

And some have chided me, because
The songs I love to write are sad,
They bid me sing in blither strains
And make the world more glad.

I heed them not, the harp responds
Unto my touch with plaintive ring
And, like the birds, I sing the songs
That God hath bid me sing.

If every bird sang as the lark
Their blithesome notes would mock the ear,
The thrush's song is not less sweet,
Although we weep to hear.

And though we love the sunshine well
We would not have it always day,
Man soon would weary were his life
One ceaseless roundelay.

You will not chide my mournful songs
O kindly friends of bygone years!
Because you know my early days
Knew less of smiles than tears.

And whether critics praise or blame
I know that loving eyes will note
And kindly voices praise the songs
For love of her who wrote.

Let greater poets strive for bays,
My heart would throb with truer pride
At one kind word of honest praise
From friends by Quinte's side.