

In the sloped shadow of my hat
 I lean at rest, and drain the heat ;
 Nay more, I think some blessed power
 Hath brought me wandering idly here :
 In the full furnace of this hour
 My thoughts grow keen and clear.

PIPPA'S SONG¹

ROBERT BROWNING

The year's at the spring
 And day's at the morn ;
 Morning's at seven ;
 The hillside's dew-pearled ;
 The lark's on the wing ;
 The snail's on the thorn :
 God's in his heaven—
 All's right with the world !

*Eng. wrote
 poet
 a joyous appearance
 of a beautiful morning*

THOMAS THE RHYMER

OLD BALLAD

True Thomas lay on Huntley bank ;
 A ferlie² spied he wi' his ee ;
 There he saw a lady bright
 Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

1. "Pippa, a young girl who works in a silk factory, during her one-day's annual holiday sings a number of little songs which influence for good the lives of certain people who hear them . (This song) is full of open-air delight in Nature and of the optimism which comes from it "

2. Strange thing, marvel.