

THE GIFT OF SONG

Sweet Mock-bird, lend to me your gift of song.
Deaf to it is the wildwood, and the stream.
And if were mine, the world of pain should hear,
And weary souls be freed from carping care;
Charmed by its sweetness, they should have one dream;
And yet, I might not keep it o'er long,
For God gives sorrow with his gift of song.

By Beth Slater Whitson

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