



## In Bohemia.

When we were young and skies were blue  
With cobalt lost to art,  
And little busy thoughts of you  
Hummed sweetly round my heart;  
In bee-time or by fireside,  
O'er roses or o'er snow,  
The sunbeams came and went, my love,  
As sunbeams come and go.

We sang a song—a simple song—  
What more could children sing—  
But happy as the hours were long  
And sweet as birds in spring;  
And through the year, unceasing,  
On roses or on snow,  
The sunbeams came and went, my love,  
As sunbeams come and go.

Through glowing day and afternoon,  
Through shade 'neath dancing leaf,  
We sought all brightness as a boon  
And turned our backs on grief;  
For well we knew, unending,  
On roses as on snow,  
Sunbeams would come and go, my love,  
Sunbeams would come and go.

When Fate commands our songs to cease,  
Together or apart,  
Unbroken rest in perfect peace  
Will suit us well, my heart!  
And o'er our unknown graves for aye,  
Rose-decked or wreathed in snow,  
Sunbeams will come and go, my love,  
Sunbeams will come and go!

—Charles Campbell.

