



### The Meadowlark

Tip-toe on the hill-top stands the day  
Poising ere she takes her shining way  
Athwart the sky.

When, across the trembling, pulsing air,  
Singing joyous challenges to care  
Flies the lark.

When, as unmoored galleons of the night,  
Dusky clouds go flying out of sight  
Behind the hills.

Faintly bidding us a calm, safe rest,  
Far above us, toward the silvering west  
Flies the lark.

