

A SPRING SONG.

'THE purple violet bows her head
 Like silent nun at vesper time;
 The spider spins his silken thread
 From leaf to leaf. The cricket's rhyme
 Echoes a-down the bloss'ming day,
 And now Love treads the leafy bowers,
 And O, the peaceful, happy hours
 That Spring brings with her roundelay!
 Sweet, golden day!
 What joys awake from night's grim lair,
 What young hopes play,
 When Spring's white soul leans on a prayer!

The mist goes creeping o'er the grass,
 The shadows rest upon the hill;
 Through meadow, marsh and field glad pass
 The sunbeam-armies, silent, still—
 Millions of men, so bold and gay,
 Who, hiding on the morning breeze,
 While Earth intones her litanies,
 Invade the hours of the day.