

Blithe song-birds in the grove unite,  
Responsive mates hymn love's delight;  
    Echoes my heart their tender trills,  
    At eventide.

Come, Sweet, ere fades this brief respite,  
As dies the gloaming on my sight,  
    Whilst every pulse with longing thrills,  
    And holy hush the loud world stills,  
Come, and my loving heart requite,  
    At eventide.

### THE HERALD.

When fields lie mute, and frosts are here  
To bind the streams, their well of cheer,  
The robin, with prophetic lay,  
Comes to proclaim returning May.

When, at the fount, the streams that yield  
Life's meed of joy, one day, are sealed;  
May some glad herald to me bring  
Like message of awak'ning Spring!

### THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Merrily ring the bells,  
The welcome Christmas bells,—  
Their song Love, Joy, and Peace  
Through all the world increase;  
Till every heart shall feel  
The merry Christmas peal;  
Till every voice shall raise  
The canticle of praise,  
And swell the glad refrain,  
Struck by the angel train:—  
"Glory to God in heaven;  
On earth peace, good will toward men!"