

The Wren

Why is the cuckoo's melody preferred
And nightingale's rich song so fondly praised
In poets' rhymes? Is there no other bird
Of nature's minstrelsy that oft hath raised
One's heart to ecstasy and mirth as well?
I judge not how another's taste is caught;
With mine there's other birds that bear the bell
Whose song hath crowds of happy memories brought.
Such the wood Robin singing in the dell
And little Wren that many a time hath sought
Shelter from showers in huts where I did dwell
In early Spring, the tenant of the plain,
Tenting my sheep, and still they come to tell
The happy stories of the past again.

Helpstone, July 1828.

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John Clare. Edited by R. K. R. Thornton. London: Everyman, 1997. 42.
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