MOZLEY AND SONS;  
AND JAMES BURNS, PORTMAN STREET, LONDON.

1844.



## THE FATHERS.

THEY HAD THEIR LODGES IN THE WILDERNESS,  
OR BUILT THEM CELLS BESIDE THE SHADOWY SEA,  
AND THERE THEY DWELT WITH ANGELS, LIKE A DREAM !  
SO THEY UNCLOSED THE VOLUME OF THE BOOK  
AND FILLED THE FIELDS OF THE EVANGELIST,  
WITH THOUGHTS AS SWEET AS FLOWERS !

*Old Mr.*





## REEDS

SHAKEN WITH THE WIND.

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A Legend of The West.

I.

BEHOLD those winged Images !  
Bound for their Evening Bowers,—  
They are The Nation of The Bees,  
Born from the Breath of Flowers :  
Strange people They ! a mystic Race,  
In life and food and dwelling place !

II.

They first were seen on Earth, 'tis said,  
When the rose breathes in Spring,

A 3

Men thought Her blushing bosom shed  
These Children of The Wing :  
But lo ! Their Host went down The Wind,  
Fill'd with The Thoughts of God's own  
mind !

## III.

They built them Houses, made with hands,  
And there, alone, They dwell,  
No Man to this day understands  
The mystery of Their Cell :  
Your Mighty Sages cannot see  
The deep foundations of The Bee !

## IV.

Low in the Violet's Breast of Blue  
For treasured food, they sink,  
They know The Flowers that hold The Dew  
For their small Race to drink ;

They glide—King Solomon might gaze  
With Wonder on Their awful ways !

## V.

And once—it is a Grandame's Tale,  
Yet fill'd with secret lore—  
There dwelt, within a Woodland-Vale,  
Fast-by old Cornwall's shore,  
An ancient Woman, worn and bent,  
Fallen Nature's mournful monument !

## VI.

A Home had They—The Clustering Race,  
Beside her Garden-Wall,  
All Blossoms breathed around the place,  
And Sunbeams fain would fall,—  
The Lily loved that Combe the best  
Of all The Valleys of The West !