

THE FIRST ROBIN

The trees are gaunt and leafless,
Unpromising the ground,
The wind blows cold and searching,
And still the lake is bound.

Yet, hark! the happy robin,
The messenger of spring,
His notes are blithe and blither,
And sunshine does he bring.

He tells of sprouting verdure,
And dandelion gold,
He prophesies a season
That will delights unfold.

Away with tears and sorrow,
Away with fret and care,
Ruddy robin sings his song
And all the world is fair!