

# Three Songs

by Edward Rowland Sill

Sing me, thou Singer, a song of gold!

Said a careworn man to me:

So I sang of the golden summer days,

And the sad, sweet autumn's yellow haze,

Till his heart grew soft, and his mellowed gaze

Was a kindly sight to see.

Sing me, dear Singer, a song of love!

A fair girl asked of me:

Then I sang of a love that clasps the Race,

Gives all, asks naught -- till her kindled face

Was radiant with the starry grace

Of blessed Charity.

Sing me, O Singer, a song of life!

Cried an eager youth to me:

And I sang of the life without alloy,

Beyond our years, till the heart of the boy

Caught the golden beauty, and love, and joy

Of the great Eternity.