



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 unsentinel on the glorious sun,
In the splendour and brightness of burning noon,
Nor droopeth his kingly eye.

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

But lovelier far, is my shady nook,
In the wild rose copse 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,
For the peak of Teneriffe.

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.

But we are the lowly, the happy, the gay,
And merrily ringeth our blitheesome lay,
Through the green woods at morn;

Cheering the wearied 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 envy thee not.

No. v.

SONG OF THE LARK.

Wake! for the sun o'er the blue hill is peeping;
Wake! for the mists of the morning are weeping,
Dews that will brighten each flower and leaf,
Like the teardrops of bliss, they are lovely and brief.
Wake! 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 hill;
'Thou sleepest, and the deep forest echoes are still.
Wake! for thy life is renewed from the fountain,
In sunshine and joy, like the stream from the mountain.

Shepherd! thy flocks to the field should be straying;
In the green dewy meadows they fain would be playing.
Reaper! the sickle 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.

Maiden! fresh roses have bloomed in thy bow'r,
And morn's timid blossoms, that close in an hour,
Child, merry child, the gay butterfly's out,
And lamblins and fawn blythly sporting about.
Wake! for thy life is renewed from the fountain,
In sunshine and joy, like the stream from the mountain.

But as ye waketh to brightness and mirth,
Oh! think who giveth this beautiful earth.
Let praise with the breath of the morning arise,
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.