



A Year with  
the Poets  
and Birds



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A · YEAR · WITH · THE  
POETS · AND · BIRDS

EDITED BY

HARRIETTE WILBUR ✓  
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## FOREWORD

Think of your woods and orchards without birds!  
Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams  
As in an idiot's brain remembered words  
Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his dreams!  
Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds  
Make up for the lost music, when your teams  
Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more  
The feathered gleaners follow to your door?

What! would you rather see the incessant stir  
Of insects in the windrows of the hay,  
And hear the locust and the grasshopper  
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play?  
Is this more pleasant to you than the whir  
Of meadow-lark, and her sweet roundelay,  
Or twitter of little fieldfares, as you take  
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake?

You call them thieves and pillagers; but know,  
They are the winged wardens of your farms,  
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,  
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms;  
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,  
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,  
Crushing the beetle in his coat-of-mail,  
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW  
*The Birds of Killingworth*

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## January

### FOREWORD

Oh, every year hath its winter,  
And every day hath its rain—  
But a day is always coming  
When the birds go North again.

ELLA HIGGINSON  
*When the Birds Go North Again*

### FIRST DAY

WHENCE is it that, amazed, I hear  
From yonder wither'd spray,  
This foremost morn of all the year,  
The melody of May?

. . . . .

But thee no wintry skies can harm,  
Who only need'st to sing  
To make e'en January charm  
And every season spring.

WILLIAM COWPER  
*To the Nightingale, on New Year's Day*

### SECOND DAY

Sweet bird! up earliest in the morn,  
Up earliest in the year,  
Far in the quiet mist are borne  
Thy matins soft and clear.

JOHN KEBLE  
*To a Thrush Singing in January*

THIRD DAY

He lights upon the swaying wire  
Nor feels the thrill beneath his feet,  
Of love and laughter, flood and fire,  
Of hope and tears in field or street;  
He sits and chatters on, nor dreams  
How through his claws the world-life streams.

H. BEDFORD-JONES  
*The Sparrow — A Word to Writers*

FOURTH DAY

A single crow on the tree-top bleak  
From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL  
*The Vision of Sir Launfal*

FIFTH DAY

When snow, like silence visible,  
Hath hushed the summer bird,  
Thy voice, a never frozen rill,  
Of melody is heard.  
But when from winter's lethargy  
The buds begin to blow,  
Thy voice is mute, and suddenly  
Thou vanishest like snow.

JOHN B. TABB  
*The Snowbird*

SIXTH DAY

“The sea is cold, and dark its rim,  
Winter sits cowering on the wold,  
And I, beside this watery brim,  
Am also lonely, also cold.”

I spoke, and drew toward a rock,  
Where many mews made twittering sweet;  
Their wings upreared, the clustering flock  
Did pat the sea-grass with their feet.

. . . . .

Joy companied with every cry,  
Joy in their food, in that keen wind,  
That heaving sea, that shaded sky,  
And in themselves, and in their kind.

. . . . .

Then all at once a flight, and fast  
The lovely crowd flew out at sea;  
If mine own life had been recast,  
Earth had not looked more changed to me.

JEAN INGELOW

*Sea-mews in Winter Time*

SEVENTH DAY

Outside my garret window, there's a roof,  
And there the lively sparrows love to come,  
These wintry days, eager to get a crumb;  
Though feathered warm, in brown and gray,  
not proof  
Are they 'gainst hunger.

ANONYMOUS

*The Sparrows*

EIGHTH DAY

When piped a tiny voice hard by,  
Gay and polite, a cheerful cry,  
*Chic-chicadee-dee!* saucy note  
Out of a sound heart and merry throat,

As if it said, "Good day, good sir!  
Fine afternoon, old passenger!  
Happy to meet you in these places,  
Where January brings few faces."

. . . . .  
Here was this atom in full breath,  
Hurling defiance at vast death;  
This scrap of valor just for play  
Fronts the north-wind in waist-coat gray;  
As if to shame my weak behavior.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON  
*The Titmouse*

NINTH DAY

I see a tiny fluttering form  
Beneath the soft snow's soundless storm,  
'Mid strange noonlight palely shed  
Through mocking cloud-rifts overhead.  
All other birds are far from sight,—  
They think the day has turned to night;  
But he is cast in hardier mould,  
This chirping courier of the cold.  
He does not come from lands forlorn,  
Where midnight takes the place of morn;  
Nor did his dauntless heart, I know,  
Beat first above Siberian snow;  
And yet an arctic bird he seems;  
Though nurtured near our southern streams,  
The tip of his small tail may be  
A snow-storm in epitome.

WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE  
*The Southern Snow-bird*

TENTH DAY

Save that from ivy-mantled tower  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

THOMAS GRAY

*Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*

ELEVENTH DAY

Unhappy White! while life was in its spring,  
And thy young muse just waved her joyous  
wing,  
The spoiler came, and all thy promise fair  
Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there.

. . . . \*

'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,  
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee  
low:

So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,  
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,  
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,  
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart:  
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel  
He nursed the pinion which impell'd the steel,  
While the same plumage that had warm'd his  
nest

Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

LORD BYRON

*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*

TWELFTH DAY

There myghte men the royal egle fynde,  
That with his sharpe look perceth the Sonne;



THIRTEENTH DAY

Thou little bird, thou dweller by the sea,  
Why takest thou its melancholy voice,  
And with that boding cry  
O'er the waves dost thou fly?  
Oh! rather, bird, with me  
Through the fair land rejoice!  
Thy fitting form comes ghostly dim and pale,  
As driven by a beating storm at sea;  
Thy cry is weak and scared,  
As if thy mates had shared  
The doom of us. Thy wail—  
What does it bring to me?

RICHARD HENRY DANA  
*The Little Beach-bird*

FOURTEENTH DAY

The large white owl that with age is blind,  
That hath sate for years in the old tree hollow,  
Is carried away in a gust of wind;  
His wings could bear him not as fast  
As he goeth now the lattice past;  
He is borne by the winds, the rains do follow,  
His white wings to the blast out-flowing,  
He hooteth in going,  
And still, in the lightnings, coldly glitter  
His round unblinking eyes.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING  
*Isobel's Child*

FIFTEENTH DAY

Bird of the broad and sweeping wing,  
Thy home is high in heaven,

Where wide the storms their banners fling,  
And the tempest clouds are driven.  
Thy throne is on the mountain top—  
Thy fields, the boundless air,  
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop  
The skies, thy dwellings are.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL  
*To the Eagle*

SIXTEENTH DAY

Never stoops the soaring vulture  
On his quarry in the desert,  
On the sick or wounded bison,  
But another vulture, watching  
From his high aerial look-out,  
Sees the downward plunge, and follows;  
And a third pursues the second,  
Coming from the invisible ether,  
First a speck, and then a vulture,  
Till the air is dark with pinions.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW  
*The Song of Hiawatha*

SEVENTEENTH DAY

And, as swallows build  
In these wide, old-fashioned chimneys,  
So thy twittering songs shall nestle  
In my bosom.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW  
*To an Old Danish Song-book*

EIGHTEENTH DAY

West, in Apollo's course to Tagus' stream,  
Crown'd with a silver-circling diadem

Of wet exhaled mists, there stood a pile  
Of aged rocks (torn from the neighbor isle  
And girt with waves) against whose naked  
breast

The surges tilted,—  
About his sides a thousand sea-gulls bred,  
The mevy and the halcyon famed  
For colors rare, and for the peaceful seas  
Round the Sicilian coast, her brooding days.  
Puffins (as thick as starlings in a fen)  
Were fetched from thence: there sat the pewet  
hen,  
And in the clefts the martin built his nest.

WILLIAM BROWNE  
*Britannia's Pastorals*

#### NINETEENTH DAY

Our uncle, innocent of books,  
Was rich in lore of fields and brooks,  
. . . . .  
Himself to Nature's heart so near  
That all her voices in his ear  
Of beast or bird had meanings clear,  
Like Apollonius of old,  
Who knew the tales the sparrows told,  
Or Hermes, who interpreted  
What the sage cranes of Nilus said.

JOHN G. WHITTIER  
*Snowbound*

#### TWENTIETH DAY

Yet rather would I instantly decline  
To the traditionary sympathies  
Of the most rustic ignorance, and take

A fearful apprehension from the owl  
Or death-watch: and as readily rejoice  
If two auspicious magpies cross my way.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH  
*The Excursion*

TWENTY-FIRST DAY

St. Agnes Eve—ah, bitter chill it was!  
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold.

JOHN KEATS  
*The Eve of St. Agnes*

TWENTY-SECOND DAY

When cats run home, and light is come,  
And dew is cold upon the ground,  
And the far-off stream is dumb,  
And the whirring sail goes round,  
And the whirring sail goes round,  
Alone and warming his five wits,  
The white owl in the belfry sits.

ALFRED TENNYSON  
*Song—The Owl*

TWENTY-THIRD DAY

The prairie hen from beneath our feet  
Springs up in haste, with swift wing's beat,  
And into the dark like a bullet speeds.

HAMLIN GARLAND  
*Lost in a Norther*

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY

A light broke in upon my brain,  
It was the carol of a bird;

It ceased, and then it came again,  
    The sweetest song ear ever heard,  
And mine was thankful till my eyes  
Ran over with the glad surprise,  
And they that moment could not see  
I was the mate of misery;  
But then by dull degrees came back,  
My senses to their wonted track,  
I saw the dungeon walls and floor  
Close slowly round me as before,  
I saw the glimmer of the sun  
Creeping as it before had done,  
But through the crevice where it came  
That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,  
    And tamer than upon the tree;  
A lovely bird, with azure wings,  
And song that said a thousand things,  
    And seem'd to say them all for me!  
I never saw its like before,  
I ne'er shall see its likeness more:  
It seem'd like me to want a mate,  
But was not half so desolate,  
And it was come to love me when  
None lived to love me so again,  
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,  
Had brought me back to feel and think.  
I know not if it late were free,  
    Or broke its cage to perch on mine,  
But, knowing well captivity,  
Sweet bird, I could not wish for thine!

LORD BYRON  
*The Prisoner of Chillon*

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY

Sing on, sweet Thrush, upon the leafless bough  
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain;  
See, aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,  
At thy blithe carol clears his furrow'd brow.

ROBERT BURNS

*Sonnet on Hearing a Thrush Sing in a Morning  
Walk. (Written Jan. 25, 1793, the birth-  
day of the Author.)*

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY

Rise with the lark! your matins shall obtain  
Grace, be their composition what it may,  
If but with hers performed.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

*The Excursion*

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY

Suddenly from the boughs above him  
Sang the Mama, the woodpecker:  
"Aim your arrows, Hiawatha,  
At the head of Megissogwon,  
Strike the tuft of hair upon it,  
At their roots the long black tresses;  
There alone can he be wounded!"

Winged with feathers, tipped with jasper,  
Swift flew Hiawatha's arrow,  
Just as Megissogwon, stooping,  
Raised a heavy stone to throw it.  
Full upon the crown it struck him,  
At the roots of his long tresses,  
And he reeled and staggered forward,  
Plunging like a wounded bison.

Then the grateful Hiawatha  
Called the Mama, the woodpecker,  
From his perch among the branches,  
Of the melancholy pine-tree,  
And, in honor of his service,  
Stained with blood the tuft of feathers  
On the little head of Mama;  
Even to this day he wears it,  
Wears the tuft of crimson feathers,  
As a symbol of his service.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW  
*The Song of Hiawatha*

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY

A little bird there was would sing,  
    Would sing with all its throat,  
And sang so loud that every wing  
    Came hurrying to the note.  
A sailing hawk, among the rest,  
    On spotted pinions came,  
And floated east, and floated west  
    Still circling near his game,  
Until she fancied every breast  
    Must feel an envious flame!

His eye was on the silly bird,  
    It made her heart rejoice;  
She thought, too true, the great hawk heard  
    With deep delight, her voice.  
And, nearer still, she saw him stoop,  
    On wheeling pinions gay—  
The noblest wing, of all the troop,

She fancied his that day—  
Till, with one sudden, cruel swoop,  
He bore her far away!

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ  
*The New Pastoral*

TWENTY-NINTH DAY

The eagle said, "I am old";  
Said the tomtit, "I'm older than you"—  
A ball of green and gold,  
That had counted summers two.

MORTIMER COLLINS  
*Antiquity*

THIRTIETH DAY

Here, too, the air's harmonious—deep-toned  
doves  
Coo to the fife-like carol of the lark;  
And when they cease, the holy nightingale  
Winds up his long, long shakes of ecstasy,  
With notes that seem but the protracted  
sounds  
Of glassy runnels bubbling over rocks.

THOMAS CAMPBELL  
*The Dead Eagle*

THIRTY-FIRST DAY

Doubtless the linnet, shut within its cage,  
Thinks the fair child that loves it, brings it  
seed,  
And hangs it, chirping to it, in the sun,  
Is the preserver of its little world.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL  
*The First Cause*



## February

### FOREWORD

✓  
Shall we come back, like birds, from some far sphere—  
We and the Spring together—and be glad  
With the old joy to hail the sweet young year  
And to remember what good days we had?

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON  
*The Birds and I*

### FIRST DAY

FOR still  
The February sunshine steps your boughs  
And tints the buds and swells the leaves within;  
While the song-sparrow, warbling from her  
perch,  
Tells you that spring is near.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT  
*Among the Trees*

### SECOND DAY

What wakest thou, Spring?—sweet voices in  
the woods,  
And reed-like echoes, that have long been  
mute;  
Thou bringest back, to fill the solitudes,  
The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's viewless  
flute,

Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or  
glee,  
Even as our hearts may be.

MRS. HEMANS  
*Breathings of Spring*

### THIRD DAY

There scattered oft, the earliest of the year  
By hands unseen, are showers of violets  
found;  
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,  
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

GRAY'S *Elegy*

(This verse was struck out in later editions of the poem by the author, sacrificing a beautiful thought to the symmetry of the poem.)

### FOURTH DAY

I hear, from many a little throat,  
A warble interrupted long;  
I hear the robin's flute-like note,  
The bluebird's slenderer song.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT  
*The Return of the Birds*

### FIFTH DAY

'Tis sweet in solitude to hear  
The earliest music of the year,  
The Blackbird's loud wild note,  
Or, from the wintry thicket drear,  
The Thrush's stammering throat.

JAMES MONTGOMERY  
*A Walk in Spring*

SIXTH DAY

When the hounds of spring are on winter's  
traces,  
The mother of months in meadow or plain  
Fills the shadows and windy places  
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;  
And the brown bright nightingale amorous  
Is half assuaged for Itylus,  
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces;  
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE  
*Atalanta in Calydon*

SEVENTH DAY

For, lo, the winter is past,  
The rain is over and gone;  
The flowers appear on the earth;  
The time of the singing of birds is come,  
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

SONG OF SOLOMON .  
*Chapter II, Verses 11-12*

EIGHTH DAY

Now in busy silence  
Broods the nightingale,  
Choosing his love's dwelling  
In a dimpled vale;  
. . . . .  
Just as buds and blossoms blow  
He'll begin his tune,  
When all is green and roses glow  
Underneath the moon!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.  
*Spring Song in the City*

NINTH DAY

The soote season, that bud and bloom forth  
brings,  
With green hath clad the hill, and eke the  
vale;  
The nightingale with feathers new she sings;  
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale.

HENRY HOWARD (EARL OF SURREY)  
*Description of Spring*

TENTH DAY

Gallant and gay in their doublets gray,  
All at a flash like the darting of flame,  
Chattering Arabic, African, Indian—  
Certain of springtime, the swallows came!

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD  
*My Guests*

ELEVENTH DAY

When Phœbus lifts his head out of the Win-  
ter's wave,  
No sooner doth the earth her flowery bosom  
brave,  
At such time as the year brings on the pleasant  
Spring,  
But Hunts-up to the Morn the feather'd Sylvan's  
sing:  
And in the lower grove, as on the rising knole,  
Upon the highest spray of every mounting pole,  
Those Quiristers are perch'd with many a  
speckled breast.  
Then from her burnish'd gate the goodly  
glitt'ring East

Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous  
Night  
Bespangled had with pearl, to please the Morn-  
ing's sight:  
On which the mirthful Quires, with their clear  
open throats,  
Unto the joyful Morn so strain their warbling  
notes,  
That hills and valleys ring, and even the echo-  
ing air  
Seems all compos'd of sounds, about them  
everywhere.  
The Throstell, with shrill sharps; as purposely  
he song  
T' awake the lustless Sun; or chiding, that so long  
He was in coming forth, that should the thickets  
thrill:  
The Woosell near at hand, that hath a golden  
bill;  
As Nature him had mark'd of purpose, t' let us  
see  
That from all other birds his tunes should  
different be:  
For, with their vocal sounds, they sing to  
pleasant May;  
Upon his dulcet pipe the Merle doth only play.  
When in the lower brake, the Nightingale hard-  
by,  
In such lamenting strains the joyful hours doth  
ply,  
As though the other birds she to her tunes  
would draw.

And, but that Nature (by her all-constraining  
law)  
Each bird to her own kind this season doth in-  
vite,  
They else, alone to hear that Charmer of the  
Night  
(The more to use their ears) their voices sure  
would spare,  
That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare,  
As man to set in parts, at first had learn'd of her.

MICHAEL DRAYTON  
*Polyolbion*

TWELFTH DAY

Thou too hast travell'd, little fluttering thing—  
Hast seen the world, and now thy weary wing  
Thou too must rest.  
But much, my little bird, couldst thou but tell,  
I'd give to know why here thou lik'st so well  
To build thy nest.

