

**CANTABILE, SONGS
AND POEMS**

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Cantabile, songs and poems by John Caldwell-Johnston

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JOHN CALDWELL-JOHNSTON

**CANTABILE, SONGS
AND POEMS**

CANTABILE

Songs and Poems

BY

JOHN CALDWELL-JOHNSTON

AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF THE BELOVED"

A large, elegant handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "John Caldwell-Johnston". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned diagonally across the page. A single horizontal line is drawn beneath the signature, extending from the left side of the page towards the right.

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There is a Singing in my Heart

THERE is a singing in my heart,
A singing, a singing,
And little birds through every part
Are winging, are winging.
The wild wood to the west wind wakes and thrills,
And fairy bells among the daffodils
Are ringing, are ringing.

There is a sighing in my heart,
A sighing, a sighing,
That yester-eve with deadly smart
Lay dying, lay dying.
But, O, the sun of Spring hath waked the rills,
And throbs of music through the daffodils
Go flying, go flying.

Cherry-Bells, Fairy-Bells, Merry Bells

CHERRY-BELLS, fairy-bells, merry bells,
 Chiming, chiming, chiming;
Multitudes, snow-white hoods, pyramids of snow;
Sky so blue shining through. Listen what the robin
 tells,
 Rhyming, rhyming, rhyming,
With an air perching there, while the larks to heaven
 go
 Climbing, climbing, climbing.

Cherry-bells, fairy-bells, merry bells,
 Ringing, ringing, ringing;
Silver bells, silken shells, row on row on row;
Scented sighs, butterflies. Red-breast pouts and
 throbs and swells,
 Clinging, clinging, clinging,
Debonair, proudly there, while sweet larks to heaven
 go
 Singing, singing, singing.

April is Here!

THE meadow-pipit cheeping in the thorn,

Peep! Peep! Peep! Peep!

The grasses and the fragrances of spring,

The emerald sheen upon the winter corn,

The sun, the shower, the south wind's whispering,

The new note in the clangour of the sea—

So April's born!

The whitethroat loves the nettle and the briar,

Tweet! Tweet! Tweet! Tweet!

The blackcap shyly flutes within the brake.

The world is all one song and one desire.

The adder creeps. The hedgehog crawls to slake

His winter-drouth at waters cool and sweet.

April's awake!

The willow-warbler whistles by the mere,

Twee! Twee! Twee! Twee!

The song-thrush trills, and preens his spotted
plume.

The squirrel scolds at blue-jay blundered near.

The gorse is flame, and nigh to flame the broom.

The speckled trout leaps in the singing rill.

April is here!

Out Among the Hedgerows

Out among the hedgerows, out among the dells,
While the brown-winged linnets tunes his mating-calls
And the blue wild-hyacinth shyly shakes his bells,
Wind we golden cowslips into golden, dewy balls.

Bees are droning idly, cuckoo twice and thrice
Utters through the woodland his melodious note.
Bullfinch trills and warbles, wood-dove sighs and
sighs.
Nets of greenest watercresses down the streamlet
float.

Out among the hedgerows, out at break of day,
When the golden sunshine like a mantle falls,
Gone the tears of April, come the smiles of May,
Wind we golden cowslips into golden, dewy balls.