

now(more near ourselves than we)  
is a bird singing in a tree,  
who never sings the same thing twice  
and still that singing's always his

eyes can feel but ears may see  
there never lived a gayer he;  
if earth and sky should break in two  
he'd make them one(his song's so true)

who sings for us for you for me  
for each leaf newer than can be:  
and for his own(his love)his dear  
he sings till everywhere is here