For thou hast pass'd fair places in thy flight;  
A world lay all beneath thee where to light;  
And strange thy taste,  
Of all the varied scenes that met thine eye,  
Of all the spots for building 'neath the sky,  
To choose this waste.

JANE WELSH CARLYLE  
*To a Swallow Building under our Eaves*

THIRTEENTH DAY

Up leaps the lark, gone wild to welcome her,  
About her glance the tits, and shriek the jays,

Before her skims the jubilant woodpecker  
The linnet's bosom blushes at her gaze,  
While round her brows a woodland culver flits,  
Watching her large light eyes and gracious  
looks,  
And in her open palm a halcyon sits  
Patient—the secret splendor of the brooks.

. . . . .  
Across my garden! and the thicket stirs,  
The fountain pulses high in sunnier jets,  
The blackcap warbles, and the turtle purrs,  
The starling claps his tiny castanets;  
Still round her forehead wheels the woodland-  
dove,  
And scatters on her throat the sparks of dew,  
The kingcup fills her footprint, and above  
Broaden the glowing isles of vernal blue.

ALFRED TENNYSON  
*The Progress of Spring*

FOURTEENTH DAY

Hail, Bishop Valentine!  
All the air is thy diocese,  
And all the chirping choristers  
And other birds thy pensioners:  
Thou marryest, every year,  
The lyric lark and the grave, whispering dove;  
The sparrow that neglects his life for love,  
The household bird with his red stomacher,  
Thou makest the blackbird speed so soon,  
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon.

JOHN DONNE  
*Address to Bishop Valentine*

FIFTEENTH DAY

The swallow, bonny birdie, comes sharp twitter-  
ing o'er the sea,  
And gladly is her carol heard for the sunny  
days to be;  
She shares not with us wintry glooms, but yet,  
no faithless thing,  
She hunts the summer o'er the earth with  
wearièd little wing.

THOMAS AIRD  
*The Swallow*

SIXTEENTH DAY

He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain  
flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone.  
Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT  
*To a Waterfowl*

SEVENTEENTH DAY

What bird so sings, yet so does wail?  
O 'tis the ravish'd nightingale.  
*Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereul* she cries,  
And still her woes at midnight rise.

Brave prick-song! Who is't now we hear?  
None but the lark so shrill and clear;  
Now at heaven's gate she claps her wings,  
The morn not waking till she sings.

Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat  
Poor robin redbreast tunes his note!

Hark now the jolly cuckoos sing  
*Cuckoo!* to welcome in the spring!  
*Cuckoo!* to welcome in the spring!

JOHN LYLY  
*Spring's Welcome*

EIGHTEENTH DAY

Now rings the woodland loud and long,  
The distance takes a lovelier hue,  
And drown'd in yonder living blue  
The lark becomes a sightless song.

ALFRED TENNYSON  
*In Memoriam*

NINETEENTH DAY

Far in the south the redwings hear and speed  
To answer nature's far-heard northern cry;  
Swift from the fields they gather and take on  
The burden of a journey: young and old  
Swing upward to the sun as if the need  
Of earth and of her comfort were gone by.  
And guided by the star of memory run  
Upon the trembling air; if, losing hold,  
With weary wing one settle to the land;  
If, sideways glancing from the flight, one see  
A fairer light than hope, or faltering  
Another answer to the white command  
Hurled upward from the gun: yet joyfully  
The happy flight speeds onward with the  
spring.

PHILIP HENRY SAVAGE  
*(Shorter Poem Number XVII)*

TWENTIETH DAY

Lo, where the blooming woodland wakes  
From wintry slumbers long,  
Thy heart, a bud of silence, breaks  
To ecstasy of song.

JOHN B. TABB  
*To a Wood-robin*

TWENTY-FIRST DAY

Spring is ycomen in,  
Dappled larke singe;  
Snow melteth,  
Runnell pelteth,  
Smelleth winde of newe buddinge.

ANONYMOUS  
*The Four Seasons*

TWENTY-SECOND DAY

God shield ye, heralds of the spring!  
Ye faithful swallows, fleet of wing,  
Houps, cuckoos, nightingales,  
Turtles, and every wilder bird,  
That make your hundred chirpings heard  
Through the green woods and dales.

PIERRE RONSARD  
*Return of Spring*

TWENTY-THIRD DAY

See, the birds together,  
In this splendid weather,  
Worship God (for he is God of birds as well as  
men);  
And each feathered neighbor  
Enters on his labor,—

Sparrow, robin, redpole, finch, the linnet, and  
the wren.

As the year advances,  
Trees their naked branches  
Clothe, and seek your pleasure in their green  
apparel.

Insect and wild beast  
Keep no Lent, but feast;  
Spring breathes upon the earth, and their joy's  
increased,  
And the rejoicing birds break forth in one loud  
carol.

EDWARD YOUL  
*Song of Spring*

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY

'Tis thine the earliest song to sing  
Of welcome to the wakening spring,  
Who round thee, as a blossom, weaves  
The fragrance of her sheltering leaves.

JOHN B. TABB  
*The Bluebird*

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY

Summer is coming, summer is coming,  
I know it, I know it, I know it,  
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,  
Yes, my wild little poet.

ALFRED TENNYSON  
*The Thristle*

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY

Once more the heavenly Power  
Makes all things new,

And domes the red-plow'd hills  
With loving blue;  
And blackbirds have their wills,  
And throistles too.

ALFRED TENNYSON  
*Early Spring*

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY

Joy fills the vale,  
With joy ecstatic quivers every wing,  
As floats thy note upon the genial gale,  
Sweet bird of spring!

HENRY PICKERING  
*To the Fringilla Melodia*

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast,  
Sing, birds, in every furrow;  
And from each hill let music shrill,  
Give my fair love good-morrow,  
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,  
Stare, linnets, and cock-sparrow,  
Ye pretty elves, amongst yourselves,  
Sing my fair love good-morrow.

THOMAS HEYWOOD  
*Pack Clouds Away*

TWENTY-NINTH DAY

Fust come the blackbirds clatt'rin' in tall trees,  
An' settlin' things in windy congresses,—  
Queer politicians, though, for I'll be skinned  
Ef all on 'em don't head against the wind!

JAMES R. LOWELL  
*Biglow Papers*



## March

### FOREWORD

The birds around me hopped and played;  
Their thoughts I cannot measure;—  
But the least motion which they made,  
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH  
*Lines Written in Early Spring*

### FIRST DAY

IT is the first mild day of March:  
Each minute sweeter than before  
The redbreast sings from the tall larch  
That stands beside our door.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH  
*To My Sister*

### SECOND DAY

'Tis eight o'clock, — a clear March night,  
The moon is up, — the sky is blue,  
The owlet, in the moonlight air,  
Shouts from nobody knows where;  
He lengthens out his lonely shout,  
Halloo! halloo! a long halloo!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH  
*The Idiot Boy*

### THIRD DAY

I have sent through the wood-paths a growing  
sigh,  
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky;

From the night-bird's lay through the starry  
time,  
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,  
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,  
Where the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

FELICIA HEMANS  
*The Voice of Spring*

FOURTH DAY

In the very spring,  
Nay, in the bluster of March, or haply before,  
The bluebird comes, and a-wing  
Or a-light, seems evermore  
For song that is sweet and soft.  
His footprints oft  
Make fret-work along the snow,  
When the weather is bleak a-blow,  
When his hardihood by cold is pinched full  
sore.

RICHARD BURTON  
*The Bluebird*

FIFTH DAY

Then from the honeysuckle gray,  
The oriole with experienced quest  
Twitches the fibrous bark away,  
The cordage of his hammock-nest,  
Cheering his labor with a note  
Rich as the orange of his throat.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL  
*The Nest*

SIXTH DAY

Lend me your song, ye nightingales! O, pour  
The mazy-running soul of melody

Into my varied verse! While I deduce,  
From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,  
The symphony of Spring.

JAMES THOMSON  
*The Seasons (Spring)*

SEVENTH DAY

Some to the holly-hedge  
Nesting repair, and to the thicket some;  
Some to the rude protection of the thorn  
Commit their feeble offspring.—

The swallow sweeps  
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house  
Intent. . . .

Should I my steps turn to the rural seat  
Whose lofty elms and venerable oaks  
Invite the rook, who, high amid the boughs,  
In early Spring, his airy city builds,  
And ceaseless caws amusive.

JAMES THOMSON  
*The Seasons (Spring)*

EIGHTH DAY

On weary wing, plebeian geese  
Push on their arrowy line  
Straight into the north, or snowy brant  
In dazzling sunshine, gloom, or shine.  
But thou, O crane, save for thy sovereign cry,  
At thy majestic height  
On proud, extended wings sweep'st on  
In lonely, easeful flight.

HAMLIN GARLAND  
*The Herald Crane*

NINTH DAY

. . . . and from the slim  
Dove-colored perches of the beechen limb,  
Sudden we heard the bluebird's welcome trill.

LLOYD MIFFLIN  
*Fields of Dawn*

TENTH DAY

And though many days he compass the be-  
leaguered ramparts round,  
Where the foes of song and sunshine in their  
fastnesses are found  
Like a shout rings out his daring to the frost  
and to the snow,  
Till the trumpets of the lilies do re-echo it below.

W. D. ELLWANGER  
*By the Round of the Robin*

ELEVENTH DAY

Cauld winter is awa', my love,  
And Spring is in her prime,  
The breath o' heaven stirs a' to life,  
The grasshoppers to chime:  
The birds canna contain themsels  
Upon the sprouting tree,  
But loudly, loudly sing o' love —  
A theme which pleaseth me.

. . . . .

What says the sangster rose-linnet?  
His breast is beating high:  
"Come here, come here, my ruddy mate,  
The gate o' love to try."

The lav'rock calls his freckled mate,  
Frae near the sun's ee-bree,  
"Come, make on the knowe our nest, my  
love"—  
A theme which pleaseth me.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM  
*The Return of Spring*

TWELFTH DAY

An undertone of song pulsed far and near;  
The soaring larks filled heaven with ecsta-  
cies,  
And like a living clock among the trees,  
The shouting cuckoo struck the time of year.

ANONYMOUS  
*Sonnet*

THIRTEENTH DAY

The nightingale appeared the first  
And as her melody she sang,  
The apple into blossoms burst,  
To life the grass and violets sprang.

HEINRICH HEINE  
*New Spring*

FOURTEENTH DAY

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,  
From her low nest the tufted lark up-springs;  
And cheerful singing, up the air she steers;  
Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she  
sings.

MICHAEL BRUCE  
*Spring Pointing to God*

FIFTEENTH DAY

In mid-air, the sportive night-hawk, seen  
Flying a while at random, uttering oft  
A cheerful cry, attended with a shake  
Of level pinions, dark, but when upturn'd  
Against the brightness of the western sky,  
One white plume showing in the midst of each,  
Then far down diving with a hollow sound:

. . . . .

And, deep at first within the distant wood,  
The whippoorwill, her name her only song.

CARLOS WILCOX  
*Spring in New England*

SIXTEENTH DAY

I'll tell you a fairy tale that's new —  
How the merry elves o'er the ocean flew,  
From the Emerald isle to this far-off shore,  
As they were wont in the days of yore —  
And play'd their pranks one moonlit night,  
When the zephyrs alone could see the sight.

. . . . .

Of all that did chance, 'twere a long tale to tell,  
Of the dresses and waltzes, and who was the  
belle;  
But each was so happy, and all were so fair,  
That night stole away, and the dawn caught  
them there!

. . . . .

But 'mid the groves, when the sun was high,  
The Indian marked with a worshipping eye

The hummingbirds, all unknown before,  
Glancing like thoughts from flower to flower,  
And seeming as if earth's loveliest things,  
The brilliants and blossoms, had taken wings:—  
And fancy hath whisper'd in numbers light,  
That these are the fairies who danced that  
    night,  
And linger yet in the garb they wore,  
Content in our clime, and more blest than be-  
fore!

SAMUEL G. GOODRICH  
*Birthnight of the Hummingbirds*

#### SEVENTEENTH DAY

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,  
    Aloft on dewy wing;  
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,  
    Makes woodland echoes ring;  
The mavis, wild wi' mony a note,  
    Sings drowsy day to rest:  
In love and freedom they rejoice,  
    Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

ROBERT BURNS  
*Lament of Mary Queen of Scots*

#### EIGHTEENTH DAY

Frowning, the owl in the oak complained him  
Sore, that the song of the robin restrained him  
Wrongly of slumber, rudely of rest.  
"From the north, from the east, from the south  
    and the west  
Woodland, wheat-field, corn-field, clover,  
Over and over and over and over,

Five o'clock, ten o'clock, twelve, or seven,  
Nothing but robin-songs heard under heaven:  
How can we sleep?

SIDNEY LANIER  
*Owl against Robin*

NINETEENTH DAY

Hurrah, the swallow, the swallow is come,  
Bringing the spring from his southern home,  
The beautiful hours, the beautiful year!  
Hurrah, the swallow is back from his flight,  
With his back of jet and his breast of white,  
The summer's earliest harbinger!

RICHARD HOVEY  
*Swallow Song (From the Greek)*

TWENTIETH DAY

"Return, return!" the unheard cry  
Of robins in the upper sky,  
As by and long this barren coast,  
In March comes up the southern host.

Low-anchored in the tangled swale,  
I mark them slant along the gale,  
At speed, with every feather set  
For some more distant harbor yet.

Around me is the mellow lisp  
Of bluebirds warbling, and the crisp  
Chick! of the sparrow, and the cheer  
Of homing pigeons harbored here.

PHILIP HENRY SAVAGE  
*March 20*

TWENTY-FIRST DAY

When winter's cold tempests and snows are no  
more,  
Green meadows and brown furrow'd fields re-  
appearing,  
The fishermen hauling their shad to the shore,  
And cloud-clearing geese to the lakes are  
a-steering,  
When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing,  
When red glow the maples, so fresh and so  
pleasing,  
O then comes the bluebird, the herald of spring!  
And hails with his warblings the charms of  
the season.

ALEXANDER WILSON  
*The Bluebird*

TWENTY-SECOND DAY

A swallow in the spring,  
Came to our granary, and beneath the eaves  
Essayed to make a nest, and there did bring  
Wet earth, and straw and leaves.  
Day after day she toiled  
With patient art; but ere her work was crowned,  
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,  
And dashed it to the ground.  
She found the ruin wrought;  
But not cast down, forth from the place she flew  
And with her mate fresh earth and grasses  
brought,  
And built her nest anew.

R. S. S. ANDROS  
*Perseverance*

TWENTY-THIRD DAY

And there for hours  
Osseo lay, and vainly strove to bring  
Into his mind the miracle of Spring.

The wood-birds knew it, and their voices rang  
Around his lodge; with many a dart and whir  
Of saucy jay, the shrewish catbird sang  
Full-throated — and he heard the kingfisher,  
Who from his God escaped with ruffled crest,  
And the white medal hanging on his breast.

BAYARD TAYLOR  
*Mon-Da-Min*

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY

With song the bosoms of the birds run o'er,  
The cuckoo calls, the swallow's at the door,

LEIGH HUNT  
*Joy of Spring*

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY

Already, close by our summer dwelling,  
The Easter sparrow repeats her song;  
A merry warbler, she chides the blossoms—  
The idle blossoms that sleep so long.

The bluebird chants, from the elm's long  
branches,  
A hymn to welcome the budding year,  
The south wind wanders from field to forest,  
And softly whispers, "The spring is here."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT  
*An Invitation to the Country*

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY

And up, up, up to the gates of heaven  
Mounts the lark, on the wings of her rapture  
    driven;  
While the chattering sparrows, in and out,  
Fly the shrubs, and the trees, and the roofs  
    about,  
And sooty rooks, loudly cawing roam,  
With sticks and straws, to their woodland  
    home.

DAVID MOIR  
*Spring Morning*

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY

From the elm-tree's topmost bough,  
    Hark! the robin's early song!  
Telling one and all that now  
    Merry spring-time hastes along,  
Welcome tidings dost thou bring,  
Little harbinger of Spring:  
    Robin's come.

WILLIAM CALDWELL  
*Robin's Come*

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY

How the blithe Lark runs up the golden stair  
    That leans thro' cloudy gates from heaven to  
    earth,  
And all alone in the empyreal air  
    Fills it with jubilant sweet songs of mirth;  
    How far he seems, how far  
    With the light upon his wings,

Is it a bird, or star  
That shines and sings?

FREDERICK TENNYSON  
*The Skylark*

TWENTY-NINTH DAY

Bird of the wilderness,  
Blithesome and cumberless,  
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!  
Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place:  
O to abide in the desert with thee!

JAMES HOGG  
*The Lark*

THIRTIETH DAY

Winter days are dreary  
Winter nights are long,—  
Cometh March, and robin breaks  
The silence with a song.

. . . . .

Oh, ye folks so dreary,  
Brooding over wrong,—  
Cast away your sadness when  
You hear the robin's song.

Let the season to your soul  
Mirth and music bring.  
Let your hearts be radiant with  
The sunshine of the spring.

DENIS A. MCCARTHY  
*Spring Song*

THIRTY-FIRST DAY

Jest rain and snow! and rain again!  
And dribble, drip and blow!  
Then snow! and thaw! and slush! and then —  
Some more rain and snow!

