



A Thought for May.

"How beautiful Heaven must be!"

(From a reminiscence of my mother's dying words, in May, 1861.)

I.

"LET me gaze on the golden sunbeams
For soon they will fade away,
And those delicate snow-white blossoms
That perfume the month of May,
How graceful their fragile beauty!
Fair emblems, my Queen, of thee!"
(And her calm eyes were gazing upward.)
"How beautiful Heaven must be!"

II.

And still o'er the inward harp-strings
Is stealing that plaintive lay,
An echo of dying music
Soft whispered in month of May.
How gently the winds are playing
At eve, through those woodland trees!
How sweet is that soothing murmur,
Oft heard by the rippling seas!

III.

The tones of a dying mother
Are softer, more sweet, to me:
There is rest to the weary spirit
O beautiful Heaven, in thee!