

Trill forth our innate sweet devotion
To nature and to kin,
In joyous silvery commotion—
A tintinabulous din.
Our mingled notes from throats unnumbered,
Along the brooklets ring,
Awakening life that long has slumbered
With the ecstasy of spring!

A distant wood-pecker marked the time with his "Rat-tat-tat."
Through the exultant song ran ever the voice of the river in
clear and liquid monotone.

