

Would I ~~were~~ as pure as you
And as small and weak !

MY HOME IN THE PINES.

Once I lived beneath the pine-trees,
With their grand plumes waving high,
And their dark and solemn shadows,
And their whispering moaning sigh:

And the little flowers springing
At their roots so far below,
And the ever rippling river,
With its murmur and its flow.

And the oaks so green and shady,
Where the birds and chipmunks strayed,
And the high and rocky islands,
Where the lapping river played.

And the fair moon at her rising,
She would lay a golden road,
Gleaming all across the river,
To her heavenly abode.

In the early, early morning,
When I used to leave my bed,