

## 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 ?