

The Robin's Song

*Last night I heard the robin sing,
His first song of the season,
And, as he sang, I asked of him,
If he'd quite lost his reason.*

*"Look round," I said, with human pride,
And all my boasted learning,
"Are you a feathered Nero come to life
Rejoicing, while your Rome is
burning?"*

*"Think of your foodless days," I
moaned,*

*"Of frosts and snow and rain,
And tell me true, as I would you,
Whence comes your glad refrain?"*

*But still he sang, and sweeter sang,
Regardless of my quest,
Each note a triumph and a prayer
From out his grateful breast.*

*"Think of the ruined homes and farms,
Think of the water's icy surge,
Surely such themes seem suited best
For some sad plaintive dirge?"*

*Still yet he sang: more sweetly sang—
His notes dispelled my mope.*

*The sky revealed a wisp of blue,
And I shared the robin's hope.*

*I thanked the robin for his song,
For the cheer and gladness given,
And now, like him, I'll try to see
That hopeful blue of heaven.*

HEW MACLAINE.