TO A BLUEBIRD

The scientist’s interest in a robin ceases at the completion of exhaustive notes upon his habits, food, anatomy, but we have loved him as a lifelong friend and do not care to subject a friend to a critical analysis. Our love for the robin began when with a merry call from him we tiptoed with childish craft across the lawn, through the long grass of the orchard, even into the boughs of the apple tree in an earnest though futile effort to capture the pretty singer and keep him with us always. But he comes of his own accord again and again to our gardens, seeking protection while he nests, singing his way into our hearts, filling the earth with melody, adding beyond expression to the joy and beauty of the world.

TO A BLUEBIRD

WHILE yet the pall of white snow wraps the hill
And all the world of winter stretches drear,
Now breaking the iron sabbath of the year
Thou comest waking with thy song the rill.
How all the startled echoes thrill and thrill
Stirred deep with thy entrancing largess clear,
And how the void and breathless atmosphere
Seems with thy presence suddenly to fill!

Hail, herald of the April, hail to thee!
Back to the wearied bosom thou dost bring
The raptured tides of hope and joy and mirth.
Sing on, O spirit of glad minstrelsy
Still wearing heaven’s livery on thy wing,
And on thy breast the homely garb of earth!

Edward Wilbur Mason.