

Comparison

The sky of brightest gray seems dark

To one whose sky was ever white.

To one who never knew a spark,

Thro' all his life, of love or light,

The grayest cloud seems over bright.

The robin sounds a beggar's note

Where one the nightingale has heard,

But he, for whom no silver throat,

Its liquid music ever stirred,

Deems robin still the sweetest bird.