

**To the Birds.**

Onward, sail on in your boundless flight,  
Neath shadowing skies and moonbeams bright,  
Kissing the clouds as it drops the rain,  
Touching the wall of the rainbow's fane;  
With your wings unfurled, your lyres strung,  
You sail where stars in their orbs are hung,  
Or for stranger lands where bright flow'rs spring,  
Ye have plumed the down and spread the wing.

We lay the strength of the forest down,  
We wear the robe and the shining crown,  
We tread down kings in our battle path,  
And voices fail at our gathered wrath;  
We touch; the numbers forget to pour,  
From the serpent's hiss to the lion's roar;  
But we may not tread the paths ye've trod,  
Though children of men and sons of God.

Ye haste, ye haste, but ye bring not back  
To waiting spirits the news we lack,  
Ye do not tell what it is to see  
The snow capped home of the thunder free,