

To An Oriole

poem by Edgar Fawcett.

How falls it Oriole thou hast come to fly

In tropic splendor through our northern sky?

At some glad moment was it Nature's choice

To Dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?

Or did some orange tulip flecked with black,

In some forgotten garden ages back,

Yearning toward heaven until its wish was heard

Desire, unspeakably, to be a bird?