

But hark! Among the willow hedges, hid
In leafy nooks, the blackbird tells her tale
Of love with wild gesticulation, while
On aspen boughs the robin, caroling,
Repeats her evening hymn. Perched upon
A tuft of grass, and rocking to and fro
With gentle swing, the bobolink is seen;
While from his swelling throat sweet music
falls.

Could I forget thee, bird of childhood's
dreams,
And recollection dear? How often have
I seen thee, and have listened to thy song
In clover-scented meads, when Nature smiled
And Paradise was near! How often I
Have left the haunts of man to drink with thee
The nectar of the field and feast my soul
On thoughts divine and pure! How often have
I thee befriended, and the ruthless hand
Uplifted o'er thy nest to work thee woe,
Arrested. Yea, and thou art dear to me,
And when thou singest, above the rest I hear
Thy welcome notes.