

The Meadow Lark

Though the winds be dank,

And the sky be sober,

And the grieving day

In a mantle gray

Hath let her waiting maiden robe her, —

All the fields along

I can hear the song

Of the meadow lark,

As she flits and flutters,

And laughs at the thunder when it mutters.

O happy bird, of heart most gay

To sing when skies are gray!

When the clouds are full,

And the tempest master

Lets the loud winds sweep

From his bosom deep

Like heralds of some dire disaster,

Then the heart, alone,

To itself makes moan;

And the songs come slow,

While the tears fall fleeter,

And silence than song by far seems sweeter.

Oh, few are they along the way

Who sing when skies are gray!