

THE RETURN OF THE SONG SPARROW

In happy mood I hear thy song,  
O voice among the trees,  
A lullaby, that floats along,  
That's wafted on the breeze.

And as I listen to thy strain,  
My mem'ry backward strays;  
I wander by the mill again  
'Mid fields and grassy ways.

Again I feel the gladness dear  
Thy own sweet soul must know.  
I sit beside the river clear  
And watch it slowly flow,

And as it gently glides along  
Thy voice is lost to me;  
The gladness that is with thy song  
Is gone as suddenly.

A.E.L., '31