

My Sweetheart Bird

By

George E. Merrick

I have a little sweetheart bird
That sings sweet songs to me,...
And now I know...what failed me so...
When other birds...
Sang songs to me.

I had a little blue-clad bird
Whose trills were filled with mystery...
But while she trilled I felt my bird
Was thrilled...
By else but me.

And once a fairy yellow bird
Beneath the orange tree
Sang sprightly strains—(an elfish bird)—
and came...
Quite close to me.

And long...a saucy red-robed bird
Sang sensuous notes in tempting plea.
At nights she came so close:...and oft I thought
I loved
Her melody.

I prized a sober brown-hued bird

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That sang old songs to me...
But she has flown: — and none have known
Where e'er...
My bird may be.

And there was, too, a tiny bird
That always seemed to flee!
I closed her 'round:...and then I found
There was...
No fear of me.

I spied a wild and pretty bird
That warbled chords of glee:...
I thought:...no love can capture her:...
She always...
Will be free.

...But now — I have a sweetheart bird
That stays so close to me.
Her message wings: — as low she sings —
And she...
Sings but to me.

And from her heart my sweetheart bird
Lifts sweetest melody.
And thus you know...I named her so!
She is...
Most sweet to me.

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That sings sweet songs to me.

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When other birds...
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