This morning I was 'most afeard  
To wake up — when, I jing!  
I seen the sun shine out and heered  
The fust bluebird of Spring!  
Mother she'd raised the winder some,  
And in acrost the orchurd come,  
Soft as a angel's wing  
A breezy, treesy, beesy hum,  
Too sweet for anything!

The winter's shroud was rent a-part —  
The sun bust forth in glee,—  
And when that bluebird sung, my heart  
Hopped out o' bed with me!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY  
*The First Bluebird*

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## April

### FOREWORD

And many a silly thing  
That hops and cheeps,  
And perks his tiny tail,  
And sidelong peeps,  
And flutters little wing,  
Seems in his consequential way  
To tell of spring.



RICHARD LE GALLIENNE  
*An Ode to Spring*

### FIRST DAY

O TARDY April, is thy full choir here?  
The redbreast, picket of the swarming  
spring,  
Whistles a sudden chirrup of alarm  
Before his level flight; and soft at eve  
His melody, on grass half-robin high,  
Falls like a vesper's throbbings from aloft.  
The sparrow tempts the turf to faster growth  
With her coy nesting, while her happy mate,  
High in the promise-reddened maple-top,  
O'er bubbles with ecstacies of hoarded song.  
The mellow tunings of the oriole's flute,  
Rich as his coat, foretell his summer joy,  
And pitch the key of gladness for the year.  
Here is the bluebird, best of mates and sires,  
And pewee, restless as a lover's fear,

With cousin phœbe, bleating tearfully.  
The humble-bee, that, nectar-drunk, shall soon  
Linger within the sybaritic flower,  
Feeds his impatience at the cautious bud;  
And from the furrows' wet and windy reach,  
Where March but lately swung his icy scythe,  
Ripples the velvet air about the cheek,  
Laden with faintest chorusings, as though  
The brimming silence overflowed in sound.

O tardy April, is the full choir here?  
Alas for me! Thou hast forgot to bring  
Out of the South one childish, bird-like voice,  
Whose absence doth delay the year, and makes  
My songs and thine but preludes till she come.

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON  
*A Spring Prelude*

#### SECOND DAY

You may hear birds at morning, and at eve  
The tame dove lingers till the twilight falls,  
Cooing upon the eaves, and drawing in  
His beautiful, bright neck.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS  
*April*

#### THIRD DAY

Singing in the rain, robin?  
Rippling out so fast,  
All thy flute-like notes, as if  
This singing were thy last!

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL  
*Spring Twilight*

FOURTH DAY

We watched the harrows make their furrow wide;  
The thievish grackles follow, round by  
round,  
The running robins halting, as they eyed  
With crafty caution all the mellow ground.  
The cardinal flashed by within our ken —  
A wing-ed rose where all the groves were  
gray,  
And like a flash of April came the jay,  
While captious in the tangle chafed the  
wren  
But the brown-sparrow on the alder-tree,  
Out-rivaling better warblers of the wood,  
Forced our applause by bursts of ecstasy,  
As at Olympia once, dwarf Zenocles,  
Amid the plaudits of the multitude  
Won the wreathed olive from Euripides.

LLOYD MIFFLIN  
*The Fields of Dawn*

FIFTH DAY

Among the dwellings framed by birds  
In field or forest with nice care,  
Is none that with the little wren's  
In snugness may compare.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH  
*A Wren's Nest*

SIXTH DAY

The Attic warbler pours her throat  
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,  
The untaught harmony of Spring!

THOMAS GRAY  
*(Ode) On the Spring*

SEVENTH DAY

In the swamp, in secluded recesses,  
A shy and hidden bird is warbling a song.  
Solitary, the thrush,  
The hermit, withdrawn to himself, avoiding the  
settlements,  
Sings by himself a song.

. . . . .

Sing on! sing on, you gray-brown bird!  
Limitless out of the dusk, out of the cedars and  
pines.

WALT WHITMAN

*When Lilacs Last in the Door-yard Bloom'd*

EIGHTH DAY

Now bloom the orchards, and the noisy bees  
Sing like a wind among the snowy boughs.  
The occupants of neighboring garden hives  
Are there, in full communities, to mine  
The odorous Eldorado; and the wasp  
Dropping his long legs, like a flying crane,  
Lights on the flower, and, with his ready  
sting,  
Threats the intruder. There the humble-bee  
Comes booming, and departs with laden thighs.  
The yellow-jacket, small and full of spite,  
Bedecked in livery of golden lace,  
Comes with the fretful arrogance of one  
Who plays the master, though himself a slave;  
And over all, the tyrant of the hour,  
The kingbird, hovers, darting on his prey;  
And takes the ventured argosy of sweets,

Then boasts his conquest on the adjacent  
branch,  
Where, like a pirate hauled against the wind,  
He waits another sail.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ  
*The New Pastoral*

(Mr. Read says, in a footnote: "Since this passage was written, the supposed fact has become disputed. I shall be glad to find that I have done this little intruder injustice.")

NINTH DAY

Bird with the saffron bill,  
Like close-furled crocus bud in early spring,  
Thou makest all the bleak and weary wold  
Melodiously to ring.

ARTHUR WRIGHT  
*To the Blackbird*

TENTH DAY

Come, come, let's go!  
Let's go, for hark!  
I hear the lark;  
And the blackbird and the thrush on the hill-  
side tree  
Shout to each other so merrily;  
And the wren sings loud,  
And a little crowd  
Of gnats dance cheerily.

MARY HOWITT  
*April*

ELEVENTH DAY

(Sure, he's arrived,  
The tell-tale cuckoo: Spring's his confidant,  
And he lets out her April purposes!)

ROBERT BROWNING  
*Pippa Passes*

TWELFTH DAY

Sweet Robin, I have heard them say  
That thou wert there upon the day  
The Christ was crowned in cruel scorn  
And bore away one bleeding thorn,—  
That so the blush upon thy breast,  
In shameful sorrow, was impressed;  
And thence thy genial sympathy  
With our redeemed humanity.

Sweet Robin, would that I might be  
Bathed in my Saviour's blood, like thee;  
Bear in my breast, whate'er the loss,  
The bleeding blazon of the cross;  
Live ever, with thy loving mind,  
In fellowship with human kind;  
And take my pattern still from thee,  
In gentleness and constancy.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE  
*Robin Redbreast*

THIRTEENTH DAY

Put in April and May — the hylas croaking in  
the ponds —  
Bees, butterflies, the sparrow with its simple  
notes,

Bluebird, and darting swallow — nor forget the  
    high-hole flashing his golden wings,  
The robin, where he hops, bright-eyed, brown-  
    breasted,  
With musical clear call at sunrise, and again at  
    sunset,  
Or fitting among the trees of the apple-orchard,  
    building the nest of his mate.

WALT WHITMAN  
*Warble for Lilac Time*

#### FOURTEENTH DAY

Now daisies pied, and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all silver white,  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,  
Do paint the meadows with delight.  
The cuckoo now on every tree,  
Sings, Cuckoo! cuckoo!

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST  
*Act V, Scene 2*

#### FIFTEENTH DAY

Parched the pleasant April's herbage, and the  
    lark's heart's outbreak tuneless,  
If you loved me not!

ROBERT BROWNING  
*A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*

#### SIXTEENTH DAY

The cuckoo told his name to all the hills;  
The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm;  
The redcap whistled; and the nightingale  
Sang loud as tho' he were the bird of day.

ALFRED TENNYSON  
*The Gardener's Daughter*

SEVENTEENTH DAY

What knowest thou of birds, lark, mavis, merle,  
Linnet? what dream ye when they utter forth  
May-music growing with the growing light,  
Their sweet sun-worship?

ALFRED TENNYSON  
*Gareth and Lynette*

EIGHTEENTH DAY

Round and round, from glen and grove,  
Pour a thousand hymns to love;  
Harps the rail amid the clover,  
O'er the moon-fern whews the plover,  
Bat has hid and heath-cock crow'd,  
Courser neigh'd and cattle low'd,  
Kid and lamb the lair forsaken —  
Waken, drowsy slumberer, waken!

JAMES HOGG  
*Angel's Morning Song to the Shepherd*

NINETEENTH DAY

What vows to their sweethearts the gay robins  
utter!  
No marvel such wooers are heard;  
Heigh-ho! how the bosoms that scorn us would  
flutter  
If man could make love like a bird!

EDGAR FAWCETT  
*Springtime*

TWENTIETH DAY

The nightingale had ceased, and a few stars  
Were lingering in the heavens, while the thrush  
Began calm-throated.

JOHN KEATS  
*Hyperion*

TWENTY-FIRST DAY

(Why, I'd give more for one live bobolink  
Than a square mile o' larks in printer's ink.)

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL  
*Biglow Papers*

TWENTY-SECOND DAY

And like some peerless overture, the vast  
Sweet symphony the wild chickens sang at  
dawn  
Died away to a single note.

HAMLIN GARLAND  
*Spring on the Prairies*

TWENTY-THIRD DAY

O blithe new-comer! I have heard,  
I hear thee and rejoice.  
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,  
Or but a wandering Voice?

. . . . .  
The same whom in my Schoolboy days  
I listen'd to; that Cry  
Which made me look a thousand ways  
In bush, and tree, and sky.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH  
*To the Cuckoo*

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!  
Thou messenger of Spring!  
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,  
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,  
Thy certain voice we hear.  
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,  
Or mark the rolling year?

JOHN LOGAN  
*To the Cuckoo*

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY

What time the pea puts on the bloom,  
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,  
An annual guest in other lands,  
Another Spring to hail!

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,  
Thy sky is ever clear;  
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
No Winter in thy year!

JOHN LOGAN  
*To the Cuckoo*

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY

In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the  
robin's breast;  
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself  
another crest;  
In the spring a livelier iris changes on the  
burnish'd dove;  
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns  
to thoughts of love.

ALFRED TENNYSON  
*Locksley Hall*

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY

Thou, veil'd with opening foliage, lead'st the  
throng  
Of feather'd minstrels, Philomel! in song;  
Let us, in concert, to the season sing,  
Civic and sylvan heralds of the spring!

JOHN MILTON

*On the Approach of Spring*

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY

A nightingale, that all day long  
Had cheer'd the village with his song,  
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,  
Nor yet when eventide was ended,  
Began to feel, as well he might,  
The keen demands of appetite;  
When, looking eagerly around,  
He spied far off, upon the ground,  
A something shining in the dark,  
And knew the glowworm by his spark;  
So stooping down from hawthorn top,  
He thought to put him in his crop.  
The worm, aware of his intent,  
Harangued him thus, right eloquent —  
Did you admire my lamp, quoth he,  
As much as I your minstrelsy,  
You would abhor to do me wrong  
As much as I to spoil your song;  
For 'twas the selfsame Power Divine  
Taught you to sing, and me to shine;  
That you with music, I with light,  
Might beautify and cheer the night.

The songster heard his short oration,  
And warbling out his approbation,  
Released him, as my story tells,  
And found a supper somewhere else.

WILLIAM COWPER  
*Nightingale and Glowworm*

TWENTY-NINTH DAY

Blue-jay!—  
The dreadful things that people say  
    Give you dark reputation —  
To carry sand-grains, day by day  
To burn poor sinners, forced to stay  
In purgatory fires alway,  
    Is sure a bad vocation!  
But when I've seen you sit a-tilt  
On bough, and sing so sweet a lilt,  
I feel inclined to doubt your guilt,  
    And think perchance you are belied  
    By those who seek to turn your pride  
    To scorn and reprobation!

ZITELLA COCKE  
*The Jay Bird*

THIRTIETH DAY

The world rolls round, — mistrust it not, —  
Befalls again what once befell;  
All things return, both sphere and mote,  
And I shall hear my bluebird's note,  
And dream the dream of Auburn dell.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON  
*May-day*



## May

### FOREWORD

Is it the Spring?  
Or are the birds all wrong  
That play on the flute and viol  
A thousand strong,  
The minstrel galleries  
Of the long, deep wood  
Epiphanies  
Of bloom and bud.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE  
*An Ode to Spring*

### FIRST DAY

WAS it a squirrel's pettish bark,  
Or clarionet of jay? or hark  
Where yon wedged line the Nestor leads,  
Steering north with raucous cry  
Through tracts and provinces of sky,  
Every night alighting down  
In new landscapes of romance,  
Where darkling feed the clamorous clans  
By lonely lakes to men unknown.  
Come the tumult whence it will,  
Voice of sport, or rush of wings,  
It is a sound, it is a token  
That the marble sleep is broken,  
And a change has passed on things.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON  
*May-day*

## SECOND DAY

When all the birds have matins said,  
And sung their thankful hymns; 'tis sin,  
Nay, profanation, to keep in,  
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day  
Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May.

ROBERT HERRICK  
*Corinna's Going a-Maying*

## THIRD DAY

A lovely morn, so still, so very still,  
It hardly seemed a growing day of Spring,  
Though all the odorous buds are blossoming,  
And the small matin birds were glad and shrill  
Some hours ago; but now the woodland rill  
Murmurs along, the only vocal thing,  
Save when the wee wren flits with stealthy wing,  
And cons by fits and bits her evening trill.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE  
*May, 1840*

## FOURTH DAY

The sun of May was bright in middle heaven,  
And steeped the sprouting forests, the green  
hills,  
And emerald wheat-fields, in his yellow light.  
Upon the apple tree, where rosy buds  
Stood clustered, ready to burst forth in bloom,  
The robin warbled forth his full clear note  
For hours, and wearied not.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT  
*The Old Man's Counsel*

## FIFTH DAY

Early on a pleasant day,  
In the poet's month of May,  
Field and forest looked so fair,  
So refreshing was the air,  
That, in spite of morning dew,  
Forth I walked where tangling grew  
Many a thorn and breezy bush;  
When the redbreast and the thrush  
Gaily raised their early lay,  
Thankful for returning day.

Every thicket, bush, and tree  
Swelled the grateful harmony:  
As it mildly swept along,  
Echo seemed to catch the song;  
But the plain was wide and clear,—  
Echo never whispered near,  
From a neighboring mocking-bird  
Came the answering notes I heard.

Soft and low the song began;  
I scarcely caught it as it ran  
Through the melancholy trill  
Of the plaintive whip-poor-will,—  
Through the ringdove's gentle wail,  
Chattering jay and whistling quail,  
Sparrow's twitter, catbird's cry,  
Redbird's whistle, robin's sigh;  
Blackbird, bluebird, swallow, lark,  
Each his native note might mark.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE  
*The Mocking-bird*

SIXTH DAY

The circling, splendid anthem of their greeting,  
Ran like the morning beating  
Of a hundred mellow drums —  
Boom, boom, boom!

HAMLIN GARLAND  
*Prairie Chickens*

SEVENTH DAY

And after April, when May follows,  
And the white-throat builds, and all the swallows!  
.  
.  
. . . . .  
.

That's the wise thrush; he sings each song  
twice over,  
Lest you should think he never could recapture  
That first fine careless rapture!

ROBERT BROWNING  
*Home Thoughts from Abroad*

EIGHTH DAY

There sate I down among the fair fresh flowers,  
And saw the birds come tripping from their  
bowers,  
Where they had rested them all night; and  
they,  
Who were so joyful at the light of day,  
Began to honor May with all their powers.

Well did they know that service all by rote,  
And there was many and many a lovely note,

Some, singing loud, as if they had complained;  
Some, with their notes another manner feigned;  
And some did sing all out with the full throat.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH  
*The Cuckoo and the Nightingale*

NINTH DAY

The laverock loes her musical mate,  
The moorcock loes the mottled moorhen,  
The blackbird lilts it early an' late,  
A-wooning his love in the birken glen:  
The yammering tewit and gray curlew,  
Hae ilk ane lovers around to flee,  
An' please their hearts wi' their whillie —  
la-lu, —  
But there's naething to wheedle or sing to me.

JAMES HOGG  
*A Ballad about Love*

TENTH DAY

Upsprings the lark,  
Shrill-voiced and loud, the messenger of morn;  
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings,  
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their  
haunts  
Calls up the tuneful nations. The thrush  
And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng,  
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length  
Of notes; when listening Philomela deigns  
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought  
Elate, to make her night excel their day.  
The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake:  
The mellow bulfinch answers from the grove;

Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze  
Poured out profusely, silent. The jay, the rook,  
the daw,  
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,  
Aid the full concert; while the stock-dove  
breathes  
A melancholy murmur through the whole.

JAMES THOMSON  
*The Seasons (Spring)*

ELEVENTH DAY

The valley rings with mirth and joy;  
Among the hills the echoes play  
A never never ending song,  
To welcome in the May.  
The magpie chatters with delight;  
The mountain raven's younglings brood  
Have left the mother and the nest;  
And they go rambling east and west  
In search of their own food;  
Or through the glittering vapors dart  
In very wantonness of heart.

. . . . .

Along the river's stony marge  
The sand-lark chants a joyous song;  
The thrush is busy in the wood,  
And carols loud and strong.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH  
*The Idle Shepherd Boys*

TWELFTH DAY

And hark! and hark! the woodland rings;  
There thrilled the thrush's soul;

And look! that flash of flaming wings —  
The fire-plumed oriole!  
Above the hen-hawk swims and swoops,  
Flung from the bright blue sky,  
Below, the robin hops and whoops  
His piercing Indian cry.

OLIVER W. HOLMES  
*After a Lecture on Wordsworth*

THIRTEENTH DAY

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with  
thee;  
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,  
Who, from the dark old tree,  
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,  
And I, secure in childish piety,  
Listened as if I heard an angel sing  
With news from heaven, which he could bring  
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,  
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

JAMES R. LOWELL  
*To the Dandelion*

FOURTEENTH DAY

When happy shepherds tell their tale  
Under the tender leafy tree;  
And all adown the grassy vale  
The mocking cuckoo chanteth free;  
And Philomel, with liquid throat,  
Doth pour the welcome, warbling note.  
That had been all the winter dumb, —  
We then may say the May is come.

