

NATURE

DID YOU EVER HEAR AN ENGLISH SPARROW SING?

WHAT? an English sparrow sing?
Insignificant brown thing,
So common and so bold, 'twould surely bring
Tears of laughter to the eyes
Of the superficial wise
To suggest that that small immigrant could sing.

'Twas the bleakest wintry day,
Earth, sky, water, all were gray,
Of the universe old Boreas seemed king,
As he swept across the lake,
But his empire was at stake,
When that little English sparrow dared to sing.

Not a friend on earth had I,
No horizon to my sky,
No faith that there could be another spring.
Cold the world as that gray wall
Of the Auditorium tall
Where I heard that little English sparrow sing.

On the shelving of one stone
He was cuddling all alone;
Oh, the little feet knew bravely how to cling!
As from out the tuneful throat
Came the sweetest, springlike note,
And I truly heard an English sparrow sing.

You may talk for all your days
To the thrush and bluebirds' praise
And all your other harbingers of spring,
But I've never heard a song
Whose echoes I'd prolong
Like that I heard that English sparrow sing.

Oh, my heart's a phonograph
That will register each laugh
And all happy sounds that from the joy-bells ring,
So if cloudy days should come,
In my hours of darkest gloom
I'm sure I'll hear that English sparrow sing.

BERTHA JOHNSTON

NATURE

~~For Father~~
~~+ Steve~~

WHO LOVES A GARDEN

Who LOVES a garden
Finds within his soul
Life's whole;
He hears the anthem of the soil
While ingrates toil:
And sees beyond his little sphere
The waving fronds of heaven, clear.

LOUISE SEYMOUR JONES

From:
Don
+ Robbie
To:
Herman

THE RAINBOW

MY HEART leaps up when I behold
A Rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a Man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is Father of the Man:
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I SAW GOD WASH THE WORLD

I SAW God wash the world last night
With his sweet showers on high,
And then, when morning came, I saw
Him hang it out to dry.

He washed each tiny blade of grass
And every trembling tree;
He flung his showers against the hill,
And swept the billowing sea.

The white rose is a cleaner white,
The red rose is more red,
Since God washed every fragrant face
And put them all to bed.