

THE GROSBEAK

I THOUGHT I heard
The song of a bird,
And then I wondered whether
The song I heard
Was the song of a bird,
In the cold, cold, wintry weather.

The day was bright,
The snow was white,
The ice thick on the river.
From the door I saw
Near a stack of straw
A little red breast quiver.

I heard him call
From the old stone wall,
For he wished someone to hear him,
And I went to see
Who this stranger might be,
And he let me come quite near him.