

Upon the ground,
And all around,
On every bush and tree,
And each one dressed
In his very best,
Were others as fair as he.

They danced about
In a merry rout
To a merry minstrelsy.
And at close of day
They flew away,
And never came back to me.

But that rose-colored breast
Like the sun in the west,
I always shall remember,
Of the little bird,
Whose song I heard,
On a cold day of December.