

To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves!

Come forth, O ye children of gladness! come!
Where the violets lie may be now your home,
Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footsteps to meet me fly!
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine—I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen!
Away from the chamber and sullen hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth!
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

Songs of the Affectionates "Casabianca" **MRS. HEMANS.**
Records of Woman "Bernado del Campo" 1793-1836
Early Records "Pilgrims Fathers"
TIMES AND SEASONS. *The Forest-Lovers*

THE lark has sung his carol in the sky,
The bees have humm'd their noontide lullaby;
Still in the vale the village bells ring round,
Still in Llewellyn hall the jests re-ound;
For now the caudle-cup is circling there,
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.
A few short years, and then these sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran.
Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin;
The ale, new brew'd, in floods of amber shine;
And basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
Mid many a tale told of his boyish days