

Thou alone, with a wing to flee,
Dost love with man in his haunts to be ;
 And the "the gentle dove"
Has become a name for trust and love.

It is no light chance. Thou art kept apart,
Wisely by Him who has tam'd thy heart,
To stir the love for the bright and fair
That else were seal'd in the crowded air ;
 I sometimes dream
Angelic rays from thy pinions stream.

Come then, ever, when daylight leaves
The page I read, to my humble eaves,
And wash thy breast in the hollow spout,
And murmur thy low sweet music out,
 I hear and see
Lessons of Heaven, sweet bird, in thee !