

**[11] Hymnus de Sancto Stephano**

Gaude, Mater Ungaria,  
Prolis agens preconium,  
Cum laude multipharia  
Patronum lauda proprium.

Cuius ortus predicatur  
Patri celesti nuncio  
Martyr ad matrem mittitur  
Nascentis vaticinio.

Puer crescens progreditur  
Sicut cedrus in Lybano  
Predictum nomen inditur  
Humic a Beato Stephano.

Trino Deo et simplici  
Sit laus honor et gloria  
Qui sancti regis supplici  
Concedat celi gaudia. Amen.

**Hymn of St Stephen**

Rejoice, Mother Hungary,  
proclaiming your child  
with many-sided praise  
praise your own patron.

Whose rise was foretold  
by his heavenly father,  
martyr sent to mother  
by the prophecy of the child.

The boy, growing, goes forward  
like the cedar of Lebanon,  
the predicted name given  
by Blessed Stephen.

To God, three in one,  
be praise, honour and glory  
who, by the prayer of the holy king  
may bring the joys of Heaven. Amen.

**Four Poems of John Clare (1793–1864)**

**[12] 1. Trotty Wagtail**

Little Trotty Wagtail he went in the rain  
And twittering, tottering sideways  
he ne'er got straight again,  
He stooped to get a worm and looked up to get a fly,  
And then he flew away ere his feathers they were dry.

Little Trotty Wagtail he waddled in the mud,  
And left his little footmarks, trample where he would.  
He waddled in the water pudge and waggle went his tail,  
And chirrup up his wings to dry upon the garden rail.

Little Trotty Wagtail, you nimble all about,  
And in the dimpling waterpudge you waddle in and out;  
Your home is nigh at hand and in the warm pig sty,  
So, little Master Wagtail, I'll bid you a goodbye.

**[13] 2. The Peasant Poet**

He loved the brook's soft sound,  
The swallow swimming by.  
He loved the daisy-covered ground,  
The cloud-bedappled sky.  
To him the dismal storm appeared  
The very voice of God;  
And when the evening rack was reared  
Stood Moses with his rod.  
And everything his eyes surveyed,  
The insects in the brake,

Were creatures God Almighty made,  
He loved them for His sake –  
A silent man in life's affairs,  
A thinker from a boy,  
A peasant in his daily cares,  
A poet in his joy.

**[14] 3. Turkeys**

The turkeys wade the close to catch the bees  
In the old border full of maple trees  
And often lay away and breed and come  
And bring a brood of chelping chickens home.  
The turkey gobbles loud and drops his rag  
And struts and sprunts his tail and then lets drag  
His wing on ground and makes a huzzing noise,  
Nauntles at passer-bye and drives the boys  
And bounces up and flies at passer-bye.  
The old dog snaps and grins nor ventures nigh.  
He gobbles loud and drives the boys from play;  
They throw their sticks and kick and run away.

**[15] 4. The Fox**

The shepherd on his journey heard when nigh  
His dog among the bushes barking high;  
The ploughman ran and gave a hearty shout,  
He found a weary fox and beat him out.  
The ploughman laughed and would have ploughed him in  
But the old shepherd took him for the skin.  
He lay upon the furrow stretched for dead,  
The old dog lay and licked the wounds that bled,  
The ploughman beat him till his ribs would crack,  
And then the shepherd slung him at his back;  
And when he rested, to his dog's surprise,  
The old fox started from his dead disguise;  
And while the dog lay panting in the sedge  
He up and snapt and bolted through the hedge.

He scampered to the bushes far away;  
The shepherd called the ploughman to the fray;  
The ploughman wished he had a gun to shoot.  
The old dog barked and followed the pursuit.  
The shepherd threw his hook and tottered past;  
The ploughman ran but none could go so fast;  
The woodman threw his faggot from the way  
And ceased to chop and wondered at the fray.  
But when he saw the dog and heard the cry  
He threw his hatchet – but the fox was bye.  
The shepherd broke his hook and lost the skin;  
He found a badger hole and bolted in.  
They tried to dig, but, safe from danger's way,  
He lived to chase the hounds another day.