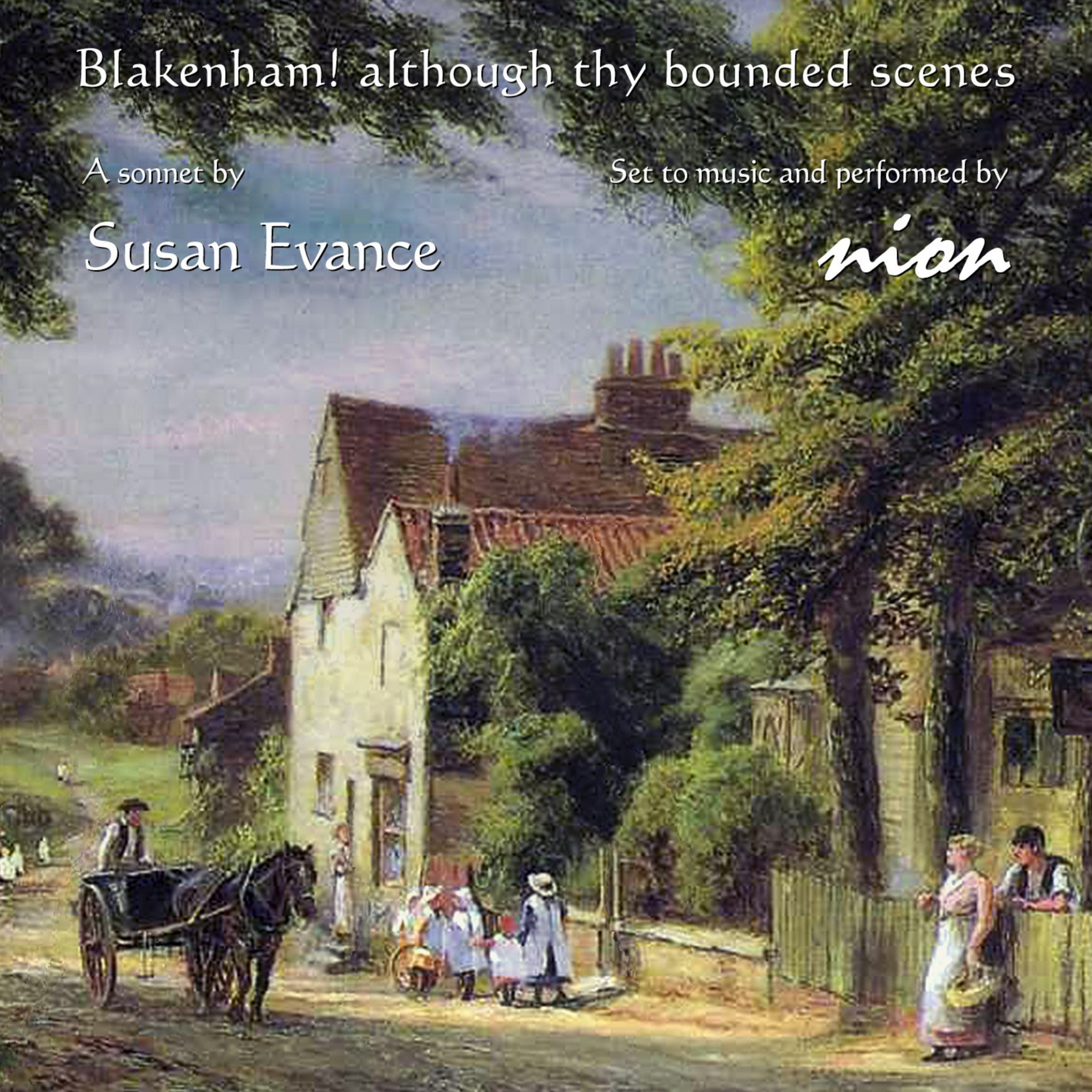
Blakenham! although thy bounded scenes

A sonnet by

Susan Evance

Set to music and performed by

nion



As published in "POEMS, selected from her earliest productions, to those of the present year" (1808):

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BLAKENHAM! although thy bounded scenes
Among no forests wave, no lofty hills arise,
Whence far-stretch'd prospects meet the raptur'd eyes--
No winding sea-dasht shores to thee belong,
Skirted by wild and rocky solitudes,
"Sublimities that most delight the mind"
Yet Blakenham, thy still meads where riv'lets wind,
Thy corn-fields waving 'neath the rustling breeze,
And thy secluded copses--they are dear
To me; and when I go far, far away,
Full oft amid thy scenes will memory stray.
Ah ! virtue, taste, refinement pure are here;
And these, when view'd by fond affection's eye,
Give thee an interest--which shall never die !

- Edited version, 2.49 -

Cover artwork: A village scene (detail) - Robert Gallon (1845-1925)
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