

SONG OF THE WHIPPOWIL.

By THOMAS GREGG

The sun had sunk beneath the west,
And dark the shadows fall;
I'll seek again my forest home,
And make my evening call.
The zephyr in the grove is hushed,
And every leaf is still;
So I will seek my wild retreat,
And chant my whippowil.

Whippowil!

Dim Night, with sable mantle spread,
Envelops field and flood,
And stars with pale and yellow light,
Shine out on vale and wood.
My mate, too, has begun her strain
Upon yon distant hill;
And I will seek my leafy bower,
And tune my whippowil.

Whippowil!

The watchdog has retired to rest;
The curfew toll is done;
Nor sound is heard in these deep shades,
Save my shrill voice alone;
Or in yon wild and lonely glen,
The tinkling of a rill;
So, in these peaceful solitudes
I'll chant my whippowil.

Whippowil!

It is the song which God has given—
I'll sing it to His praise;
Of all within this forest bower,
Mine are the sweetest lays—
Then, whippowil shall be my song,
In vale or on the hill;
Each evening in the twilight hour,
I'll tune my whippowil.

Whippowil!

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