

The Songster

Music, music with throb and swing,
Of a plaintive note, and long ;
'Tis a note no human throat could
sing,
No harp with its dulcet golden string,—
Nor lute, nor lyre with liquid ring,
Is sweet as the robin's song.

He sings for love of the season
When the days grow warm and long,
For the beautiful God-sent reason
That his breast was born for song.

Calling, calling so fresh and clear,
Through the song-sweet days of
May;
Warbling there, and whistling here,
He swells his voice on the drinking
ear,
On the great, wide, pulsing atmosphere
Till his music drowns the day.