

Classic Poetry Series

Brule Grace

- poems -

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The Birds

The birds, the birds of mine own land
I heard in Brittany;
And as they sung, they seemed to me
The very same I heard with thee.
And if it were indeed a dream,
Such thoughts they taught my soul to frame
That straight a plaintive number came,
Which still shall be my song, Till that reward is mine which love hath promised long.

Brule Grace