

**LILT O'
THE BIRDS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649317233

Lilt O' the Birds by Emile Pickhardt

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

EMILE PICKHARDT

**LILT O'
THE BIRDS**

LILT O' THE BIRDS

BY
EMILE PICKHARDT



BOSTON
SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY
1912

KF 1817

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
BY EXCHANGE

Oct 1, 1911



COPYRIGHT, 1919
SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY

© Cl. A. 330771
no 2 R

CONTENTS

	PAGE
YE MERRY BIRDS	1
THE CAPTIVE BIRD	2
JENNY WREN	3
THE THRUSH	4
THE HOMING DOVE	5
O BIRD THAT CLEAVES THE AZURE SKIES	6
THE ORIOLE	7
THE SONG OF THE BOBOLINK	8
OH, TELL ME, YE BIRDS	9
THE SEA GULL	10
TO A HUMMING BIRD	11
THE SONG SPARROW	12
THE WOUNDED BIRD	14
THE BEREAVED ROBIN	16
SPARE THE GENTLE SONGSTER	17
THE WHIPPOORWILL	19



ILLUSTRATIONS

	<i>Facing page</i>
FRONTISPIECE	
THE THRUSH	4
THE ORIOLE	7
THE HUMMING BIRD	11
THE SONG SPARROW	19
THE BEREAVED ROBIN	16



YE MERRY BIRDS

Oh, where shall tongue or pen find words
To sing your praise, ye merry birds;
 Your pretty forms, your gentle eyes,
 Your graceful flight athwart the skies;
Your plumage soft of colors rare,
Your joy songs pulsing everywhere?
 Nay, words of mine impotent seem
 To fitly clothe the fertile theme.

Ah, what a cheerless world 'twould be
Without your song and flight so free;
 Nigh half the charm would disappear
 Of springtime joys, were you not here
A sense of buoyancy to bring
And thoughts of heaven, when ye sing;
 E'en summer's glow and autumn's hue
 Were dulled and dreary without you.

And so I fain your charms would tell;
Nor could I fail to sing them well,
 Befittingly to voice your praise,
 Could I but catch your thrilling lays;
Could my poor muse but with you rise
In flight amid the lambent skies—
 Oh, surely then, I'd find the words
 To sing of you, O merry birds.