

The Skylark

Christina Rossetti

The earth was green, the sky was blue:

I saw and heard one sunny morn

A skylark hang between the two,

A singing speck above the corn;

A stage below, in gay accord,

White butterflies danced on the wing,

And still the singing skylark soared,

And silent sank, and soared to sing.

The cornfield stretched a tender green
To right and left beside my walks;
I knew he had a nest unseen
Somewhere among the million stalks.

And as I paused to hear his song,
While swift the sunny moments slid,
Perhaps his mate sat listening long,
And listened longer than I did.