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Jenny Wren

PERHAPS your correspondent Mrs. Davidson might be interested in W. H. Hudson's description of the wren's song:

It is not plaintive, nor passionate; nor is it so spontaneous as the warbling of the robin — that most perfect feathered impressionist. In what, then does its charm consist? I do not know. Certainly it is delicate, and may even be described as brilliant, in its limited way perfect, and to other greater songs like the small pimpernel to a poppy or hollyhock. Unambitious, yet finished, it has the charm of distinction. The wren is the least self-conscious of our singers . . . dreaming his summer dream, and unknowingly telling it aloud. When shall we have symbols to express as perfectly our summer feelings, our dream?

Hudson, in other words, doesn't quite award the wren a gold, but I feel he might have been happy to give it a silver.—
H. E. BATES, Ashford, Kent.