

The Song of the Whip-Poor-Will

By

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When calm the night, in silv'ry moonlight drown'd,
And hushed in folds of deep and dreamless sleep
Seem all the world, a plaintive mournful sound
Disturbs the silent air, and breaks the deep—
And awesome hush with notes of tenor shrill;
Quick uttered notes in ceaseless monotone,
And filled with the weird sadness the whip-poor-will
Unburdens alone, to the kindly moon.

Thy song so simple, hath yet a charm
That weaves all unconsciously into the spell
The moonlight throws around. Thy quick alarm
Bears tales of long complaint: that blends in flight
With murmured woes that sobbing pin-boughs tell:
And, sad, regretful, speaks for list'ning Night.