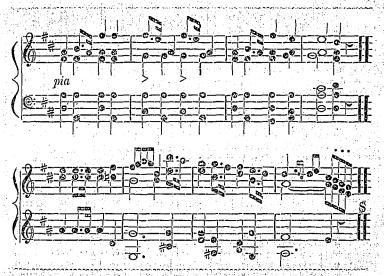
MARCH. 571



## SONGS OF THE BIRDS.

BY SELINA OLIVE.

No. IV.

SONG OF THE THRUSH

On the tow'ring cliff of a mountain high Above the clouds in the azure sky,

Is the throne of the eagle king.

Lonely and proud o'er the air he reigns,

Boundless and free are his wide domains,

Ta'en by his daring wing.

He gazeth unscalled on the glorious sun, In the splendour and brightness of burning noon,

Nor droopeth his kingly eyo.

He has placed his nest 'mid the stars above,
And the rolling clouds as they onward move,
Far, far beneath him He.

But lovelier far, is my shady nook, In the wild rose copes by the shining brook Than the loftiest mountain cliff; And I would not give its fragrance sweet, Or the verdant hue of my loved retreat,

Lone on the cliff sits the eagle king,
Down in the valley we merrily sing,
And thus shall it ever be.
The life of the great one is lonely and sad;
Far above the home of the happy and glad,
He knoweth not love nor glee.

For the peak of Teneriffe.

But we are the lowly, the happy, the gey, And merily ringeth our blithesome kay, Through the green woods at morn; Cheering the wearled woodman sad, Making the heart of the reaper glad, And light as the sportive fawn.

Then mount aloft on thy wing sublime,

And the cloud-capt heights of the mountain climb,—
I crave not the eagle's lot;

Thou bringest no joy to the troubled heart, Nor love nor hope to the breast impart, Proud eagle, I cavy thee not.

> No. v. SONG OF THE LARK

Wate! for the sun over the blue hill is peopling.
Wate! for the miss of the incenting are weighting.
Down that will brighten each flower and leaf,
Like the teardrops of bliss, they are lovely and brief.
Wate! for thy life is renewed from the fountain,
In sunshine and joy, like the stream from the mountain

Huntsman! thy horn on the breeze should be sounding, On moorland and heather the red deer are bounding. Woodman! thy axe should be heard on the bill!. Thou sleepest, and the deep forest celoes are still.! Wake! for thy life is renewed from the fountain, In sunshino and joy, like the stream from the mountain.

Shepherd! thy flocks to the field should be straying; In the green down meadows there fain would be playing. Repper! the sletch is burnished and bright, And the corn bendeth low to thy power and might. Wake! for thy life is renewed from the fountain, In sunshine and joy, like the stream from the mountain,

Madden! fresh roses have bloomed in thy bow'r,
And morn's tinid blossoms, that close in an hour,
Child, merry child, the gay butterfly sout,
And lambidin and fawn blyghily sporting about,
Wake! for thy life is renewed from the fountain,
In sunshine and joy, like the stream from the mountain,

But as yo wakelh to brightness and mirth,
Oh I think who giveth this beautiful earth.
Let praise with the breath of the morning relse,
And waft your glad hymns to the God of the skies;
Sing, for thy life is renewed from the fountain,
In sunshine and joy, like the stream from the mountain.