

# “THE SPARROW”

BY

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A little bird, with plumage brown,  
Beside my window flutters down,  
A moment chirps its little strain,  
Ten taps upon my window-pane,  
And chirps again, and hops along,  
To call my notice to its song;  
But I work on, nor heed its lay,  
Till, in neglect, it flies away.

So birds of peace and hope and love  
Come fluttering earthward from above,  
To settle on life's window-sills,  
And ease our load of earthly ills;  
But we, in traffic's rush and din  
Too deep engaged to let them in,  
With deadened heart and sense plod on,  
Nor know our loss till they are gone.