

# University of Ottawa

## REVIEW

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### THE ROBIN'S EARLY SONG.



OUR seasons are our own and yet  
To-day I heard a robin sing  
Upon a barren branch of spring,  
And these his words to music set :

Oh, apple tree ! the while 'tis snowing  
How your teeming buds are glowing,  
Growing, blowing, glowing,

On every twig I see.

And somewhere in your branches hiding  
One small nest is safe abiding,  
Waiting, waiting, waiting  
My little love and me.

Oh, brook ! because the ice is near you,  
Do you think I cannot hear you  
Singing, singing, singing  
Of daisies and of spring ?  
Oh, meadows white ! with snow drifts over  
Don't you know I smell the clover,  
Coming, coming, coming,  
While loud the blue-bells ring ?