

THE BIRD'S SONG.

*Written after reading the exquisite "Bird Song" of Keats.*

Sweet, sweet, sweet,  
Oh sweet is the song of the bird,  
As he sits where the beech-twigs meet,  
And never a bough is stirred.

He sings of the apple-trees  
All clouded with snowy bloom,  
That rock in a passing breeze,  
And send up a faint perfume.

Sweet, sweet, sweet,  
How sweet is the wild bird's note,  
As he sits by the yellow wheat,  
And his joyous warblings float.

He sings in the early morn,  
When the sun comes up the sky,  
And he fills the gentle dawn  
With his silver melody.