

I'd catch my dreams, they were so bright,
And find my thoughts were brighter yet.

I'd wink my little eyes and peep,
With slumber waging weary strife ;—
It seemed so hard to be asleep
And lose the smallest bit of life !

Of life that moved with airy sway,
Like singing music—making play
Like wavelets dancing on the sea
In even measures—all for me !

And when the sun illumed the dark,
I'd sing good morning to the sky,
And wake the little lazy lark,
And curtsy to the butterfly.

O, sweet to flutter 'mid the grass,
In charming dews the wise condemn,
And when the busy swallows pass
To nod my friendly head at them !

It did the little squirrels good
To see a thing as gay as I,
When I came running through the wood
To hide from the delighted sky ;

The quaint old cuckoo said his say,
I mock'd him with my artful word ;
I think he knows not to this day
Whether I am a girl or bird !