CLARKE  
*May*

FIFTEENTH DAY

He listened to each warbling throat,  
That twittered from the budding spray;  
And blest the red-bird's mellow note  
At dawning and at setting day.

ALEXANDER WILSON  
*The Pilgrim*

SIXTEENTH DAY

Beside the cottage in which Ellen dwelt,  
Stands a tall ash-tree; to whose topmost twig  
A thrush resorts, and annually chants,  
At morn and evening from that naked perch,  
While all the undergrove is thick with leaves,  
A time-beguiling ditty, for delight  
Of his fond partner, silent in the nest.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH  
*The Excursion*

SEVENTEENTH DAY

Along the dark sequester'd path,  
Where cedars form an arching shade;  
I marked the cat-bird's squalling wrath,  
The jay in shining blue array'd.

ALEXANDER WILSON  
*The Rural Walk*

EIGHTEENTH DAY

Bobolink, that in the meadow,  
Or beneath the orchard's shadow,  
Keapest up a constant rattle  
Joyous as my children's prattle,  
Welcome to the north again!  
Welcome to mine ear the strain,

Welcome to mine eyes the sight  
Of thy buff, thy black, thy white.  
Brighter plumes may greet the sun  
By the banks of Amazon;  
Sweeter tones may weave the spell  
Of enchanting Philomel;  
But the tropic bird would fail,  
And the English nightingale,  
If we should compare their worth  
With thine endless gushing mirth.

THOMAS HILL  
*The Bobolink*

NINETEENTH DAY

Ye sweet birds,  
Were you asleep through all the wintry hours,  
Beneath the waters, or in mossy caves?

JOHN WILSON  
*Hymn to Spring*

TWENTIETH DAY

Then bursts the song from every leafy glade,  
The yielding season's bridal serenade;  
Then flash the wings returning summer calls  
Through the deep arches of her forest halls;  
The bluebird breathing from his azure plumes  
The fragrance borrowed where the myrtle  
blooms;  
The thrush, poor wanderer, dropping meekly  
down,  
Clad in his remnant of autumnal brown;  
The oriole, drifting like a flake of fire  
Rent by the whirlwind from a blazing spire.

The robin, jerking his spasmodic throat,  
Repeats, staccato, his peremptory note;  
The crackbrained bobolink courts his crazy  
mate,  
Poised on a bulrush tipsy with his weight;  
Nay, in his cage the lone canary sings,  
Feels the soft air and spreads his idle wings; —

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

*Astræa*

#### TWENTY-FIRST DAY

When the lilac-scent was in the air and Fifth-  
month grass was growing,  
Up this seashore in some briers,  
Two feather'd guests from Alabama, two  
together,  
And their nest, and four light-green eggs spotted  
with brown,  
And every day the he-bird to and fro near at  
hand,  
And every day the she-bird crouch'd on her  
nest, silent, with bright eyes,  
And every day I, a curious boy, never too close,  
never disturbing them,  
Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.

WALT WHITMAN

*Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking*

#### TWENTY-SECOND DAY

But then as little wrens but newly fledge,  
First, by their nests hop up and down the hedge;  
Then one from bough to bough gets up a tree:  
His fellow noting his agility,

Thinks he as well may venture as the other,  
So flushing from one spray unto another,  
Gets to the top, and then embolden'd flies,  
Unto a height past ken of human eyes.

WILLIAM BROWNE  
*Britannia's Pastorals*

TWENTY-THIRD DAY

Chickadee! chickadee!  
Green leaves on every tree!  
Over field, over foam,  
All the birds are coming home.  
Honk! honk! sailing low,  
Cried the gray goose long ago.  
Weet! weet! in the light  
Flutes the phœbe-bird so bright.  
Chewink, veery, thrush o' the wood,  
    Silver treble raise together:  
All around their dainty food  
    Ripens with the ripening weather.  
Hear, O hear!  
In the great elm by the mere  
Whip-poor-will is crying clear.

ROBERT BUCHANAN  
*White Rose and Red*

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY

A darting, azure-feathered arrow,  
From some lithe sapling's bow-curve, fleet  
The bluebird, springing light and narrow,  
Sings in flight, with gurglings sweet.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP  
*The Bluebird's Greeting*

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY

The nightingale, full-toned in middle May  
Hath ever and anon a note so thin  
It seems another voice in other groves.

ALFRED TENNYSON

*Idylls of the King — Balin and Balan*

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY

Be merry, all birds, to-day,  
Be merry on earth as you never were merry  
before,  
Be merry in heaven, O larks, and far away,  
And merry for ever and ever, and one day  
more.

Why?

For it's easy to find a rhyme.  
Look, look, how he flits,  
The fire-crown'd king of the wrens, from out of  
the pine!  
Look how they tumble the blossom, the mad  
little tits!  
"Cuckoo! cuckoo!" was ever a May so fine?

Why?

For it's easy to find a rhyme.  
O merry the linnet and dove,  
And swallow and sparrow and throstle, and  
have your desire!  
O merry my heart, and you have gotten the  
wings of love  
And flit like the king of the wrens with a crown  
of fire.

ALFRED TENNYSON

*The Window; or, The Song of the Wrens*

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY

On a bulrush stalk a blackbird swung,  
All in the sun and the sunshine weather.  
Teetered and scolded there as he hung  
O'er the maze of the swamp-woof's tangled  
tether;  
And the spots on his wings were red as fire,  
And his notes rang sweet as Apollo's lyre.

ERNEST MCGAFFEY  
*The Redwing*

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY

Here sports the Mocking-Bird, with matchless  
strain,  
Returning back each warbler's notes again:  
Now chants a Robin, now o'er all the throng  
Pours out in strains sublime the Thrush's song;  
Barks like the Squirrel, like the Cat-Bird  
squalls,  
Now "Whip-poor-will" and now "Bob-White"  
he calls.

ALEXANDER WILSON  
*The Invitation*

TWENTY-NINTH DAY

The mockingbird gulps down the worm,  
And straight begins to sing,  
I wonder that he doesn't squirm  
To swallow such a thing —  
A sort of fiddle-string, no doubt,  
That helps to bring the music out.

JOHN B. TABB  
*In Accord*

THIRTIETH DAY

The sun has long been set,  
The stars are out by twos and threes,  
The little birds are piping yet  
Among the bushes and trees;  
There's a cuckoo, and one or two thrushes,  
And a far-off wind that rushes,  
And a sound of water that gushes,  
And the cuckoo's sovereign cry  
Fills all the hollow of the sky.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH  
*The Sun Has Long Been Set*

THIRTY-FIRST DAY

The robin and the bluebird, piping loud,  
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their  
glee;  
The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud  
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be;  
And hungry crows, assembled in a crowd,  
Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly.  
Knowing who hears the raven's cry, and said:  
"Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread!"  
Across the Sound the birds of passage sailed,  
Speaking some unknown language strange  
and sweet  
Of tropic isle remote, and passing hailed  
The village with the cheers of all their fleet;  
Or quarrelling together, laughed and railed  
Like foreign sailors, landed in the street  
Of seaport town, and with outlandish noise  
Of oaths and gibberish frightening girls and boys.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW—*The Birds of Killingworth*



## June

### FOREWORD

When June is here, — what art have we to sing  
The whiteness of the lilies midst the green  
Of noon-tranced lawns? Or flash of roses seen  
Like redbird's wings? Or earliest ripening  
Prince Harvest apples, where the cloyed bees cling  
Round winy juices oozing down between  
The peckings of the robin, while we lean  
In under-grasses, lost in marvelling.  
Or the cool term of morning and the stir  
Of odorous breaths from wood and meadow walks;  
The bob-white's liquid yodel, and the whirl  
Of sudden flight; and where the milkmaid talks  
Across the bars, on tilted barley-stalks  
The dew-drops glint in webs of gossamer.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

*When June is Here*

(From "Pipes of Pan," by James Whitcomb Riley. Copyright, 1888. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

### FIRST DAY

**S**UMMER is ycomen in  
Loud singe cuckoo;  
Groweth seede.  
Bloweth meade,  
And springeth the weede newe.

OLD ENGLISH SONG

### SECOND DAY

June overhead!  
All the birds know it, for swift they have sped

Northward, and now they are singing like mad;  
June is full-tide for them, June makes them  
glad.

Hark, the bright choruses greeting the day —  
Sorrow, away!

RICHARD BURTON

*June*

### THIRD DAY

And hark! now clear the bold chanticleer.  
Warmed with the new wine of the year,  
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

*The Vision of Sir Launfal*

### FOURTH DAY

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!  
He, too, is no mean preacher:  
Come forth into the light of things,  
Let Nature be your Teacher.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

*Up! Up! My Friend, and Quit Your Books*

### FIFTH DAY

A week ago the sparrow was divine;  
The bluebird, shifting his light load of song  
From post to post along the cheerless fence,  
Was as a rhymer ere the poet come.  
But now, oh rapture! sunshine winged and  
voiced,  
Gladness of woods, skies, waters, all in one,

The bobolink has come, and like the soul  
Of the sweet season vocal in a bird,  
Gurgles in ecstasy we know not what  
Save *Junel! Dear Junel! Now God be praised for  
Junel!*

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL  
*Under the Willows*

SIXTH DAY

“Of all the palaces so fair,  
Built for the royal dwelling,  
In Scotland, far beyond compare  
Linlithgow is excelling;  
And in its park, in jovial June,  
How sweet the merry linnet’s tune,  
How blithe the blackbird’s lay!  
The wild buck bells from ferny brake,  
The coot dives merry on the lake,  
The saddest heart might pleasure take  
To see all nature gay.”

SIR WALTER SCOTT  
*Marmion*

SEVENTH DAY

Ho! how the lark soars upward and is gone  
Turning a spirit as he nears the sky,  
His voice is heard, though body there is none,  
And rain-like music scatters from on high.

THOMAS HOOD  
*Hero and Leander*

EIGHTH DAY

So, some tempestuous morn in early June.  
When the year’s primal burst of bloom is o’er,

Before the roses and the longest day —  
When the garden-walks and all the grassy  
floor  
With blossoms red and white of fallen May  
And chestnut-flowers are strewn —  
So I have heard the cuckoo's parting cry,  
From the wet field, through the next garden-  
trees,  
Come with the volleying rain and tossing  
breeze;  
"The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I!"

MATTHEW ARNOLD  
*The Departure of the Cuckoo*

NINTH DAY

Now meanwhile shall thy heart's delight,  
the hoarse wood-pigeons,  
Nor the turtle-dove cease to mourn  
from aerial elm-trees.

*Ovid (LONGFELLOW'S trans.)*

TENTH DAY

Fancy, who leads the pastimes of the glad,  
Full oft is pleased a wayward dart to throw;  
Sending sad shadows after things not sad,  
Peopling the harmless fields with signs of woe:  
Beneath her sway, a simple forest cry  
Becomes an echo of man's misery.

Blithe ravens croak of death; and when the owl  
Tries his two voices for a favorite strain —  
*To-whit* — *To-whoo!* the unsuspecting fowl  
Forebodes mishap or seems but to complain;  
Fancy, intent to harass and annoy,  
Can thus pervert the evidence of joy.

Through border wilds where naked Indians  
stray,

Myriads of notes attest her subtle skill;  
A feathered task-master cries, "Work Away!"  
And, in thy iteration, "Whip Poor Will!"  
Is heard the spirit of a toil-worn slave,  
Lashed out of life, not quiet in the grave.

What wonder? at her bidding, ancient lays  
Steeped in dire grief the voice of Philomel;  
And that fleet messenger of summer days,  
The Swallow, twittered subject to like spell;  
But ne'er could Fancy bend the buoyant Lark  
To melancholy service — hark! O hark!

The daisy sleeps upon the dewy lawn,  
Not lifting yet the head that evening bowed;  
But he is risen, a later star of dawn,  
Glittering and twinkling near yon rosy cloud;  
Bright gem instinct with music, vocal spark;  
The happiest bird that sprang out of the Ark!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

*A Morning Exercise*

#### ELEVENTH DAY

Then trow you may the tides adjourn,  
And nature from her pathway turn;  
The wild-duck drive to mountain tree,  
The capperkayle to swim the sea,  
The heath-cock to the shelvy shore,  
The partridge to the mountain hoar,  
And bring the red-eyed ptarmigan  
To dwell by the abodes of man.

JAMES HOGG

*The Queen's Wake*

TWELFTH DAY

With many a pause and oft reverted eye  
I climb the Coomb's ascent: sweet songsters  
near  
Warble in shade their wild-wood melody:  
Far off the unvarying Cuckoo soothes my ear.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Lines composed while climbing the Left Ascent of Brockley Coomb, Somersetshire, May, 1795.

THIRTEENTH DAY

'Nuff sed, June's bridesman, poet o' the year,  
Gladness on wings, the bobolink, is here;  
Half hid in tip-top apple-blooms he swings,  
Or climbs against the breeze with quiverin'  
wings,  
Or, givin' way to 't in a mock despair,  
Runs down, a brook o' laughter, thru th' air.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

*Biglow Papers*

FOURTEENTH DAY

Up with me! up with me into the clouds!  
For thy song, Lark, is strong;  
Up with me, up with me into the clouds!  
Singing, singing,  
With clouds and sky about thee ringing,  
Lift me, guide me till I find  
That spot which seems so to thy mind!

I have walk'd through wildernesses dreary,  
And to-day my heart is weary;

Had I now the wings of a Faery,  
Up to thee would I fly.  
There's madness about thee, and joy divine  
In that song of thine;  
Lift me, guide me high and high  
To thy banqueting-place in the sky.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH  
*To a Skylark*

FIFTEENTH DAY

Hush! 'tis he!

My oriole, my glance of summer fire,  
Is come at last, and, ever on the watch,  
Twitches the pack-thread I had lightly wound  
About the bough to help his housekeeping, —  
Twitches and scouts by turns, blessing his luck,  
Yet fearing me who laid it in his way,

. . . . .

Heave ho! heave ho! he whistles as the twine  
Slackens its hold; once more, now! and a flash  
Lightens across the sunlight to the elm  
Where his mate dangles at her cup of felt.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL  
*Under the Willows*

SIXTEENTH DAY

The robin sings, as of old, from the limb!  
The cat-bird croons in the lilac-bush!  
Through the dim arbor, himself more dim,  
Silently hops the hermit-thrush,  
The withered leaves keep dumb for him;

The only hammer that I hear  
Is wielded by the woodpecker,  
The single noisy calling his  
In all our leaf-hid Sybaris.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL  
*Al Fresco*

SEVENTEENTH DAY

Why dost thou come at set of sun,  
Those pensive words to say?  
Why whip-poor-will? — What has he done?  
And who is Will, I pray?

Why come from yon leaf-shaded hill,  
A suppliant at my door? —  
Why ask of me to whip-poor-will?  
And is Will really poor?

GEORGE P. MORRIS  
*The Whippoorwill*

EIGHTEENTH DAY

The humbird shook his suntouch'd wings  
around.  
The blue finch caroll'd in the still retreat;  
The antic squirrel caper'd on the ground  
Where lichens made a carpet for his feet;  
Through the transparent waves, the ruddy  
minkle  
Shot up the glittering sparks his red fin's tiny  
twinkle.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE  
*Bronx*

NINETEENTH DAY

The hermit-thrush  
Pipes his sweet note to make your arches ring;  
The faithful robin, from the wayside elm,  
Carols all day to cheer his sitting mate.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT  
*Among the Trees*

TWENTIETH DAY

Nightingale I never heard,  
Nor the sky-lark, poet's bird;  
But there is an æther-winger  
So surpasses every singer,  
(Though unknown to lyric fame,  
That at morning, or at nooning,  
When I hear his pipe a-tuning,  
Down I fling Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, —  
What are all their songs of birds worth?  
All their soaring  
Souls' outpouring?  
When my *Mimus Carolinensis*,  
(That's his Latin name,)  
When my warbler wild commences  
Song's hilarious rhapsody,  
Just to please himself and me!  
Primo Cantante!  
Scherzo! Andante!  
Piano, pianissimo!  
Presto, prestissimo!  
Hark! are there nine or ninety and nine?  
And now a miraculous gurgling gushes  
Like nectar from Hebe's Olympian bottle,  
The laughter of tune from a rapturous throttle!

Such melody must be a hermit-thrush's!  
But that other caroler, nearer,  
Outrivalling rivalry with clearer  
Sweetness incredibly fine!  
Is it oriole, redbird, or bluebird,  
Or some strange, un-Auduboned new bird?  
All one, sir, both this bird and that bird,  
The whole flight are all the same catbird!  
The whole visible and invisible choir you see  
On one lithe twig of yon green tree.  
Flitting, feathery Blondel!  
Listen to his rondel!  
To his lay romantical!  
To his sacred canticle!  
Hear him lilting,  
See him tilting  
His saucy head and tail, and fluttering  
While uttering  
All the different operas under the sun  
Just for fun;  
Or in tipsy revelry,  
Or at love devilry,  
Or, disdainning his divine gift and art,  
Like an inimitable poet  
Who captivates the world's heart  
And don't know it.  
Hear him lilt!  
See him tilt!  
Then suddenly he stops,  
Peers about, flirts, hops,  
As if looking where he might gather up  
The wasted ecstasy just spilt

From the quivering cup  
Of his bliss overrun.  
Then, as in mockery of all  
The tuneful spells that e'er did fall  
From vocal pipe, or evermore shall rise,  
He snarls, and mews, and flies.

