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## To The Skylark.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!  
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?  
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye  
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?  
Thy nest, which thou canst drop into at will  
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,  
Mount, daring warbler!—that love-prompted strain,  
Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond,  
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain;  
Yet mightst thou seem, proud privilege! to sing  
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;  
A privacy of glorious light is thine,  
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood  
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;  
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam.—  
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!