

IN MAY-TIME.

O'er the fresh, sweet meadows where the grass is
springing,

Through the budding forests where the birds are
singing,

Up the hill and down the glade
Life is just beginning.

Through the crowded city fragrant winds are straying,
By the dusty highway laughing brooks are playing ;

Youth is having holiday
Life has gone a-Maying.

See the tender saplings, shining rain-drops shaking,
Where the wild-wood lilies from their dreams are
waking ;

See the old world, young once more,
Winter's sloth forsaking.

Down in windy valleys daisies still lie sleeping,
Tho' in sheltered woodlands violets are peeping ;

Spring has gathered all the land
To her kindest keeping.