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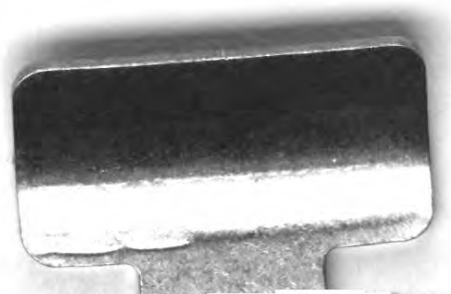
EDWARD THOMAS

TWO POEMS

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TWO POEMS



EDWARD THOMAS

TWO POEMS



LONDON  
INGPEN & GRANT

1927





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THE LANE



## THE LANE

SOME day, I think, there will be people enough  
In Froxfield to pick all the blackberries  
Out of the hedges of Green Lane, the straight  
Broad lane where now September hides herself  
In bracken and blackberry, harebell and dwarf gorse.  
To-day, where yesterday a hundred sheep  
Were nibbling, halcyon bells shake to the sway  
Of waters that no vessel ever sailed . . . .

It is a kind of spring: the chaffinch tries  
His song. For heat it is like summer too.  
This might be winter's quiet. While the glint  
Of hollies dark in the swollen hedges lasts—  
One mile—and those bells ring, little I know  
Or heed if time be still the same, until  
The lane ends and once more all is the same.



# THE WATCHERS





## THE WATCHERS

By the Ford at the town's edge  
Horse and carter rest :  
The carter smokes on the bridge  
Watching the water press in swathes about his  
horse's chest.

From the inn one watches, too,  
In the room for visitors  
That has no fire, but a view  
And many cases of stuffed fish, vermin, and  
kingfishers.



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