

92 Cheyne Walk Chelsea.

Friday morning.

My dear Mr Chambers

A thousand thanks for your most kind and charming note. But I fear I can't get away. I am still working at S.A. and have to work on Sundays to get done certain matters before leaving town. I am, I fear, always giving you the idea of being a man complaining of being worked to death, but it is very wrong if I do, because the truth is rather that I put so many irons in the fire I cannot take care of them, but they are my own putting and never

[page break]

come to much. Only I am at this time so daily occupied that your kindness is of no good to me, since I can't leave tomorrow.

I should indeed like to have the Nightingale. Did you ever read {?with} a sonnet I wrote after going out on two successive nights in Warwickshire in vain to listen to him? I write it on other side in case you have not and w^o like to read it.

With the Readiest Remembrances to the D. and to Mrs Chambers

My Dear Mr Chambers

{Ever} yours very truly

William B. Scott

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THE NIGHTINGALE UNHEARD.

Is that the much-desired, the wondrous wail
Of the brown bird by poets loved so long?
Nay, it is but the thrush's rich clear song
Through the red sunset ~~word~~ rung; but down the vale,
Beneath the starlight, never do we fail
To hear the love-lorn singer: still and dark
Above our heads the black boughs arch; and, hark!
A wild short note,-another,- then a trail
Of loud clear song is drawn athwart the glow,
Filling the formless night with cheerfulness.
But sure we know that melody full well-
The dear old blackbird! Lets no further go;
There's no brown bird:- Ye poets all, confess
That Fancy only is your Philomel.