

THE SONG SPARROW

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

Fair little scout, that when the iron year
Changes, and the first fleecy clouds deploy,
Comest with such a sudden burst of joy,
Lifting on winter's doomed and broken rear
That song of silvery triumph blithe and clear, 5
Not yet quite conscious of the happy glow,
We hungered for some surer touch, and lo !
One morning we awake and thou art here.
And thousands of frail-stemmed hepaticas,
With their crisp leaves and pure and perfect hues, 10
Light sleepers, ready for the golden news,
Spring at thy note beside the forest ways—
Next to thy song, the first to deck the hour —
The classic lyrist and the classic flower.

THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS¹

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

A mist was driving down the British Channel,
The day was just begun,
And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,
Streamed the red autumn sun.

1. The old pronounciation of cinque (sink) is retained. These five ports, mentioned in line 9, were originally entrusted with the defence of the southern coast, and were under the jurisdiction of an officer called the Warden of the Cinque Ports. The warden referred to in the poem is the Duke of Wellington, who died Sept. 14, 1852.