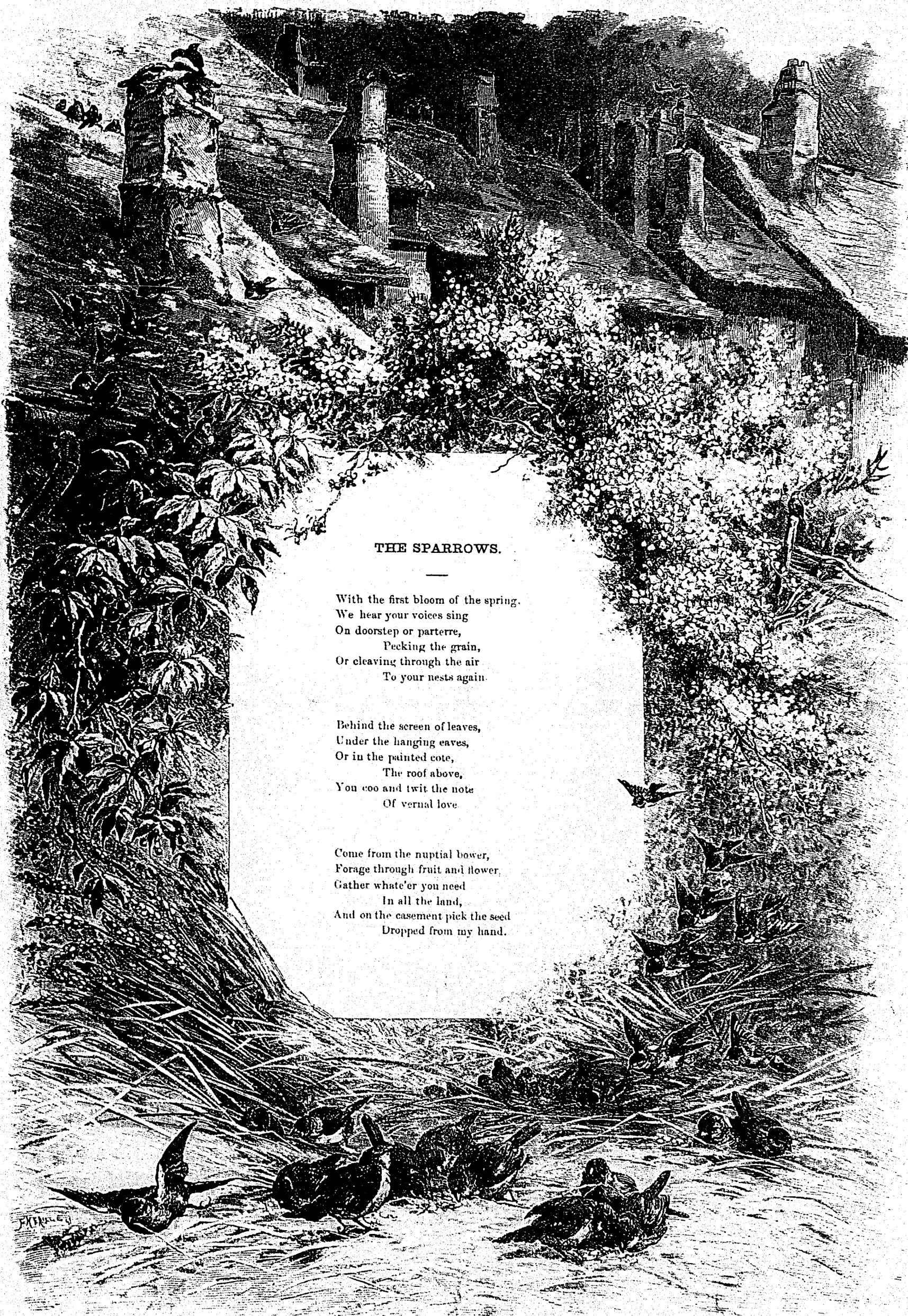




THE SPARROWS.

With the first bloom of the spring,
We hear your voices sing
On doorstep or parterre,
Pecking the grain,
Or cleaving through the air
To your nests again.

Behind the screen of leaves,
Under the hanging eaves,
Or in the painted cote,
The roof above,
You coo and twit the note
Of vernal love

Come from the nuptial bower,
Forage through fruit and flower,
Gather whate'er you need
In all the land,
And on the casement pick the seed
Dropped from my hand.

THE SPARROWS.