

And the bright sun just was rising,  
And the darkness all had fled.

Then all things were fair and lovely,  
All the birds sang sweet and clear,  
All the flowers were bathed in dew drops,  
Every dew-drop like a tear.

Then my brother used to row me  
On the river deep and wide,  
And we'd catch the swells of steamers,  
As they rolled like ocean tide.

Now I'm longing, always longing,  
While the summer sunlight shines,  
For the old familiar cottage,  
And my home among the pines.

### VIOLETS.

Violets ! violets ! sparkling with dew-drops,  
Fresh from your green mossy bowers,  
Violets, violets, blue-eyed and lovely,  
Sweetest and fairest of flowers.

Withering, withering, what! though I've placed you  
Snug in my prettiest vase !