



BORNE on the wave-
lets of thy fluent
notes,
Impassioned little
minstrel of the cage,
My spirit like a happy sea-gull floats,
Unheeded of the clamour and the rage
Of storms that menace ruin as they pass,
Impatient for the freedom of the plain,
Crusted and polished like a sea of glass,
Whereon they shout their wild and
weird refrain.

There is no touch of winter in thy song,
No wail of winds, my yellow-coated
friend;
All beauties of the Spring to thee belong,
All bloomy charms and all the scents
that lend
A drowsy gladness to the summer hours;
Again I hear swift rivulets descend
The mountain slopes, like children loosed
from school,
Again I see the lily on the pool,
And hear the whispered loves of leaves
and flowers.

Not only through the golden hours of day,
From early dawn till dusk, melodious
sprite,
Do thy delicious trills and quavers stray
Around the quiet chamber where I write,
But often in the slumbrous hush of night,
When moonbeams silver o'er the pendant
swing,

On which thy head thou pillowest 'neath
thy wing,
Thou wakest, and again thy transports
ring,
As if thy soul wert skyward seeking
flight.

Blow, all ye winds, and at my window tap,
Like sheeted ghosts, with icy finger-
tips,
Press hard against the pane your
whitened lips,
And at the outer portal louder rap;
My songster hears you not; a higher note,
A more reverbant, more delirious strain,
Issues exultant from his quivering throat
And reaches to the people on the street,
Who pause, look up, take step, and
pause again,
Retiring slowly with unwilling feet.

O that thou couldst to me this hour im-
part
The secret of thy unremitting joy,
The music that dilates thy little heart,
No frost can chill, no doubt, no fear
destroy.

Here, seated listless in my easy chair,
I can but yield to phantasy, and dream,
And gird my spirit with a jewelled beam
Of soft enchantment, hopeful that a share
Of thy divine emotion, happy bird,
By which my holiest thoughts are often
stirred,

May slip into my verse and warble there.

GEORGE MARTIN.