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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 ?