

16.—HOME THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD.

An' oh ! mid never ax nor hook
 Be brought to spweil his steätely look ;
 Nor ever roun' his ribby zides
 Mid cattle rub ther heäiry hides ; 40
 Nor pigs ront up his turf, but keep
 His lwonesome sheäide vor harmless sheep ;
 An' let en grow, an' let en spread,
 An' let en live when I be dead,
 But oh ! if men should come an' vell 45
 The girt woak tree that's in the dell,
 An' build his planks 'ithin the zide
 O' zome girt ship to plough the tide,
 Then, life or death ! I'd goo to sea,
 A sailèn wi' the girt woak tree : 50
 An' I upon his planks would stand,
 An' die a-lightèn vor the land,—
 The land so dear,—the land so free,—
 The land that bore the girt woak tree ;
 Vor I do love noo tree so well 55
 'S the girt woak tree that's in the dell.

—W. Barnes.

16.—HOME THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD.

Oh, to be in England now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough 5
 In England—now !
 And after April, when May follows
 And the white-throat builds, and all the swallows !
 Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover 10
 Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
 That's the wise thrush : he sings each song twice over
 Lest you should think he never could recapture
 The first fine careless rapture !