

**THE
BLIND CANARY**

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The Blind Canary by Hugh Farrar McDermott

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HUGH FARRAR MCDERMOTT

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BLIND CANARY**



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The Blind Canary

BY

HUGH FARRAR McDERMOTT

SECOND EDITION

(REVISED, WITH ADDITIONS)

NEW YORK

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

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1883

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TO THE AUTHOR.

Sweet minstrel, oft this little book of verse
Comes to my hand, a token of thy love ;
And, as its potent lines stray thoughts coerce,
I feast my heart on manna from above.
To few pure souls is given the power that thou
Hast shown, O poet, in thy gentler mien !
As stately ships calm ocean's ripples plow,
So thy soft music, welcome, comes between
The hours of toil and twilight's restful time,
When Nature calls for all surcease of care ;
'T is then I revel in thy soothing rhyme,
And greet the mind whose majesty is there.

HENRY CLAY LUKENS

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MY BLIND CANARY.

SWEET singer to my dreams,
My blind canary,
I dwell upon the liquid note
That fills thy little breast and throat,
And comes forth piping, full and airy,
Reaching far and far away,
'To some dreamy, twilight day,
Whose virgin star with softness beams
On fairy dell and fairy.

When night kneels down before the West
In silent prayer,
That, till the morn unveils her eye,
In tranquil sleep the world shall lie,
And serf and king like blessings share;
'Tis then thy voice in music falls
Along my heart's deserted halls,
Whose mould'ring rafters find their guest
Too sweet to bear.

Who made thy song so all divine,
 My blind canary?
 Who taught thy little tongue to sing?
 Who gave thy voice a heavenly ring?
 How learnedst thou thus ^{to} sweetly ~~to~~ vary
 The long vibrations of thy muse,
 And o'er high angels to diffuse
 A lay too fine for hearts like mine,
 So sad and weary?

What dark-wing'd fate close-sealed thine eyes,
 My soul's enchanter?
 A fate, may be, of high decree
 Ordained this world thou shouldst not see,
 Or that our life's a cheat and banter.
 The heart's deep wrong, the maiden's tear,
 The pain, the strife, suspense and fear;—
 Our woes to know thou art too wise,
 Sweet heaven haunter.

Dost sing the joys of warmer climes,
 My little stranger?

J. V. N.