

# Song

A bee that was searching for sweets one day  
Through the gate of a rose garden happened to stray.

In the heart of a rose he hid away,  
And forgot in his bliss the light of day,  
As sipping his honey he buzzed in song;  
Though day was waning, he lingered long,  
For the rose was sweet, so sweet.

A robin sits pluming his ruddy breast,  
And a madrigal sings to his love in her nest:  
"Oh, the skies they are blue, the fields are green,  
And the birds in your nest will soon be seen!"  
She hangs on his words with a thrill of love,  
And chirps to him as he sits above,  
For the song is sweet, so sweet.

A maiden was out on a summer's day

With the winds and the waves and the flowers at play;

And she met with a youth of gentle air,

With the light of the sunshine on his hair.

Together they wandered the flowers among;

They loved, and loving they lingered long,

For to love is sweet, so sweet.



Bird of my lady's bow'r,

Sing her a song;

Tell her that ev'ry hour,

All the day long,

Thoughts of her come to me,

Filling my brain

With the warm ecstasy

Of love's refrain.

Little bird! happy bird!

Being so near,  
Where e'en her slightest word  
Thou mayest hear,  
Seeing her glancing eyes,  
Sheen of her hair,  
Thou art in paradise, —  
Would I were there.

I am so far away,  
Thou art so near;  
Plead with her, birdling gay,  
Plead with my dear.  
Rich be thy recompense,  
Fine be thy fee,  
If through thine eloquence  
She hearken me.