

SONG OF CARE.

O to be free like the birds in the air!
This a boon my simple heart craves,
With lightsome, glad wing to brush away Care,
Who counts men her dutiful slaves.
But no! she's a maiden with beauty set,
And I'd miss the touch of her hand,
So come, gentle Care! We are friends well met,
Let's sow well in Love's fruitful land!

O to be glad like the birds in the trees,
With never a pain or a sigh,
To toil patiently like satisfied bees
And build Love a mansion on high!
But what's a bright smile without a sad tear?
A very plain fabric of Life.
We need tangled threads—the white and the black—
At the looms of Pleasure and Strife.