WILLIAM H. VENABLE  
*My Catbird*

TWENTY-FIRST DAY

Who would check the happy feeling  
That inspires the linnet's song?  
Who would stop the swallow, wheeling  
On her pinions swift and strong?

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH  
*The Longest Day*

TWENTY-SECOND DAY

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of  
yon sky  
But hath its own winged mariners to give it  
melody;  
Thou seest their glittering fans outspread, all  
gleaming like red gold;  
And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their merry  
course they hold.  
God bless them all, those little ones, who, far  
above this earth,  
Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a  
nobler mirth.

But soft! mine ear upcaught a sound, — from  
yonder wood it came!  
The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe  
his own glad name; —  
Yes, it is he! the hermit bird, that, apart from  
all his kind,  
Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft  
western wind;  
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! He sings again, — his notes  
are void of art;  
But simplest strains do soonest sound the deep  
founts of the heart.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL

*They Come, the Merry Summer Months*

TWENTY-THIRD DAY

The lark has her gay song begun,  
She leaves her grassy nest.  
And soars till the unrisen sun  
Gleams on her speckled breast.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE

*To the Morning*

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY

I heard the Whitethroat sing  
Last eve at twilight when the wind was dead,  
And her sleek bosom and her fair smooth head  
Vibrated, ruffling, and her olive wing  
Trembled. So soft her song was that it seemed  
As though, in wandering through the copse at  
noon,  
She must have found the holy bough where  
dreamed  
The day-struck Nightingale,

And, listening, must have overheard too soon  
The dim rehearsal of that golden tale  
That greets the laggard moon.  
But through the imitative strain,  
Between each gentle cadence, and again  
When those clear notes she tried, for which her  
throat  
Was not so capable as fain,  
I joyed to hear her own peculiar note  
Through all the music float.

EDMUND GOSSE  
*The Whitethroat*

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY

To outer senses there is peace,  
A dreamy peace on either hand,  
Deep silence in the shadowy land,  
Deep silence where the shadows cease.  
Save for a cry that echoes shrill,  
From some lone bird disconsolate;  
A corncrake calling to its mate;  
The answer from the misty hill.  
And suddenly the moon withdraws  
Her sickle from the lightening skies,  
And to her sombre cavern flies,  
Wrapped in a veil of yellow gauze.

OSCAR WILDE  
*The Flight of the Moon*

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY

The thrush that carols at the dawn of day  
From the green steeples of the piny wood;  
The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,  
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food;

The bluebird balanced on some topmost spray,  
Flooding with melody the neighborhood;  
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng  
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.

You slay them all! and wherefore? for the gain  
Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,  
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,  
Scratched up at random by industrious feet.

. . . . .

Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings  
these?

Do you ne'er think who made them, and who  
taught

The dialect they speak, where melodies

Alone are the interpreters of thought?

Whose household words are songs in many keys,

Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught?

Whose habitations in the tree-tops even

Are halfway houses on the road to heaven?

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

*The Birds of Killingworth*

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY

Thou indefatigable cuckoo! still  
Thy iteration says the self-same thing,  
And thou art still an utterance of the spring  
As constant as a self-determined will.  
The quiet patience of a murmuring rill  
Had no beginning and will have no ending;  
But thou art aye beginning, never blending  
With thrush on perch, or lark upon the wing.

Methinks thou art a type of some recluse  
Whose notes of adoration never vary:  
Who of the gift of speech will make no use  
But ever to repeat her Ave Mary, —  
Two syllables alone to thee were given,  
What mean they in the dialect of heaven?

HARTLEY COLERIDGE  
*The Cuckoo*

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY

There was a Boy; ye knew him well, ye cliffs  
And islands of Winander! — many a time,  
At evening, when the earliest stars began  
To move along the edges of the hills,  
Rising or setting, would he stand alone,  
Beneath the trees, or by the glimmering lake;  
And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands  
Pressed closely palm to palm and to his mouth  
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,  
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,  
That they might answer him. — And they would  
shout  
Across the watery vale, and shout again,  
Responsive to his call, — with quivering peals,  
And long halloos, and screams, and echoes loud  
Redoubled and redoubled; concourse wild  
Of jocund din!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH  
*There Was a Boy*

TWENTY-NINTH DAY

A day and then a week passed by:  
The redbird hanging from the sill

Sang not; and all were wondering why  
It was so still —  
When one bright morning, loud and clear,  
Its whistle smote my drowsy ear,  
Ten times repeated; till the sound  
Filled every echoing niche around;  
And all things earliest loved by me, —  
The bird, the brook, the flower, the tree, —  
Came back again, as thus I heard  
The cardinal bird.

. . . . .

The redbird, from the window hung,  
Not long my fancies thus beguiled;  
Again in maple-groves it sung  
Its wood-notes wild:  
For, rousing with a tearful eye,  
I gave it to the trees and sky!  
I missed so much those brothers three,  
Who walked youth's flowery ways with me,  
I could not, dared not but believe  
It too had brothers, that would grieve  
Till in old haunts again 'twas heard, —  
The cardinal bird.

WILLIAM DAVIS GALLAGHER  
*The Cardinal Bird*

THIRTIETH DAY

A robin redbreast in a cage  
Puts all heaven in a rage.

WILLIAM BLAKE  
*Auguries of Innocence*



## July

### FOREWORD

O birds, that warble to the morning sky,  
O birds, that warble as the day goes by,  
Sing sweetly.

ALFRED TENNYSON

*Gareth and Lynette*

### FIRST DAY

THE shadow of the earth anon  
Removes and drawis by,  
While in the east, when it is gone,  
Appears a clearer sky.

Which soon perceive the little larks  
The lapwing and the snipe,  
And time their songs, like Nature's clerks,  
O'er meadow, muir, and stripe.

ALEXANDER HUME

*The Story of a Summer Day*

### SECOND DAY

I love at eventide to walk alone,  
Down narrow glens, o'erhung with dewy thorn,  
Where from the long grass underneath, the snail,  
Jet black, creeps out, and sprouts his timid  
horn.

I love to muse o'er meadows newly mown,  
Where withering grass perfumes the sultry air;  
Where bees search round, with sad and weary  
drone,

In vain, for flowers that bloomed but newly  
there;  
While in the juicy corn the hidden quail  
Cries, "Wet my foot"; and, hid as thoughts  
unborn,  
The fairy-like and seldom-seen land-rail  
Utters "Craik, craik," like voices underground,  
Right glad to meet the evening's dewy veil,  
And see the light fade into gloom around.

JOHN CLARE  
*Summer Moods*

### THIRD DAY

Upon the lofty, elm-tree sprays,  
The vireo rings the changes sweet,  
During the trivial summer days,  
Striving to lift our thoughts above the street.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU  
*The Vireo*

### FOURTH DAY

An emblem of freedom, stern, haughty, and  
high,  
Is the gray forest-eagle, that king of the sky!  
It scorns the bright scenes, the gay places of  
earth,  
By the mountain and torrent it springs into  
birth:  
There rock'd by the wild wind, baptized in the  
foam,  
It is guarded and cherished, and there is its  
home!

ALFRED B. STREET  
*The Gray Forest Eagle*

#### FIFTH DAY

When morning dawns, and the blest sun again  
Lifts his red glories from the eastern main;  
Then thro' our woodbines, wet with glittering  
    dews,  
The flower-fed Humming-Bird his round pur-  
    sues;  
Sips with inserted tube the honeyed blooms;  
And chirps his gratitude as round he roams;  
While richest roses, tho' in crimson drest,  
Shrink from the splendor of his gorgeous breast;  
What heav'nly tints in mingling radiance fly!  
Each rapid movement gives a different dye; .  
Like scales of burnish'd gold they dazzling  
    show,  
Now sink to shade, now like a furnace glow.

ALEXANDER WILSON  
*The Humming-Bird*

#### SIXTH DAY

At morn the black-cock trims his jetty wing,  
'Tis morning prompts the linnet's blithest lay,  
All Nature's children feel the matin spring  
Of life reviving, with reviving day.

SIR WALTER SCOTT  
*The Lady of the Lake*

#### SEVENTH DAY

'Tis a lonely glen! but the happy child  
Hath friends whom she meets in the morning-  
    wild!  
In the osier bank the ouzel sitting,  
Hath heard her steps, and away is flitting

From stone to stone, as she glides along,  
Then sinks in the stream with a broken  
    song.

The lapwing, fearless of his nest,  
Stands looking round with his delicate crest.  
Or a love-like joy is in his cry,  
As he wheels and darts and glances by.  
Is the heron asleep on the silvery sand  
Of his little lake? Lo! his wings expand  
As a dreamy thought, and withouten dread,  
Cloud-like he floats o'er the maiden's head.  
Having spent in heaven an hour of mirth,  
The lark drops down to the dewy earth,  
And as silence smooths his yearning breast  
In the gentle fold of his lowly nest,  
The linnet takes up the hymn, unse'en  
In the yellow broom or the bracken green.

JOHN WILSON  
*Edith and Nora*

#### EIGHTH DAY

A bluebird hopped on the topmost rail  
Of a zigzag fence, and a distant quail  
Called silvery clear: "More wet, more green!"  
Though never a cloud in the sky is seen.  
A drunken bobolink swayed and reeled  
O'er the yellow sea of a barley field;  
Rang sweet the song of a joy-mad thrush;  
And a wild rose turned, with a modest blush,  
From the wooing bold of the cat-bird's  
    drawl.

CHARLES EUGENE BANKS  
*The Spirit of Silence*

NINTH DAY

And sweet is every sound,  
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;  
Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,  
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,  
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

ALFRED TENNYSON  
*The Princess*

TENTH DAY

The mounting lark (day's herald) got on  
wing,  
Bidding each bird choose out his bough and  
sing.  
The lofty treble sung the little wren;  
Robin the mean, that best of all loves men;  
The nightingale the tenor, and the thrush  
The counter-tenor sweetly in a bush.  
And that the music might be full in parts,  
Birds from the groves flew with right willing  
hearts;  
But (as it seem'd) they thought (as do the  
swains,  
Which tune their pipes on sack'd Hibernia's  
plains)  
There should some droning part be, therefore  
will'd  
Some bird to fly into a neighb'ring field,  
In embassy unto the King of Bees,  
To aid his partners on the flowers and trees  
Who, condescending, gladly flew along  
To bear the bass to his well-tuned song.

The crow was willing they should be beholding  
For his deep voice, but being hoarse with scold-  
ing,  
He thus lends aid: upon an oak doth climb,  
And nodding with his head, so keepeth time.

WILLIAM BROWNE  
*Britannia's Pastorals*

ELEVENTH DAY

The milkmaid sings, and, while she stoops,  
Her hands keep time; the nighthawk's wail  
Pierces the twilight, till he swoops  
And mocks the sounding pail.

Then sings the robin, he who wears  
A sunset memory on his breast,  
Pouring his vesper hymns and prayers  
To the red shrine of the west.

Deep in the grove the woodland sprites  
Start into frequent music brief;  
And there the whippoorwill recites  
The ballad of his grief.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ  
*Sylvia; or, The Last Shepherd*

TWELFTH DAY

✓ The flowers had shut their eyes — the zephyr  
light  
Was gone, for it had rocked the leaves to  
sleep,  
And all the little birds had laid their heads  
Under their wings — sleeping in feather beds.

THOMAS HOOD  
*Bianca's Dream*

THIRTEENTH DAY

Sometimes goldfinches, one by one will drop  
From low hung branches: little space they stop,  
But sip, and twitter, and their feathers sleek.  
Then off at once, as in a wanton freak;  
Or perhaps, to show their black and golden wings,  
Pausing upon their yellow flutterings.

JOHN KEATS

*I Stood Tip-Toe on a Little Hill*

FOURTEENTH DAY

Invisible in flecked sky,  
The lark sent down her revelry;  
The blackbird and the speckled thrush  
Good-morrow gave from brake and brush:  
In answer cooed the cushat dove  
Her notes of peace and rest and love.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

*The Lady of the Lake*

FIFTEENTH DAY

Above,  
The dreary night-hawk wheels on mournful  
wings,  
Like some doomed spirit seeking for its mate,  
And pours his bitter wail. Within the deep,  
Impenetrable sorrow of the woods,  
Like one in weeds, with knotted chords of grief  
Scourging his heart until it shrieks its woe,  
The whippoorwill lifts up its direful voice.  
While, like a demon jeering at their pain,  
The owl makes answer with his scornful laugh.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

*The New Pastoral*

SIXTEENTH DAY

The air  
Hangs hot and silent, save where yonder  
bird,  
The meadow-lark, darts into sudden voice  
From out the grain, and in the next tree  
lights,  
And, panting, sings no more; or where, per-  
chance,  
The oriole, careless of its swinging nest,  
From whence the young have flown, a moment  
streaks  
The sky with fire and song, and then gives  
o'er;  
Or yon tri-colored bird, with nervous haste  
Ascending spirally the sapless trunk,  
Drums loudly as he climbs.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ  
*The New Pastoral*

SEVENTEENTH DAY

Why does the Lady Isabelle  
Sit in the damp and dewy dell  
Counting the racks of drizzly rain,  
And how often the Rail cries over again?  
For she's harping, harping in the brake,  
Craik, — craik — Craik, craik. —  
Ten times nine, and thrice eleven; —  
That last call was an hundred and seven.  
Craik, craik — the hour is near —  
Let it come, I have no fear!

JAMES HOGG  
*Isabelle*

EIGHTEENTH DAY

Brown wood-owls in the dusk, with noiseless  
wing  
Float from yon hanger to their haunted tree,  
And hoot full softly.

JEAN INGELOW  
*The Four Bridges*

NINETEENTH DAY

Hark! how the cheerefull birds do chaunt they  
laies,  
And carroll of Loves praise.  
The merry Larke hir mattins sings aloft;  
The Thrush replyes; the Mavis descant playes;  
The Ouzell shrills; the Ruddock warbles soft;  
So goodly all agree with sweet consent,  
To this dayes merriment.

EDMUND SPENSER  
*Epithalamion*

TWENTIETH DAY

Little cuckoo gray  
On the branch,  
Tell me, poor girl, then,  
Truthfully and certainly,  
How many years  
I unmarried go!

*Swedish Folk Jingle*

TWENTY-FIRST DAY

“Come forth!” my catbird calls to me,  
“And hear me sing a cavatina  
That, in this old familiar tree,  
Shall hang a garden of Alcina.

“Or, if to me you will not hark,  
By Beaver Brook a thrush is ringing  
Till all the alder-coverts dark  
Seem sunshine-dappled with his singing.

. . . . .

“And, hark, the cuckoo weatherwise,  
Still hiding farther onward, woos you.”

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL  
*The Nightingale in the Study*

TWENTY-SECOND DAY

A long ravine  
Ran up into the land and cut us off,  
Pushing out slippery ledges for the birds,  
And rent with many a crevice, where the  
wind  
Had laid up drifts of empty egg-shells swept  
From the bare berths of gulls and guille-  
mots.

JEAN INGELOW  
*Brothers and a Sermon*

TWENTY-THIRD DAY

Deep within a dreary glen,  
Where scattered lay the bones of men  
In some forgotten battle slain,  
And bleached by drifting wind and rain.  
It might have tamed a warrior's heart  
To view such mockery of his art!  
The knot-grass fettered there a hand  
Which once could burst an iron-band;

Beneath the broad and ample bone,  
That bucklered heart to fear unknown,  
A feeble and a timorous guest,  
The fieldfare framed her lowly nest.

SIR WALTER SCOTT  
*The Lady of the Lake*

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY

And deep in the fir-wood below, near the plain  
A single thrush pipes full and sweet,  
How days of clear shining will come after rain,  
Waving meadows, and thick-growing wheat:  
So the voice of Hope sings, at the heart of our  
fears,  
Of the harvest that springs from a great na-  
tion's tears;  
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

(THE SPECTATOR)  
*The Song of the Rain*

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY

Blackbird! sing me something well:  
While all the neighbors shoot thee round,  
I keep smooth plats of fruitful ground  
Where thou mayst warble, eat and dwell.  
The espaliers and the standards all  
Are thine; the range of lawn and park;  
The unnetted blackhearts ripen dark,  
All thine against the garden wall.  
Yet, though I spared thee all the spring,  
Thy sole delight is, sitting still,  
With that cold dagger of thy bill  
To fret the summer jenneting.

Take warning! he that will not sing  
While yon sun prospers in the blue,  
Shall sing for want, ere leaves are new,  
Caught in the frozen palms of Spring.

ALFRED TENNYSON  
*The Blackbird*

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY

Here o'er the woods the tyrant Kingbird sails,  
Spreads his long wings, and every foe assails;  
Snaps the returning bee with all her sweets,  
Pursues the Crow, the diving Hawk defeats,  
Darts on the Eagle downwards from afar,  
And 'midst the clouds prolongs the whirling war.  
Deep in the thickest shade, with cadence sweet,  
Soft as the tones that heaven-bound pilgrims  
greet,  
Sings the Wood-robin, close retir'd from sight,  
And swells his solo 'mid the shades of night.  
The lonely Red-bird, too, adorns the scene,  
In brightest scarlet through the foliage green;

ALEXANDER WILSON  
*The Invitation*

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY

The muircock that craws on the brows of Ben-  
Connal,  
He kens of his bed in a sweet mossy hame;  
The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs of Clan-  
Ronald,  
Unawed and unhunted, his eyry can claim:  
The solan can sleep on the shelve of the shore.  
The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea,

But ah! there is one whose hard fate I deplore,  
Nor house, na', nor hame, in his country has  
he —

The conflict is past, and our name is no more —  
There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland  
and me!

