

Therefore, O Singer, hush ! And yet again
 I tell thee, hush ! For daggers flash between
 The clear notes of thy song ; and keen, ah, keen
 Thy voice cleaves to my soul in sudden pain,
 Which will not pass until these echoes cease
 On the far verge of days which harbor peace.

Dawn.

What secret spring of joy, O flute-voiced seer,—
 What hint of coming gladness, dost thou find
 In midst of this great silence of thy kind,
 When all the earth mourns with the dying year,
 That thou should'st pour thy deathless singing clear
 And full and strong, while we of godlier mind
 Stand dumb in presence of our grief, and blind
 With tears grope on, all sad and half in fear ?

The spring is ever with thee, blessed bird !
 Across these sombre fields, this spectral clime,
 Athro' the brooding silence of the time
 Thy heart hath caught its music and been stirred
 Unto such faith and hope, that piercing thro',
 Thy joyous song rings full and brave and true.

Morning Prime.

Sing on, brave voice, beneath these darkened skies !
 While I, beside, do bow my head and learn
 From thee some secret of thy power to turn
 Their shadow into song ; and, learning, rise
 Above the waste of chill, wide mist that lies
 On these low lands, to those pure upper fields
 Of light and calm air, where this sad dusk yields
 To cloudless day and joy that never dies.

O blessed, blessed bird, untouched of death,
 Or gloom, or grief, or aught that can distress,
 Serene in thy unfearing joyfulness
 And calm and wise in thy thrice-blessed faith,—
 Sing on, until my heart grows light with thee
 In the rich promise of the spring to be !

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