

Sonnet Written On The Author's Birthday, : On hearing a Thrush sing in his Morning Walk.

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 blythe carol, clears his furrowed brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,  
Sits meek Content with light, unanxious heart;  
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,  
Nor asks if they bring ought to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day!  
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!  
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys-  
What wealth could never give nor take away!

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care,  
The mite high heav'n bestow'd, that mite with thee I'll share.