JAMES HOGG  
*Flora Macdonald's Farewell*

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY

Air filtered through the beech and oak  
Quiet by nothing harsher broke  
Than wood-dove's meditative coo.  
. . . . . the breeze  
Sighs as men sigh relieved from care,  
Or tilts as lightly in the trees  
As might a robin.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL  
*The Optimist*

TWENTY-NINTH DAY

The stock-dove only through the forest coos,  
Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his plaint,  
Short intervals of weary woe! again  
The sad idea of his murdered mate,  
Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,  
Across his fancy comes; and then resounds  
A louder song of sorrow through the grove.

JAMES THOMSON  
*The Seasons (Summer)*

THIRTIETH DAY

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!  
Meet the morn upon the lea!

Are the emeralds of the spring  
On the angler's trysting tree?  
Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me!  
Are there buds on our willow tree?  
Buds and birds on our trysting tree?

THOMAS TOD STODDART  
*The Angler's Trysting Tree*

THIRTY-FIRST DAY

Outflying the blast and the driving rain,  
The Petrel telleth her tale — in vain;  
For the mariner curseth the warning bird  
Who bringeth him news of the storms unheard!  
Ah! thus does the prophet, of good or ill,  
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still:  
Yet he ne'er falters: — So, Petrel, spring  
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER  
*The Stormy Petrel*



## August

### FOREWORD

Think every morning when the sun peeps through  
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,  
How jubilant the happy birds renew  
Their old, melodious madrigals of love!  
And when you think of this, remember too  
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above  
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,  
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW  
*The Birds of Killingworth*

### FIRST DAY

**A** GAINST the hazy sky  
The thin and fleecy clouds, unmoving, rest.  
Beneath them, far, yet high  
In the dim, distant west,  
The vulture, scenting thence its carrion-fare,  
Sails, slowly circling in the sunny air.

WILLIAM DAVIS GALLAGHER  
*August*

### SECOND DAY

Broad meadows lying like lagoons  
Of sunniest water, on whose swells  
Float nodding blooms to tinkling bells  
Of bob-o-linkum's wildest tunes.

HAMLIN GARLAND  
*Prairie Memories*

### THIRD DAY

I have seen where the she-bird, the mocking-  
bird, sat on her nest in the briers, hatch-  
ing her brood.

I have seen the he-bird also;

I have paused to hear him, near at hand, inflat-  
ing his throat, and joyfully singing.

And while I paused, it came to me that what  
he really sang for was not there only,

Nor for his mate, nor himself only, for all sent  
back by the echoes;

But subtle, clandestine, away beyond,

A change transmitted, and gift occult, for those  
being born.

WALT WHITMAN

*Starting from Paumanok*

### FOURTH DAY

Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-  
bird, wildest of singers,

Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er  
the water,

Shook from his little throat such floods of de-  
lirious music

That the whole air and the woods and the  
waves seemed silent to listen.

Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then  
soaring to madness

Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of  
frenzied Bacchantes.

Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low  
lamentation;

Till, having gathered them all, he flung them  
abroad in derision,  
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through  
the tree-tops  
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower  
on the branches.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW  
*Evangeline*

#### FIFTH DAY

The self-applauding bird, the peacock, see —  
Mark what a sumptuous pharisee is he!  
Meridian sunbeams tempt him to unfold  
His radiant glories, azure, green, and gold;  
He treads as if, some solemn music near,  
His measur'd step were govern'd by his ear;  
And seems to say, — “Ye meaner fowl, give  
place,  
I am all splendor, dignity, and grace!”  
Not so the pheasant on his charms presumes,  
Though he, too, has a glory in his plumes.  
He, Christianlike, retreats with modest mien  
To the close copse, or far sequester'd green  
And shines without desiring to be seen.

WILLIAM COWPER  
*Truth*

#### SIXTH DAY

Tameless in his stately pride, along the lake of  
islands,  
Tireless speeds the lonely loon upon his diving  
track; —

Emerald and gold emblazon, satin-like, his  
shoulder

Ebony and pearl inlay, mosaic-like, his back.  
Sailing, thus sailing, thus sails the brindled loon,  
When the wave rolls black with storm, or sleeps  
in summer noon.

ALFRED B. STREET  
*The Loon*

#### SEVENTH DAY

For beast and bird,  
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,  
Were slunk; all but the wakeful nightingale:  
She all night long her amorous descant sung.

JOHN MILTON  
*Evening*

#### EIGHTH DAY

The chattering jay has ceased his din —  
The noisy robin sings no more —  
The crow, his mountain haunt within,  
Dreams 'mid the forest's surly roar;  
Good-night! good-night!

GEORGE HILL  
*Good-night*

#### NINTH DAY

The Linnet's warble, sinking towards a close,  
Hints to the thrush 'tis time for their repose;  
The shrill-voiced thrush is heedless, and again  
The monitor revives his own sweet strain;  
But both will soon be mastered, and the copse  
Bè left as silent as the mountain-tops,

Ere some commanding star dismiss to rest  
The throng of rooks, that now, from twig or  
    nest,  
(After a steady flight on homebound wings,  
And a last game of mazy hoverings  
Around their ancient grove) with cawing noise  
Disturb the liquid music's equipoise.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH  
*By the Side of Rydal Mere*

TENTH DAY

Thomalin, 'tis not late,  
For the turtle and his mate  
    Sitten yet in nest:  
And the thrustle hath not been  
Gath'ring worms yet on the green,  
    But attends her rest.  
Not a bird hath taught her young,  
Nor her morning's lesson sung  
    In the shady grove:  
But the nightingale in dark  
Singing woke the mounting lark:  
    She records her love.

WILLIAM BROWNE  
*The Shepherd's Pipe*

ELEVENTH DAY

In desultory walk through orchard grounds,  
Or some deep chestnut grove, oft have I paused,  
The while a Thrush, urged rather than re-  
    strained  
By gusts of vernal storm, attuned his song

To his own genial instincts; and was heard  
(Though not without some plaintive tones be-  
tween),  
To utter, above showers of blossom swept  
From tossing boughs, the promise of a calm.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH  
*Prelude*

TWELFTH DAY

The darkened river lay.  
Where a twin sky but just before  
Deepened, and double swallows skimmed.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL  
*An Invitation*

THIRTEENTH DAY

So, young muser, I sat listening  
To my fancy's wildest word —  
On a sudden, through the glistening  
Leaves around a little stirred,  
Came a sound, a sense of music, which was  
rather felt than heard.

. . . . .

Never lark the sun can waken  
With such sweetness! when the lark,  
The high planets overtaking  
In the half vanished dark,  
Casts his singing to their singing, like an arrow  
to the mark.

Never nightingale so singeth —  
Oh! she leans on thorny tree,

And her poet song she flingeth  
Over pain to victory!  
Yet she never sings such music, — or she sings  
it not to me.

Never blackbirds, never thrushes,  
Nor small finches sing as sweet,  
When the sun strikes through the bushes  
To their crimson clinging feet,  
And their pretty eyes look sideways to the sum-  
mer heavens complete.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING  
*The Lost Bower*

#### FOURTEENTH DAY

The sparrow, meanest of the feather'd race,  
His fit companion finds in every place,  
With whom he picks the grain that suits him  
best,  
Flirts here and there, and late returns to rest,  
And whom, if chance the falcon make his prey,  
Or hedger with his well aim'd arrow slay,  
For no such loss the gay survivor grieves,  
New love he seeks, and new delight receives.

JOHN MILTON  
*On the Death of Damon*

#### FIFTEENTH DAY

List! — 'twas the Cuckoo — O with what de-  
light  
Heard I that voice! and catch it now though  
faint,

Far off, and faint, and melting into air,  
Yet not to be mistaken. Hark again!  
Those louder cries give notice that the Bird,  
Although invisible as Echo's self,  
Is wheeling hitherward. Thanks, happy crea-  
ture,  
For this unthought-of greeting.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH  
*The Cuckoo at Laverna*

SIXTEENTH DAY

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in  
seeming;  
I love not less, though less the show appear:  
That love is merchandised whose rich es-  
teeming  
The owner's tongue doth publish every-  
where.  
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,  
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;  
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing  
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:  
Not that the summer is less pleasant now  
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the  
night,  
But that wild music burthens every bough,  
And sweets grown common lose their delight.  
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my  
tongue,  
Because I would not dull you with my  
song.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE  
*Sonnet XIV*

SEVENTEENTH DAY

Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,  
Since o'er shady groves they hover,  
And with leaves and flowers do cover  
The friendless bodies of unburied men.

JOHN WEBSTER  
*A Dirge*

EIGHTEENTH DAY

Where the blackbird sings the latest,  
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,  
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

JAMES HOGG  
*A Boy's Song*

NINETEENTH DAY

And O! if 'tis his chance at eve to stray,  
Lone by the place where his forefathers sleep;  
At bittern's whoop or gor-cock's startling bay,  
How heaves his simple breast with breathings  
    deep!  
He mutters vow to Heaven, and speeds along  
    the steep.

JAMES HOGG  
*Superstition*

TWENTIETH DAY

There goes a swallow to Venice — the stout sea-  
farer!  
Seeing those birds fly, makes one wish for wings!

ROBERT BROWNING  
*Pippa Passes*

TWENTY-FIRST DAY

The blackbird amid leafy trees,  
The lark above the hill,  
Let loose their carols when they please  
Are quiet when they will.

With nature never do they wage  
A foolish strife; they see  
A happy youth, and their old age  
Is beautiful and free.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH  
*The Fountain*

TWENTY-SECOND DAY

And the Fairies waken'd frae their beds of dew,  
And they sang a hymn, and that hymn was new

. . . . .

They sang the redbreast frae the wood,  
And the laverock out o' the marled cloud,  
The capperkayle frae the bosky brae,  
And the seraphs down frae the milky way.

JAMES HOGG  
*Superstition and Grace*

TWENTY-THIRD DAY

A flash of harmless lightning,  
A mist of rainbow dyes,  
The burnished sunbeams brightening,  
From flower to flower he flies.

JOHN B. TABB  
*The Humming-Bird*

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY

O lark, be day's apostle  
To mavis, merle and throstle,  
But at night, brother owlet, over the woods  
Toll the world to thy chantry.

ROBERT BROWNING  
*Pippa Passes*

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY

Alas, it's no thy neebor sweet,  
The bonny lark, companion meet,  
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,  
Wi' speckled breast,  
When upward springing, blithe, to greet  
The purpling east.

ROBERT BURNS  
*To a Mountain Daisy*

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY

With that I saw two Swannes of goodly hewe  
Come softly swimming downe along the Lee;  
Two fairer Birds I yet did never see;  
The snow, which doth the top of Pindus strew,  
Did never whiter shew;  
Nor Jove himself, when he a Swan would be,  
For love of Leda, whiter did appeare;  
Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,  
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing neare;  
So purely white they were,  
That, even the gentle streame, the which them  
bare,  
Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes spare  
To wet their silken feathers, least they might

Soyle their fayre plumes with water not so fayre,  
And marre their beauties bright,  
That shone as heavens light.

EDMUND SPENSER  
*Prothalamion*

✓ TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery  
sod,  
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of  
God;  
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-  
hen flies  
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the  
marsh and the skies.

SIDNEY LANIER  
*The Marshes of Glynn*

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY

By no sadder spirit  
Than blackbirds and thrushes  
That whistle to cheer it  
All day in the bushes,  
This woodland is haunted;

. . . . .

'Tis a woodland enchanted!  
When the phoebe scarce whistles  
Once an hour to his fellow.

There whip-poor-wills plain in the solitudes  
hoary  
With lone cries that wander  
Now hither, now yonder,

Like souls doomed of old  
To a mild purgatory.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL  
*The Fountain of Youth*

TWENTY-NINTH DAY

'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark,  
That bids a blithe good-morrow;  
But sweeter to hark, in the twinkling dark,  
To the soothing song of sorrow.  
Oh nightingale! What doth she ail?  
And is she sad or jolly?  
For ne'er on earth was sound of mirth  
So like to melancholy.

The merry lark, he soars on high,  
No worldly thought o'ertakes him;  
He sings aloud to the clear blue sky,  
And the daylight that awakes him.  
As sweet a lay, as loud, as gay,  
The nightingale is trilling;  
With feeling bliss, no less than his,  
Her little heart is thrilling.

Yet ever and anon, a sigh,  
Peers through her lavish mirth;  
For the Lark's bold song is of the sky,  
And hers is of the earth.  
By night and day, she tunes her lay,  
To drive away all sorrow;  
For bliss, alas! to-night must pass.  
And woe may come to-morrow.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE  
*Song*

THIRTIETH DAY

Oft with patient ear  
Long-listening to the viewless sky-lark's note  
(Viewless, or haply for a moment seen  
Gleaming on sunny wings) in whispered tones  
I've said to my beloved, "Such, sweet girl!  
The inobtrusive song of Happiness."

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE  
*Reflections on Having Left a Place of Retirement*

THIRTY-FIRST DAY

From the woods  
Came voices of the well-contented doves,  
The lark could scarce get out his notes for joy,  
But shook his song together as he near'd  
His happy home, the ground.

ALFRED TENNYSON  
*The Gardener's Daughter*



## September

### FOREWORD

Was it, as the Grecian sings,  
Birds were born the first of things,  
Before the sun, before the wind,  
Before the gods, before mankind,  
Airy, ante-mundane throng —  
Witness their unworldly songs!  
Proof they give, too, primal powers,  
Of a prescience more than ours —  
Teach us, while they come and go,  
When to sail, and when to sow.  
Cuckoo calling from the hill,  
Swallow skimming by the mill,  
Swallows trooping in the sedge,  
Starlings swirling from the hedge,  
Mark the seasons, map our year,  
As they show and disappear.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

*Poor Matthias*

### FIRST DAY

THE wild-hawk's shadow fleets across the  
grass,  
Its softened gray the softened green outvying,  
. . . . .  
And turtle-doves re-echo, plaintively,  
From upland fields, a soft, melodious mourn-  
ing.

GEORGE ARNOLD

*September Days*

SECOND DAY

Among the stubbled corn  
The blithe quail pipes at morn;  
The merry partridge drums in hidden places,

. . . . .

Ah, soon on field and hill  
The winds shall whistle chill,  
And patriarch swallows call their flocks together,  
To fly from frost and snow;  
And seek for lands where blow  
The fairer blossoms of a balmier weather.

GEORGE ARNOLD  
*September*

THIRD DAY

Soon you and I together  
Must face the winter weather,  
Remembering how we sung  
Our primrose fields among,  
In days when life was young;  
Now, all is growing old,  
And the warm earth's a-cold.

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK  
*A September Robin*

FOURTH DAY

Beneath the golden gloamin' sky  
The mavis mends her lay;  
The redbreast pours his sweetest strains  
To charm the lingering day;  
While weary yeldrins seem to wail,  
Their little nestlings torn,

The merry wren, frae den to den,  
Goes jinking through the thorn.

ROBERT TANNAHILL  
*The Midges Dance aboon the Burn*

FIFTH DAY

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,  
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,  
And round his breast the ripples break  
As down he bears before the gale.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL  
*Seneca Lake*

SIXTH DAY

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and  
wren,  
And the gossip of swallows through all the  
sky.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT  
*The Gladness of Nature*

SEVENTH DAY

There rose an owl's cry, from the woods below.  
Like a lost spirit's.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL  
*The Hermitage*

EIGHTH DAY

And now with treble soft  
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft,  
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

JOHN KEATS  
*Autumn*

NINTH DAY

The early lark that erst was mute,  
Carols to the rising day  
Many a note and lay.

JOHN FLETCHER  
*Morning*

TENTH DAY

The robins only mid the harvests sing,  
Pecking the grain that scatters from the  
sheaves.

JONES VERY  
*The Latter Rain*

ELEVENTH DAY

Hark! what his fellow-warblers heard  
And uttered in the light,  
Their phonograph, the mocking-bird,  
Repeats to them at night.

JOHN B. TABB  
*A Phonograph*

TWELFTH DAY

Within my limits, lone and still,  
The blackbird pipes in artless trill;  
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,  
The wren has wove her mossy nest;  
From busy scenes and brighter skies,  
To lurk with innocence, she flies,  
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,  
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

THOMAS WARTON  
*Retirement*

THIRTEENTH DAY

How calm it was! — the silence there  
By such a chain was bound,  
That even the busy woodpecker  
Made stiller by her sound  
The inviolable quietness.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY  
*The Recollection*

FOURTEENTH DAY

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the  
glen,  
The wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,  
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming-for-  
bear,  
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

ROBERT BURNS  
*Afton Water*

FIFTEENTH DAY

So when the she-dove breeds, strange yearnings  
come,  
For the unknown shelter by undreamed-of  
shores,  
And there is born a blood-pulse in her heart,  
To fight if need be, though with flap of wing,  
For the wool-flock, or the fur-tuft, though a  
hawk  
Contest the prize.

ROBERT BROWNING  
*The Ring and the Book*

SIXTEENTH DAY

I live by signs and omens: looked at the roof  
Where the pigeons settle — “If the farther bird

The white, takes wing first, I'll confess when  
thrashed;  
Not, if the blue does," — so said I to myself.

. . . . .

