

THE WORK SHOPS

And then, once again,
Like a glad, joyous strain
Of music the sweetest, was borne on the air
The hammer's quick blow,
As it swung to and fro,
Keeping time to the music of hearts free from
care.
For the clang! clang! clang!
Now joyfully rang,
Like a paean of victory, buoyant and free!
And sad hearts grew light,
As lips whispered at night,
"Thank God who sends labor for you and for
me!"

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW ON MOUNTAIN AND SEA

Bird-like our vessel skimmed light o'er the
waters,
While the storm clouds around us loomed
dark o'er the lea,
But with happy hearts free from all troubled
forebodings
We saw but the sunlight on mountain and
sea.