

## *I Love to Live in Nutley*

I love this dear suburban town  
Where streets are shaded up and down;  
Avenues cross to a park or brook,-  
you stand on a bridge and dreamily look  
At a painting made by Nature's brush;  
Squirrel, rabbit, robin and thrush.  
The quaint Clubhouse of Washington's day  
Where Colony children romped in play.  
"Calico Lane" and "Nanny Goat Hill,"  
Living memories surround them still.  
I love close kinship with growing things,  
Fruit and flowers the reward it brings.  
Seeds and bulbs push through the ground  
With musical echoes of silent sound.  
I love to live with home-spun folks  
Who tell their sorrows and tell their jokes,  
You tell them how you think and pray  
In a warm understanding intimate way. Here is  
inward peace and neighborly love, With God  
below, all around and above.  
The moon-man smiles and the stars look down  
On the friendly people of Nutley town.  
I love to live in Nutley.

Countess Dorothea de St. Clement. Nov. 18, 1957

### **Tags**

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