

The Mountain Bird

There's music for the rose and valley mild,
Thy scream befits the fir and mountain
wild.

But, oh, the grace of thy free wing
When thou dost wheel
In wanton and unweary ring,
That puts upon thy frame the seal
Of sacred workmanship and skill supreme,
Which reverence craves in reason's greatest
theme.

At last, on yonder hornèd crest,
With wings in fold,
Thy strong c'aws clench beside thy nest,
And now thy tale of trust is told.
Maker of man and bird! this thought
instil—
The man that soars in light may trust Thy
will