I guess what's going on outside the veil  
Just as a prisoned crane feels pairing time  
In the islands where his kind are, so must fall  
To capering by himself some shiny night,  
As if your back-yard were a plot of spice.

ROBERT BROWNING  
*Mr. Sludge, the Medium*

SEVENTEENTH DAY

With eyes, like fresh-blown thrush-eggs on a  
thread,  
Faint-blue and loosely floating in his head.

ROBERT BROWNING  
*Sordello*

EIGHTEENTH DAY

Up and down he goes, singing all the while  
Some unintelligible words to beat  
The lark, God's poet, swooning at his feet.

ROBERT BROWNING  
*Sordello*

NINETEENTH DAY

The redbreast oft at evening hours,  
Shall kindly lend his little aid,  
With hoary moss and gather'd flowers,  
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

WILLIAM COLLINS  
*Fidèle*

TWENTIETH DAY

And birds were ever on the wing,  
Or lightly plashing in the flood,  
And, gorgeous as an Eastern king,  
In stately pomp the flammant stood.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL  
*Vanity of Vanities, All is Vanity*

TWENTY-FIRST DAY

Stretch'd on the sloping river-banks, fresh  
strewn  
With speedwell, primrose, and anemones,  
I watch'd the bright king-fisher dart about,  
His quick small shadow with an azure gleam  
Startling the minnows in the pool beneath.

ROBERT BUCHANAN  
*The Lowland Village*

TWENTY-SECOND DAY

Summer wanes; the children are grown;  
Fun and frolic no more he knows;  
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;  
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink,  
When you can pipe that merry old strain,  
Robert of Lincoln, come back again,  
Chee, chee, chee.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT  
*Robert of Lincoln*

TWENTY-THIRD DAY

Glimpsed now and again in his pine-tree tower,  
A chickadee sang the soft hours away.  
And I could not hear what he had to say,

For I was sad,  
And he was gay,  
For he was glad,  
And I had no power  
To hear in my heart what he had to say.

PHILIP HENRY SAVAGE  
*The Chickadee's Song*

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY

Thus wandered these poor innocents,  
Till death did end their grief,  
In one another's arms they dyed,  
As wanting due relief;  
No burial this "pretty pair"  
Of any man receives,  
Till Robin-redbreast piously  
Did cover them with leaves.

THOMAS PERCY  
*The Children of the Wood*

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY

To yonder copse by moonlight I did go,  
In luxury of mischief, half afraid,  
To steal the great owl's brood, her downy snow,  
Her screaming imps to seize, the while she  
preyed  
With yellow, cruel eyes, whose radiant glare,  
Fell with their mother rage, I might not dare.  
Panting I lay till her great fanning wings  
Troubled the dreams of rock-doves, slumber-  
nigh,  
And she and her fierce mate, like evil things,  
Skimmed the dusk fields; then, rising, with a  
cry

Of fear, joy, triumph, darted on my prey,  
And tore it from the nest and fled away.

But afterward, belated in the wood,  
I saw her moping on the rifled tree,  
And my heart smote me for her, while I stood  
Awakened from my careless reverie;  
So white she looked, with moonlight round her  
shed,  
So motherlike she drooped and hung her head.

JEAN INGELOW  
*The Four Bridges*

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY

The bittern's quavering trump on high, —  
The beetle's drowsy distant hum, —  
Have sung the day's wild lullaby,  
And yet my Peggy is not come.

JAMES HOGG  
*Song*

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY

Scarce can his clear and nimble eyesight  
follow  
The freaks and dartings of the black-wing'd  
swallow,  
Delighting much, to see it half at rest,  
Dip so refreshingly its wings and breast  
'Gainst the smooth surface, and to mark anon,  
The widening circles into nothing gone.

JOHN KEATS  
*Calidore*

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY

The screaming gull has gone to rest,  
The puffin seeks her caverned nest,

On curving wing the osprey soars,  
Where on the rocks the breaker pours,  
And, dashing 'mid the foamy brine,  
His plumes with dewy lustre shine.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL, *Loch Maree*

TWENTY-NINTH DAY

The peacock in the broad ash tree  
Aloft is roosted for the night,  
He who in proud prosperity  
Of colors manifold and bright  
Walked round, affronting the daylight.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH  
*The White Doe of Rylstone*

THIRTIETH DAY\*

The wren had built within the porch, she found  
Its quiet loneliness so sure and thorough;  
And on the lawn, — within its turfy mound, —  
The rabbit made his burrow.

The wary crow, — the pheasant from the woods,  
Lulled by the still and everlasting sameness,  
Close to the mansion, like domestic broods,  
Fed with a “shocking tameness.”

The coot was swimming in the reedy pond,  
Beside the water-hen, so soon affrighted;  
And in the weedy moat the heron, fond  
Of solitude, alighted,

The moping heron, motionless and stiff,  
That on a stone, as silently and stilly,  
Stood, an apparent sentinel, as if  
To guard the water-lily.

THOMAS HOOD  
*The Haunted House*



## October

### FOREWORD

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?  
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?

. . . . .

O be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

*Forbearance*

### FIRST DAY

**B**EHOLD, the fleeting swallow  
Forsakes the frosty air;  
And leaves, alert to follow,  
Are falling everywhere,  
Like wounded birds, too weak  
A distant clime to seek.

JOHN B. TABB

*October*

### SECOND DAY

When shrinkingly the sun creeps up  
Through misty mornings cold,  
And Robin on the orchard hedge  
Sings merrily and bold.

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK

*October*

### THIRD DAY

The little birds upon the hillside lonely  
Flit noiselessly along from spray to spray,

Silent as a sweet wandering thought that only  
Shows its bright wings and softly glides away.

SARAH HELEN WHITMAN  
*A Still Day in Autumn*

FOURTH DAY

There was no sound  
Save of the acorn dropping to the ground,  
Or, now and then, the bugle of the jay.

. . . . .

From somewhere hidden in the dreamy dale —  
Latona's sorrow yet within her note —  
Reft of her comrades, o'er the stubbled oat  
We heard the calling of the lonely quail.

LLOYD MIFFLIN  
*Fields of Dawn*

FIFTH DAY

Nae mair the flower in field or meadow springs,  
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,  
Except, perhaps, the robin's whistling glee,  
Proud o' the height o' some half-lang tree:  
The hoary morns precede the sunny days,  
Mild, calm, serene, wide-spreads the noontide  
blaze,  
While thick the gossamer waves wanton in the  
rays.

ROBERT BURNS  
*The Brigs of Ayr*

SIXTH DAY

While ripening corn grew thick and deep,  
And here and there men stood to reap,

One morn I put my heart to sleep,  
And to the lanes I took my way.  
The goldfinch on a thistle-head  
Stood scattering seedlets while she fed;  
The wrens their pretty gossip spread,  
Or joined a random roundelay.

The blackcaps in an orchard met,  
Praising the berries while they ate:  
The finch that flew her beak to whet  
Before she joined them on the tree;

. . . . .  
I felt their gladness heartily.

JEAN INGELOW  
*Scholar and Carpenter*

SEVENTH DAY

The night-wind is sleeping — the forest is still,  
The blare of the heath-cock has sunk on the hill,  
Beyond the gray cairn of the moor is his rest,  
On the red heather-bloom he has pillowed his  
breast;

. . . . .

The night-wind is still, and the moon in the  
wane,  
The river-lark sings on the verge of the plain;  
So lone his plaint, by the motionless reed,  
It sounds like an omen or tale of the dead;  
Like a warning of death, it falls on the ear  
Of those who are wandering the woodlands in  
fear.

JAMES HOGG  
*The Pilgrims of the Sun*

EIGHTH DAY

Nor did lack  
Sweet music to the magic of the scene;  
The little crimson-breasted Nonpareil  
Was there, his tiny feet scarce bending down  
The silken tendril that he lighted on  
To pour his love notes; and in russet coat,  
Most homely, like true genius, bursting forth  
In spite of adverse fortune, a full choir  
Within himself, the merry Mock-Bird sate,  
Filling the air with melody, and at times,  
In the rapt fervor of his sweetest songs,  
His quivering form would spring into the sky,  
In spiral circles, as if he would catch  
New powers from kindred warblers in the  
clouds,  
Who would bend down to greet him.

WILLIAM HENRY TIMROD  
*The Mocking Bird*

NINTH DAY

There the king-fisher saw his plumage bright  
Vying with fish of brilliant dye below;  
Whose silken fins, and golden scales' light  
Cast upward, through the waves, a ruby  
glow:  
There saw the swan his neck of arched snow,  
And oar'd himself along with majesty;  
Sparkled his jetty eyes; his feet did show  
Beneath the waves like Afric's ebony,  
And on his back a fay reclined voluptuously.

JOHN KEATS  
*Imitation of Spenser*

TENTH DAY

The swan of still St. Mary's Lake  
Float double, swan and shadow!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH  
*Yarrow Unvisited*

ELEVENTH DAY

If in prating from morning till night,  
A sign of our wisdom there be,  
The swallows are wiser by right,  
For they prattle much faster than we.

NICOSTRATUS

TWELFTH DAY

As, when the kingfisher flits o'er the bay,  
Across the river's hollow heaven below  
His picture flits, — another, yet the same.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL  
*Under the Willows*

THIRTEENTH DAY

Thou glorious mocker of the world! I hear  
Thy many voices ringing through the glooms  
Of these green solitudes — and all the clear  
Bright joyance of their song enthralls the ear,  
And floods the heart.

ALBERT PIKE  
*To the Mocking Bird*

FOURTEENTH DAY

The thin-winged swallow skating on the air.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL  
*Under the Willows*

FIFTEENTH DAY

Small wren, mute pecking at the last red  
plum  
Or twittering idly at the yellow boughs  
Fruit-emptied, over thy forsaken house, —  
Birdie, that seems to come  
Telling, we too have spent our little store,  
Our summer's o'er:  
Poor robin, driven in by rain-storms wild  
To lie submissive under household hands  
With beating heart that no love under-  
stands,  
And scared eye, like a child  
Who only knows that he is all alone  
And summer's gone.

DINAH M. CRAIK  
*Summer Gone*

SIXTEENTH DAY

Summer's gone and over!  
Fogs are falling down;  
And with russet tinges  
Autumn's doing brown.  
  
Round the tops of houses,  
Swallows, as they flit,  
Give, like yearly tenants,  
Notices to quit.

THOMAS HOOD  
*The Season*

SEVENTEENTH DAY

The screaming sea-fowl hovered  
Above the boiling main,

And flapped wide wings in narrowing rings,  
Seeking for rest in vain.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE  
*The Close of a Rainy Day*

EIGHTEENTH DAY

Our thrushes now are silent,  
Our swallows flown away, —  
But Robin's here in coat of brown,  
And scarlet breast-knot gay,  
Robin, Robin, Redbreast,  
O Robin dear!  
Robin sings so sweetly  
In the falling of the year.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM  
*Robin Redbreast*

NINETEENTH DAY

Jock sailed where no Christian ever had been  
afore,  
And found out some countries that never were  
seen afore;  
He came to a land where the language they  
spoke  
Had exactly the sound of the Scottish moor-  
cock,  
With a ick-ick-ick, uck-uck-uck, — ne'er was  
such din heard!  
And instead of coming outward, their voices  
went inward.

JAMES HOGG  
*The P and the Q*

TWENTIETH DAY

Say, guiltless pair,  
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?  
Ye have no need of prayer;  
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

. . . . .

Then spread each wing  
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,  
And join the choirs that sing  
In yon blue dome not reared with hands.

CHARLES SPRAGUE  
*The Winged Worshippers*

TWENTY-FIRST DAY

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,  
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;  
I brought him home in his nest at even —  
He sings the song, but it cheers not now.

RALPH W. EMERSON  
*Each and All*

TWENTY-SECOND DAY

I've a notion, I think, of a good dinner speech,  
Tripping light as a sandpiper over the beach,  
Swerving this way and that as the wave of the  
moment,  
Washes out its light trace with a dash of whim's  
foam on't,  
And leaving on memory's rim just the sense  
Something graceful had gone by, a live present  
tense.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL  
*At the Commencement Dinner*

TWENTY-THIRD DAY

And the pie with the long tongue  
That pricks deep into oak-warts for a worm,  
And says a plain word when she finds her prize,  
But will not eat the ants.

ROBERT BROWNING  
*Caliban upon Setebos*

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY

The flocks pursue their southern flight —  
Some all the day and some all night!  
And up from the wooded marshes come  
The sounds of the pheasant's feathery drum,  
On the highest bough the mourner crow  
Sits in his funeral suit of woe;  
All nature mourns — and my spirit grieves  
At the noise of my feet in the withering leaves.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ  
*The Withering Leaves*

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY

O dappled throat of white! Shy, hidden bird!  
Perched in green dimness of the dewy wood,  
And murmuring, in that lonely, lover mood,  
Thy heart-ache, softly heard,  
Sweetened by distance, over land and lake.

. . . . .

Thy music is a language of the trees,  
The brown soil, and the never-trodden brake;  
Translatress art thou of dumb mysteries  
That dream through wood and lake;  
And I, in thee, have uttered what I am!

HARRISON SMITH MORRIS  
*The Lonely Bird*

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY

“Do you not hear the Aziola cry?  
Methinks she must be nigh.”  
Said Mary, as we sate  
In dusk, ere stars were lit, or candles brought;  
And I, who thought  
This Aziola was some tedious woman,  
Asked, “Who is Aziola?” How elate  
I felt, to know that it was nothing human,  
No mockery of myself to fear or hate:  
And Mary saw my soul,  
And laughed and said, “Disquiet yourself not;  
’Tis nothing but a little downy owl!”

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

*Aziola*

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,  
Ye have left your souls on earth!  
Have ye souls in heaven too,  
Double-lived in regions new?

. . . . .

Where the nightingale doth sing,  
Not a senseless, tranced thing  
But divine melodious truth.

JOHN KEATS

*Ode*

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,  
Warned of approaching winter, gathered, play  
The swallow-people; and, tossed wide around,  
O’er the calm sky, in convolution swift,

The feathered eddy floats; rejoicing once,  
Ere to their winter slumbers they retire;

. . . . .

Where the Rhine loses his majestic force  
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,  
The stork-assembly meets; for many a day  
Consulting deep and various, ere they take  
Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky:  
And now, their route designed, their leaders  
chose,  
Their tribes adjusted, cleaned their vigorous  
wings,  
And many a circle, many a short essay,  
Wheeled round, and round, in congregation full  
The figured flight ascends; and, riding high  
The aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.

JAMES THOMSON  
*The Seasons (Autumn)*

TWENTY-NINTH DAY

Far distant sounds the hidden chickadee  
Close at my side;

. . . . .

The cock's shrill trump that tells of scattered  
corn,  
Passed breezily on by all his flapping mates,  
Faint and more faint, from barn to barn is borne.

. . . . .

Meanwhile, that devil-may-care, the bobo-  
link,  
Remembering duty, in mid-quaver stops

Just ere he sweeps o'er rapture's tremulous  
brink,  
And 'twixt the windrows most demurely drops.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL  
*An Indian Summer Reverie*

THIRTIETH DAY

And lightly through their leafless tops  
The jay-bird flits—a patch of blue.

ERNEST MCGAFFEY  
*Æolian Echoes*

THIRTY-FIRST DAY

The wounded bird sped on with shattered wing,  
And gained the bolt, and ran a little space,  
Where brier and bracken twined a hiding-  
place;  
There lay and wondered at the grievous thing.

With patient filmy eye he peeped, and heard.  
Big blood-drops oozing on the fallen leaf;  
There hour by hour in uncomplaining grief  
He watched with pain, but neither cried nor  
stirred.

The merry sportsmen tramped contented home,  
He heard their happy laughter die away;—  
Across the stubble by the covert-side  
His merry comrades called at eventide;  
They breathed the fragrant air, alert and gay,  
And he was sad because his hour was come.

ARTHUR C. BENSON  
*Wounds*



## November

### FOREWORD

The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,  
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy  
day.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT  
*The Death of the Flowers*

### FIRST DAY

YET still at eve we hear the merry owl,  
That sings not sweetly, but he does his  
best;  
The little brown bird with the scarlet vest  
Chirrup away, though distant storms do  
howl.  
Then let us not at dark November scowl,  
But wait for Christmas with a cheerful  
breast.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE  
*November*

### SECOND DAY

All silent the song of the thrush;  
Bewildered she cowers in the dale;  
The black-bird sits sad on the bush;—  
The fall of the leaf they bewail.

JAMES HOGG  
*The Fall of the Leaf*

THIRD DAY

The sentinel cock upon the hillside crew —  
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before —  
Silent till some replying warden blew  
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where, erst, the jay within the elm's tall crest,  
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young;  
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,  
By every light wind like a censer swung;

Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,  
The busy swallows circling ever near,  
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,  
An early harvest, and a plenteous year;

Where every bird that waked the vernal feast  
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,  
To warn the reaper of the rosy east; —  
All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble, piped the quail,  
And croaked the crow through all the dreary gloom;  
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,  
Made echo to the distant cottage-loom.

THOMAS B. READ  
*The Closing Scene*

FOURTH DAY

The blackbird whistles to the lingering thrushes,  
The wren chirps welcome to the hardy tit,  
While the brave robin, 'neath the holly-bushes,  
Sees what of berried store still gleams for it.

SUSAN KELLY PHILLIPS  
*In November*

FIFTH DAY

Hear the wood-lark charm the forest  
Toiling o'er his little joys:  
Hapless bird! a prey the surest,  
To each pirate of the skies!

