

WHY THE ROBIN'S BREAST IS RED

The Saviour, bowed beneath his cross,
Clomb up the dreary hill,
While from the agonizing wreath
Ran many a crimson rill.
The brawny Roman thrust him on
With unrelenting hand—
Till, staggering slowly 'mid the crowd,
He fell upon the sand.

A little bird that warbled near,
That memorable day,
Flitted around and strove to wrench
One single thorn away;
The cruel spike impaled his breast,
And thus 'tis sweetly said,
The Robin wears his silver vest
In panoplies of red.

Ah Jesu! Jesu! Son of Man!
My dolour and my sighs
Reveal the lesson taught by this
Winged Ishmael of the skies.
I, in the palace of delight,
Or caverns of despair,
Have plucked no thorns from Thy dear brow,
But planted thousands there!