

DEARER DAYS.

BY JAS. A. TUCKER

Thick streams the sunlight o'er the whole horizon,
Spilling and trembling like a golden wave
Down thro' the ether that so lightly lies on
Caressent grasses o'er my dear one's grave.
Let me lie here, where all is sweetly still,
And dream of dearer days.

The gladsome beetles wing the drooping summer,
Which hangs oppressive-odorous on the air ;
The singing-birds and piping insects come here,
And flitting butterflies, to greet the fair—
The beauteous maiden, who, beneath these ferns,
Still dreams of dearer days.

Not dead my love, but slumbering 'neath the odor
Of roses tost upon the sleepy day:
The honeysuckles and the lilacs load her
With their soft, amorous breath beneath the clay ;
And ah, so sadly-happy ! here she lies,
Dreaming of dearer days.

At eve wind-legions muster 'round her pillow:
She hears their trumpet-calls and feels the tread
Of troops of flower spirits, like a billow
Surging to guard her in her royal bed.
They would not aught should come by night to harm
The queen of dearer days.

And in the morn, her dream is thrilled to splendor
With the hot blood of the awakening earth,
Where, with impassioned throbings, full and tender,
It lifts, thro' tears, a smile to greet the birth
Of the new day, that bears upon its bosom
A dream of dearer days.

And I—I would that I were also sleeping
Beneath these long and tangled grasses here,
And knew no more of sorrowing and weeping—
Of shattered youthful hope and realized fear—
But with my loved one, thro' the long, long hours,
But dreamed of dearer days.