

TRIBUTES OF FAITH IN SONG

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Yet when the days are dull I sit and dream  
Of far-off sunshine on the woodlands green,  
My prison-bars grow faint and disappear —  
My truant-spirit wandering, leaves me here.  
Glad to be free, it wanders where it will,  
Through Nature's spacious halls, where all is still,  
Until a voice like thine, poor captive bird  
Echoing from wood to hill, in rapturous song  
[is heard!



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