

John Clare

The Nightingale

1 This is the month, the Nightingale, clod-brown,
2 Is heard among the woodland shady boughs;
3 This is the time when, in the vale, grass-grown
4 The maiden hears at eve, her lovers vows.
5 What time the blue mist, round her patient cows,
6 Dim rises from the grass, and half conceals
7 Their dappled hides,---I hear the Nightingale,
8 That from the little blackthorn spinny steals,
9 To the old hazel hedge that skirts the vale,
10 And still unseen, sings sweet:---the ploughman feels
11 The thrilling music, as he goes along,
12 And imitates and listens,---while the fields
13 Lose all their paths in dusk, to lead him wrong
14 Still sings the Nightingale her sweet melodious song.