

Song

The Shenandoah National Park

Spring is here! A symphony is heard,
The music of the tree, and flower, and bird.
The orchestra, a brook with rocky bed,
Some ironwood horns, a fern the fiddlehead.
The Oboe, trumpet, flute, and clarinets,
Are with the reeds and moss and violets.
The wind, a harpist who is world-renowned,
Makes wood and dell with melody resound;
With briar harp, another instrument
Whose lyric notes to symphony are blent,
Accompanies a thrush's matin lay.
A solo that precedes the break of day.

Blanche C. Howlett

Published

(Miss) Blanche C. Howlett
2601 Adams Mill Road, N.W.
Apt. 408
Washington, D.C.