

*A little bird woke singing in the night,
Dreaming of coming day,
And piped, for very fulness of delight,
His little roundelay.*

*Dreaming he heard the wood-lark's carol loud,
Down calling to his mate,
Like silver rain out of a golden cloud,
At morning's radiant gate.*

*And all for joy of his embowering woods,
And dewy leaves he sung,—
The summer sunshine, and the summer floods
By forest flowers o'erhung.*

*Thou shalt not hear those wild and sylvan notes
When morn's full chorus pours
Rejoicing from a thousand feathered throats,
And the lark sings and soars,*

*Oh poet of our glorious land so fair,
Whose foot is at the door :
Even so my song shall melt into the air,
And die and be no more.*

*But thou shalt live, part of the nation's life ;
The world shall hear thy voice
Singing above the noise of war and strife,
And therefore I rejoice !*