



## THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BIRDS, joyous Birds of the wandering wing !

Whence is it ye come with the flowers of the Spring ?

—“ We come from the shores of the green old Nile,  
From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,  
From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,  
From the myrrh-tree of glowing Araby.

“ We have swept o’er cities in song renown’d—

Silent they lie, with the deserts round !

We have cross’d proud rivers, whose tide hath roll’d  
All dark with the warrior-blood of old ;  
And each worn wing hat regain’d its home,  
Under Peasant’s roof-tree, or Monarch’s dome.

And what have ye found in the Monarch’s dome,

Since last ye traversed the blue sea’s foam ?

—“ We have found a change, we have found a pall,  
And a gloom o’ershading the banquet’s hall,  
And a mark on the floor, as of life-drops spilt—  
—Nought looks the same, save the nest we built !”

Oh, joyous Birds, it hath still been so !

Through the halls of Kings doth the tempest go !

But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,  
And the hill o’er their quiet a vigil keep,  
Say, what have ye found in the Peasant’s cot,  
Since last ye parted from that sweet spot ?

“ A change we have found there, and many a change ;

Faces and footsteps, and all things strange !

Gone are the heads of the silver hair,  
And the young that were, have a brow of care,  
And the place is hush’d where the children play’d—  
—Nought looks the same, save the nests we made.”

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,

Birds that o’er-sweep it in power and mirth !

Yet, through the wastes of the trackless air,

Ye have a guide, and shall not despair !

Ye over desert and deep have pass’d—

—So shall we reach our bright home at last !