ROBERT BURNS  
*On Sensibility*

SIXTH DAY

Will the falcon, stooping from above,  
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?  
Admires the jay the insect's gilden wings?  
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?

ALEXANDER POPE  
*Essay on Man*

SEVENTH DAY

No song-note have we but a piping cry,  
That blends with the storm when the wind is  
high,  
When the land-birds wail  
We sport in the gale,  
And merrily over the ocean we sail.

ANON  
*The Stormy Petrel*

EIGHTH DAY

He saw the partridge drum in the woods;  
He heard the woodcock's evening hymn;  
He found the tawny thrush's broods;  
And the shy hawk did wait for him;  
What others did at distance hear,  
And guessed within the thicket's gloom,  
Was shown to this philosopher,  
And at his bidding seemed to come.

RALPH W. EMERSON  
*Wood Notes*

NINTH DAY

When I departed am, ring thou my knell,  
Thou pretty and pitiful Philomel;  
And when I'm laid out for a corse, then be  
Thou sexton, Redbreast, for to cover me.

ROBERT HERRICK  
*To the Nightingale and Robin Redbreast*

TENTH DAY

Through the trees  
The golden robin moves. The purple finch,  
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,  
A winter bird, comes with his plaintive whistle,  
And pecks by the witch-hazel, whilst aloud  
From cottage roofs the warbling blue-bird sings.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW  
*Autumn*

ELEVENTH DAY

There once, at summer's close, a flame  
Of fire and song, a Redbird came,  
And, perched upon my parent limb,  
Out poured his soul. From joy abrim,

The bubbling vintage of his brain,  
I quaffed, the while each fibre-vein,  
Deep-reddening with emotion, stirred.

JOHN B. TABB  
*An Autumn Leaf*

TWELFTH DAY

One sparrow on an elm-tree high  
Conceived the day as fair as I.  
Midway the high bank of the tree  
He sat upon a beak-ed branch,  
And poured into the engulfing sea  
His music's slender avalanche.

. . . . .

And forth upon his promontory  
He stood in the wide sea of air,  
And bore his witness to the glory  
With all the heart a thrush might dare.

PHILIP HENRY SAVAGE  
*The Sparrow*

THIRTEENTH DAY

The wild-eyed, savage gull, with bow'd wing,  
tips  
The white, flat surface of the misty sea;  
Or, stooping in the wind-trod, hollow wave,  
Reels upward straight, hangs quivering, his  
whole self  
Intent, and breaks the surface like a bolt!

PHILIP HENRY SAVAGE  
*Fragments*

FOURTEENTH DAY

Pause where apart the fallen sparrow-lies,  
And lightly tread;  
For there the pity of a Father's eyes  
Enshrines the dead.

JOHN B. TABB  
*Holy Ground*

FIFTEENTH DAY

Jolliest of our birds of singing,  
Best he loved the Bob-o-link.  
"Hush!" he'd say, "the tipsy fairies!  
Hear the little folks in drink!"

JOHN G. WHITTIER  
*The Sycamores*

SIXTEENTH DAY

And is the swallow gone?  
Who beheld it?  
Which way sail'd it?  
Farewell bade it none?

No mortal saw it go:  
But who doth hear  
Its summer cheer  
As it flitteth to and fro?

WILLIAM HOWITT  
*The Departure of the Swallow*

SEVENTEENTH DAY

On the brown, shining beach, all ripple-carved,  
Gleams now and then a pool; so smooth and  
clear,  
That, though I cannot see the plover there

Pacing its farther edge (so much he looks  
The color of the sand), yet I can trace  
His image hanging in the glassy brine —  
Slim legs and rapier-beak — like silver-plate  
With such a pictured bird clean-etched upon it.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL  
*The Hermitage*

EIGHTEENTH DAY

And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
From the melancholy moorlands,  
Gave a cry of lamentation,  
Gave a cry of pain and anguish!

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW  
*Hiawatha*

NINETEENTH DAY

Yes, the bluebird, the Owaissa,  
Envious said, "O Chibiabos,  
Teach me tones as wild and wayward,  
Teach me songs as full of frenzy!"

Yes, the robin, the Opechee,  
Joyous said, "O Chibiabos,  
Teach me tones as sweet and tender,  
Teach me songs as full of gladness!"

And the whippoorwill, Wawonaissa,  
Sobbing, said, "O Chibiabos,  
Teach me tones as melancholy,  
Teach me songs as full of sadness!"

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW  
*Hiawatha*

TWENTIETH DAY

While towards the crimson islands,  
Where the sea-birds flutter and skirl,  
A cormorant flaps o'er a sleek ocean floor  
Of tremulous mother-of-pearl.

ALEXANDER SMITH  
*Blaavin*

TWENTY-FIRST DAY

Swans sing before they die — 'twere no bad  
thing  
Should certain persons die before they sing.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE  
*On a Bad Singer*

TWENTY-SECOND DAY

The fowles that in those bays and harbours  
feede,  
Though in their seasons they do elsewhere  
breede,  
Are swans and geese, herne, pheasants, ducks  
and crane,  
Culvers and divers all along the maine;  
The turtle, eagle, partridge, and the quaille,  
Knot, plover, pigeons, which doe never faile,  
Till sommer's heate commands them to retire  
And winter's cold begets their old desire.

WILLIAM MORRELL  
*A Eulogy of the New World*

TWENTY-THIRD DAY

The sober lav'rock, warbling wild,  
Shall to the skies aspire;  
The gowdspink, music's gayest child,  
Shall sweetly join the choir:

The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,  
The mavis mild and mellow;  
The robin pensive autumn cheer,  
In all her locks of yellow.

ROBERT BURNS

*The Humble Petition of Bruar Water*

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY

The robin laughed in the orange tree:  
“Ho, windy North, a fig for thee:  
While breasts are red and wings are bold  
And green trees wave us globes of gold,  
Time’s scythe shall reap but bliss for me,  
— Sunlight, song, and the orange-tree.”

SIDNEY LANIER

*Tampa Robins*

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY

There the eagle and the stork  
On cliffs and cedar-tops their eyries build;  
Part loosely wing the region, part more wise  
In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,  
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth  
Their aery caravans, high over seas  
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing  
Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane  
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air  
Floats as they pass, fanned with unnumbered  
plumes;  
From branch to branch, the smaller birds with  
songs  
Solaced the woods, and spread their painted  
wings

Till even; nor then the solemn nightingale  
Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft  
lays:

Others, on silver lakes and rivers, bathed  
Their downy breast, the swan with arched neck;  
Between her white wings mantling proudly,  
rows

Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit  
The dank, and, rising on stiff pennons, tower  
The mid aerial sky: others on ground  
Walked firm; the crested cock whose clarion  
sounds

The silent hours, and the other whose gay train  
Adorns him, colored with the florid hue  
Of rainbows and starry eyes.

JOHN MILTON  
*Paradise Lost (Creation)*

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY

The younger cygnet, even at best, doth tear  
With his harsh squealings the melodious ear:  
It is the old and dying swan that sings  
Notes worthy life, worthy the Thespian springs.

WILLIAM BROWNE  
*Britannia's Pastorals*

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY

The plover whistles in the glen,  
The tewit lilt above the fen,  
Even the hoarse curlew strains her throat,  
And yelps her loudest liveliest note:  
The rural joy then must I shun,  
So ripened by the rising sun?

JAMES HOGG  
*Will and Davie*

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY

In a lonesome inlet, a sheldrake, lost from the flock, sitting on the water, rocking silently;  
In lower latitudes, in warmer air, in the Carolinas, the large, black buzzard, floating slowly, high beyond the tree tops.

Late in the afternoon, the mocking-bird, the American mimic, singing in the Great Dismal Swamp—

The darting swallow, the destroyer of insects, the fall traveler southward, but returning northward in the early spring.

Southward there, with wings slowly flapping, with the myriads of gulls wintering along the coasts of Florida—or in Louisiana, with pelicans breeding.

Northward, on the sands, on some shallow bay of Paumanok, with parties of snowy herons wading in the wet to seek worms and aquatic plants.

Retreating, triumphantly twittering, the king-bird, from piercing the crow with its bill, for amusement;

The migrating flock of wild geese alighting in autumn to refresh themselves—the body of flock feed—the sentinels outside move around with erect heads watching, and are from time to time relieved by other sentinels.

WALT WHITMAN  
*American Feuillage*

TWENTY-NINTH DAY

O robin, robin, singing in the rain,  
While black clouds lower  
Above your bower!  
O swallow, swallow, pouring forth your strain  
Of hope and cheer,  
While dull and drear,  
The gray skies bend above your soaring flight!—  
Come bring, come bring,  
To us your spring  
Of joyous hopefulness and sure delight!

NORA PERRY  
*In the Rain*

THIRTIETH DAY

O sovereign Nature! I appeal to Thee,  
Of all thy feathered progeny,  
Is so unearthly, and what shape so fair?  
So richly decked in variegated down,  
Green, sable, shining yellow, shadowy brown,  
Tints softly with each other blended,  
Hues doubtfully begun and ended;  
Or intershooting, and to sight  
Lost and recovered, as the rays of light  
Glance on the conscious plumes touched here  
and there?

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH  
*Upon Seeing a Colored Drawing of the Bird of Paradise*



## December

### FOREWORD

To some few birds kind Nature hath  
Made all the summer as one day,  
Which once enjoy'd, cold winter's wrath,  
At night, they sleeping pass away.

WILLIAM BROWNE  
*Love Poems*

### FIRST DAY

NOW no plumed throng  
Charms the wood with song;  
Ice-bound trees are glittering,  
Merry snow-birds, twittering,  
Fondly strive to cheer  
Scenes so cold and drear.

LUDWIG HOLTY  
*Winter Song*

### SECOND DAY

Winter is ycomen in  
With stormy sadde cheere,  
In the paddock  
Whistles ruddock,  
Brichte sparke in the dead yeare.

*Old Song*

### THIRD DAY

I stood and watched by the window  
The noiseless work of the sky,  
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,  
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn  
Where a little headstone stood;  
How the flakes were folding it gently,  
As did robins the babes in the wood.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL  
*The First Snow-fall*

FOURTH DAY

On the cross-beam under the Old South bell  
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.  
In summer and winter that bird is there,  
Out and in with the morning air;  
I love to see him track the street,  
With his wary eye and active feet;  
And I often watch him as he springs,  
Circling the steeple with easy wings,  
Till across the dial his shade has pass'd,  
And the belfry edge is gained at last.  
'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding note,  
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;  
There's a human look in its swelling breast,  
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS  
*The Belfry Pigeon*

FIFTH DAY

The new-lain snowy carpet, ankle-deep,  
Crumbles beneath my footsteps as I pass,  
Revealing scanty blades of frozen grass;  
On either side the chirping sparrows leap,  
And here and there a robin, friendly now,  
From naked bough to bough.  
That snow-clad homestead in the river's arm  
Is haunted by the noisy rooks that fly  
Between its leafless beeches and the sky,

And hailing fast for yonder fallow farm,  
A solitary crow is plunging by.

ROBERT BUCHANAN

*Snow*

SIXTH DAY

He clasps the crag with hooked hands:  
Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
Ring'd with the azure world he stands.  
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls,  
He watches from his mountain walls,  
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

ALFRED TENNYSON

*The Eagle*

SEVENTH DAY

And, Bird, despite thy meditative air,  
I hold thy stock of wit but paltry pelf,—  
Thou showest that same grave aspect every-  
where,  
And wouldst look thoughtful, stuffed, upon a  
shelf.

HENRY TIMROD

*To a Captive Owl*

EIGHTH DAY

The redbreast warbles still, but is content  
With slender notes, and more than half sup-  
pressed,  
Pleased with his solitude, and fitting light  
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he  
shakes  
From many a twig the pendent drops of ice  
That tinkle in the wither'd leaves below.

WILLIAM COWPER

*The Task*

NINTH DAY

Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl  
Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high  
Wheels from the deep, and screams along the  
land.

Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild  
wing

The circling seafowl cleave the flaky clouds.

One alone,

The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,  
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,  
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves  
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man  
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first  
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights  
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the  
floor,

Eyes all the smiling family askance,  
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is;  
Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs  
Attract his slender feet.

JAMES THOMSON  
*The Seasons (Winter)*

TENTH DAY

The ruddock would  
With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming  
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie  
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;  
Yes, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are  
none  
To winter-guard thy corse.

*Cymbeline*

ELEVENTH DAY

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phoebus 'gins arise.

*Cymbeline*

TWELFTH DAY

But if there be  
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity  
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!

*Cymbeline*

THIRTEENTH DAY

For the poor wren,  
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,  
Her young ones in the nest, against the owl.

*Macbeth*

FOURTEENTH DAY

The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,  
When neither is attended; and, I think,  
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,  
When every goose is cackling, would be thought  
No better a musician than the wren.

*The Merchant of Venice*

FIFTEENTH DAY

Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,  
And to the nightingale's complaining notes  
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona*

SIXTEENTH DAY

This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,

By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's  
breath  
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,  
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird  
Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant  
cradle:  
Where they much breed and haunt, I have ob-  
serv'd,  
The air is delicate.

*Macbeth*

SEVENTEENTH DAY

The oosel-cock, so black of hue,  
With orange-tawny bill,  
The throstle with his note so true,  
The wren with little quill,  
The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,  
The plain-song cuckoo gray,  
Whose note full many a man doth mark,  
And dares not answer, nay.

*Midsummer Night's Dream*

EIGHTEENTH DAY

Come on, sir; here's the place—stand still.—  
How fearful  
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!  
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway  
air,  
Show scarce so gross as beetles.

*King Lear*

NINETEENTH DAY

Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,  
But may imagine how the bird was dead,  
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?

*Second Part, King Henry VI*

TWENTIETH DAY

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,  
And is not careful what they mean thereby;  
Knowing that with the shadow of his wing,  
He can at pleasure stint their melody.

*Titus Andronicus*

TWENTY-FIRST DAY

Were't not all one an empty eagle were set  
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite?

*Second Part, King Henry VI*

TWENTY-SECOND DAY

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,  
That it had its head bit off by its young.

*King Lear*

TWENTY-THIRD DAY

To be furious,  
Is to be frighted out of fear; and in that mood  
The dove will peck the estridge.

*Antony and Cleopatra*

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY

Hark!

It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman  
Which gives the sternest good-night.

*Macbeth*

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY

“And bid the children fetch,” he said,  
“The last ripe sheaf of wheat,  
And set it on the roof o’erhead,  
That the birds may come and eat.”

PHOEBE CARY  
*The Christmas Sheaf*

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY

When icicles hang by the wall,  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
When blood be nipped, and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl;  
To-who;  
To-whit, to-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

*Love's Labour's Lost*

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY

And hark! the Nightingale begins its song,  
"Most musical, most melancholy" bird!  
A melancholy bird? Oh idle thought!  
In Nature there is nothing melancholy.  
But some night-wandering man whose heart was  
pierced  
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,  
Or slow distemper, or neglected love,  
(And so, poor wretch! fill'd all things with him-  
self,  
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale  
Of his own sorrow) he, and such as he,  
First named these notes a melancholy strain.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE  
*The Nightingale; A Conversational Poem*

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY

A mighty bard there was in joy of youth,  
That wont to rove the vernal groves among,

When the green oak puts forth its scallop'd  
 tooth,  
 And daisies thick the darkening fallows throng;  
 He listened oft, whene'er he sought to soothe  
 A fancied sorrow with a fancied song,  
 For Philomela's ancient tale of truth,  
 And never heard it, all the long night long;  
 But heard, instead, so glad a strain of sound,  
 So many changes of continuous glee,  
 From lowest twitter, such a quick rebound,  
 To billowy height of troubled ecstasy,—  
 Rejoice! he said, for joyfully had he found  
 That mighty poets may mistaken be.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE, *The Nightingale*  
 (See S. T. Coleridge's "The Nightingale; A Conversational Poem.")

TWENTY-NINTH DAY

Wondrous, majestic bird! whose mighty wing  
 Dwells not with puny warblers of the spring; —  
 Nor on earth's silent breast; —  
 Powerful to soar in strength and pride on high,  
 And sweep the azure bosom of the sky —  
 Chooses its place of rest.

. . . . .

Imperial wanderer! the storms that shake  
 Earth's towers, and bid her rooted mountains  
 quake,  
 Are never felt by thee! —  
 Beyond the bolt—beyond the lightning's gleam,  
 Basking forever in the unclouded beam —  
 Thy home — immensity!

ELIZABETH F. ELLETT  
*To the Condor*

THIRTIETH DAY

Yes, I was wrong about the phœbe-bird.  
Two songs it has, and both of them I've heard:  
I did not know those strains of joy and sorrow  
Came from one throat, or that each note could  
    borrow  
Strength from the other, making one more  
    brave  
And one as sad as rain-drops on a grave.

But thus is it. Two songs have men and  
    maidens:  
One is for heydey, one is sorrow's cadence.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP  
*The Phœbe-Bird*

THIRTY-FIRST DAY

And he sat him down in a lonely place,  
    And chanted a melody loud and sweet,  
That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,  
    And the lark drop down at his feet.  
The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee,  
    The snake slipt under a spray,  
The wild-hawk stood with the down on his beak,  
    And stared, with his foot on the prey,  
And the nightingale thought, "I have sung  
    many songs,  
But never a one so gay,  
For he sings of what the world will be  
    When the years have died away."

ALFRED TENNYSON  
*The Poet's Song*







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