



A BIRD-SCENE AT A RURAL DWELLING

WHEN the inmate stirs, the birds retire discreetly
From the window-ledge, whereon they whistled sweetly
 And on the step of the door,
 In the misty morning hoar;
But now the dweller is up they flee
 To the crooked neighbouring codlin-tree;
And when he comes fully forth they seek the garden,
And call from the lofty costard, as pleading pardon
 For shouting so near before
 In their joy at being alive:—
Meanwhile the hammering clock within goes five.

I know a domicile of brown and green,
Where for a hundred summers there have been
Just such enactments, just such daybreaks seen.