The lake lay blue below the hill, the lake lay blue, O'er it, as I looked, there flew A

bird whose wings were palest blue, The sky a-

C.V.Stanford
(1852-1924)

Mary Coleridge
(1861-1907)

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A moment, ere the bird had passed, it caught his image, as he flew.

The lake lay blue below the hill.

The lake lay blue below the hill.