

## ROBIN THE COMFORTER.

**P** OOR little lonely wanderer  
Singing at close of day,  
A song that breathes of sorrow,  
A weary mournful lay ;  
You have struck a chord familiar  
That echoes in my breast,  
The song of a tired spirit,  
A plea for love and rest.

We are kindred, robin red-breast,  
And your song is sweet to me,  
Though it tells the old, old story,  
Of things that ne'er can be.  
A story told so often,  
That none will pause to hear,  
For the great world must be working  
While we linger, idle, here. •

So we'll mourn together, red-breast,  
Till the sun has hung its head,  
And the dying blush of twilight  
From the dark'ning sky has fled  
And I shall call thee comforter  
For the blood-red sign of old,  
For the mark that Calv'ry gave thee,  
In the sacred legend told.

For 'tis said that thou, O red-breast,  
Saw the bleeding Saviour die,  
Saw His sacred life blood gushing,  
Heard his last despairing cry.  
In that one supremest moment,  
When a God gave up his will,  
Thou whisperedst soft a requiem  
And nestled closer still.