

A Madrigal

If I were a lark, at the break of day

I should gently perch on thy window-sill,
And merrily, merrily sing to thee

Of life and of love, which life doth fill.

If I were a lark, I should bring to thee

The sweetest of dreams which the fairies weave,
And thoughts which the angels, in hurrying home,
On the whitest of clouds forgetful leave.

If I were a lark—but I am no lark,

And the songs which my soul would lift to thee
Must silently perish unsung ; or, sung,
Must die on the winds as silently.

Nay, I am no lark, and I do not strive

To carol his measures ; but if I were he,
To sing as he sings for one happy day,
For thee, and thee only, my music should be.