

Under the oak trees lying,
Budding leaves I see,
Winter is dead,
Tassels of red
Burst from the maple tree ;
And the robins and linnets are echoing
back
The song of the little birdie,
' We have come,
We have come
To the land of our home,
From far across the sea ;
We have come,
We have come,
And the wood whisper ' come,'
And my heart it says ' come' to the little
birdie,
For I knew 'twas the spirit of song I
heard,
That sang to me thus with the voice of a
bard.

Halifax, Nova Scotia.
Nov. 28, 1888.