# 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

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



# Reeds

# SHAKEN WITH THE WIND.

THE SECOND CLUSTER;

BY
THE VICAR OF MORWENSTOW,
CORNWALL.

Kowse nobez, ha kowsa da.

Old Corneck Sorging.

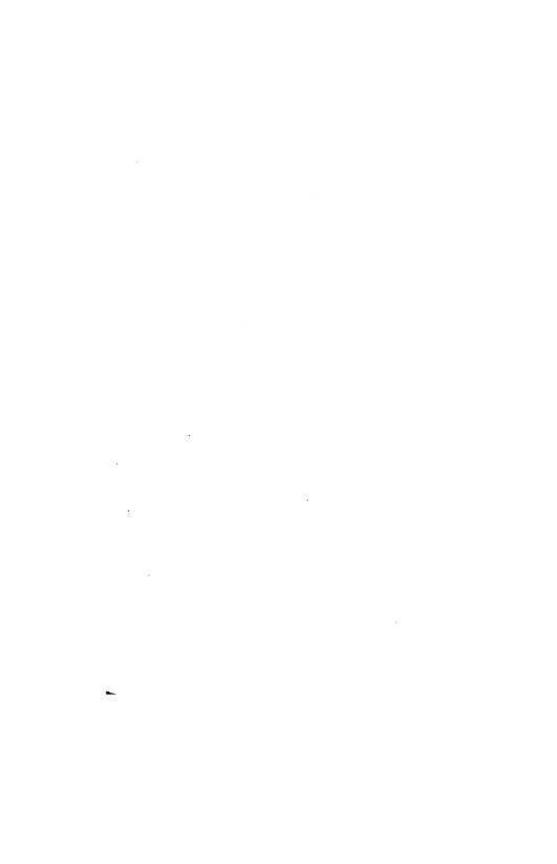
DRBBY,
HENRY MOZLEY AND SONS;
AND JAMES BURNS, PORTMAN STREET, LONDON.

1844.



## THE FATHERS.

They had their lodger in the wilderman,
Or soult them cells beside the headowy bea,
And there they dwelt with angels, like a dream!
So they undlosed the yolume of the book
And filled the fields of the examplest,
With thoughts as sweet as flowers!



# REEDS

### SHAKEN WITH THE WIND.

## A Legend of The Mibe.

Ť.

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!

11.

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

п

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!