

THE SINGER'S PRAYER.

THERE is joy in the heart of the robin,—
There is bliss in the throat of the lark.—
All the bird-songs of day are triumphant,
And,—the nightingale sings in the dark !

But they all know the secret of singing,
So that hearts lighter grow with their songs :
For their souls are so filled with life's music,
There are no corners left for life's wrongs.

There's a boon I would ask of the Master—
Lord, grant me the prayer that I pray !
Let me sing so the toilers may listen,
As they pause in the work of the day.—

Let me sing so the tired at night-fall
May behold in the jubilant West
All the glory of work, when the workman
Has completed his task and may rest.

Let me sing so the sick and the suffering,
Heavy-eyed with the vigils they keep,
Still may listen to my lullabies stealing
Softly in at their windows—and sleep.

Let me sing for my own time, and people,—
For the children we meet on the way ;
Let my voice find its chord in the present,—
In the needs that are pressing to-day.