

English

Romanticism and Nature

Lesson 7 of 10

The Life and Times of Charlotte Smith

Mr Blackburn



Poor melancholy bird, that all night long
Tell'st to the moon thy tale of tender woe;
From what sad cause can such sweet sorrow flow,
And whence this mournful melody of song?
Thy poet's musing fancy would translate
What mean the sounds that swell thy little breast,
When still at dewy eve thou leav'st thy nest,
Thus to the listening night to sing thy fate.
Pale Sorrow's victims wert thou once among,
Though now released in woodlands wild to rove;
Say, hast thou felt from friends some cruel wrong,
Or diedst thou – martyr of disastrous love?
Ah, songstress sad, that such my lot might be;
To sigh and sing at liberty, like thee!

‘To A Nightingale’ by Charlotte Smith

