

Sweet images of beauty, day by day, And sounds of wild-est

natural music mould Our in-most thoughts to peace, and steal a-way All

fancies that might make the heart grow cold!

The glory the autumnal sunset brings,  
The shadows of the changeful clouds that sweep  
Above the trees, as o'er the lyre's sweet strings  
Rinneth a master hand, arousing deep  
Undream'd of harmony; the varied woods  
That like a wreath of triumph crown yon hill;  
All these have power to cheer our sadder moods  
And make our hours of joy more joyful still.

There are shy deer that glide across our sight,  
Or pause with lifted neck and glowing eye;  
There are wild owls, that oftentimes at night,  
From tree to tree give out their cheerful cry,  
Yea, many a happy creature round us dwells,  
And we have caught an echo in their bliss,  
And learned to love their haunts, their woods,  
their dells,  
And e'en a home they deem so lone as this:

At eventide when'er the driving rain  
Hides from our view the fair autumnal scene,  
Rushing like white-robed ghosts in rapid train  
Then turn we from what is, to what *has been*,  
Some gorgeous history of olden time  
Unfolds its pageant to our gladden'd sight,  
Or poets lay, with sweet returning chime  
Fills the hushed soul with beauty and delight.

And still as time glides on, we ever feel  
'Twas wisely done to make our dwelling here  
And take to heart such joys as cannot steal,  
Like shadows, but will grow from year to year  
And far more beautiful, doth nature seem  
To them who daily meet her face to face,  
And learn from her the bliss, that like a dream  
Robes common things with beauty and with  
grace.