

THE MINOR POET'S SONG

THE soaring lark from swelling breast may
sound

Exultant strains that thrill the world below ;
The thrush on flute melodious may blow
The sweet sad tones that stir the soul pro-
found ;

But haply, too, on lonely shady mound
The wood-bird pipes a heart-song soft and
low,

That through her own breast sends a cheery
glow,

Yet brightness, too, the little world around :
And may not one who feels his bosom swell
And thrill at every note sublime and strong,
Who loves the sweet sad melodies that
dwell

And linger in the heart's recesses long,
The while himself he cheers, attempt as
well

To lighten others with his artless song ?