

JUNE.

E. K. WALLACE.

JUNE, June, rhythm and tune,
Breath of red roses and gleam of the moon,
Air from Hesperides
Blown thro' cherry trees,
Hum of the merry bees,
Drunken with June !
Sky blue and white with you,
Meadows delight with you,
Hilltops alight with you,
Crickets acroon.

June, June, wonderful rune
Of life at its fullest, of life at its noon, —
Perfume and wine of you,
Shimmer and shine of you,
Who could repine of you,
Blossomful June ?
Oh ! the sweet night of you, —
I'm in affright of you,
With the delight of you,
Magical June !

—*Leslie's.*