

The Little Red Lark

Oh! where has my heart gone?
Can any one find it, pray?
On wings like the bright dawn
It flew o'er the hills far away.

'Twas a little red lark
In my body's fair prison;
Hang the cage in the dark—
Love's lark hath arisen!

For the cage may still glisten
Though flown the bright bird;
But vainly we listen
For the voice we once heard.