

To a Wood Thrush

(Singing in the early morn)



SING on, glad heart, thy matin songs,
Sing on, sing on !
Since silence lies on kindred tongues,
Since the wide air to thee belongs,
Since 'twas thy Maker taught thy art,
Sing on, glad heart !

Sing on before away shall pass
The grateful dew
That gracious Night shook o'er the grass
From out her robes like beads of glass :
Before it slakes the brazen sun,
Sweet heart, sing on !

Sing on, across the quiet morn,
Thy tuneful psalm ;
Before the carking hours are born,
Before the mad wheels grate and turn,
Before the clamor of the mart—
Sing on, dear heart !

Sing on, ere men awake once more
To buy and sell ;
Ere greed and gain their dupes allure,
And "grind the faces of the poor" !
All mammon's wiles to thee unknown—
Blest heart, sing on !



Sing on, that through the fevered day
Thy blissful strains
In my soul's deepest depths shall stay
To chase all sordidness away,
And thoughts of purer impulse start ;
Sing on, glad heart !