

## A SONG.

A swaying form beneath the trees,  
A laugh that through the darkness rings,  
A soft, dim whiteness in the night,  
Where Mabel in the hammock swings.

O swing and sway, and swing and sway ;  
How swift the cool, dark moments fly !  
Unburdened save by lightest word,  
Untroubled save by lightest sigh.

The envious night would hide her smile—  
And yet I see her smiling there ;  
And some stray star has paused to weave  
A glimmering halo round her hair.

O swing and sway, and swing and sway ;  
For each new moment gladly live ;  
Wisdom will come in other years  
When life has nothing else to give.

But now in Springtime's fairest hours,  
Ere love has tried his treach'rous wings,  
Life pauses with me 'neath the trees  
Where Mabel in the hammock swings.