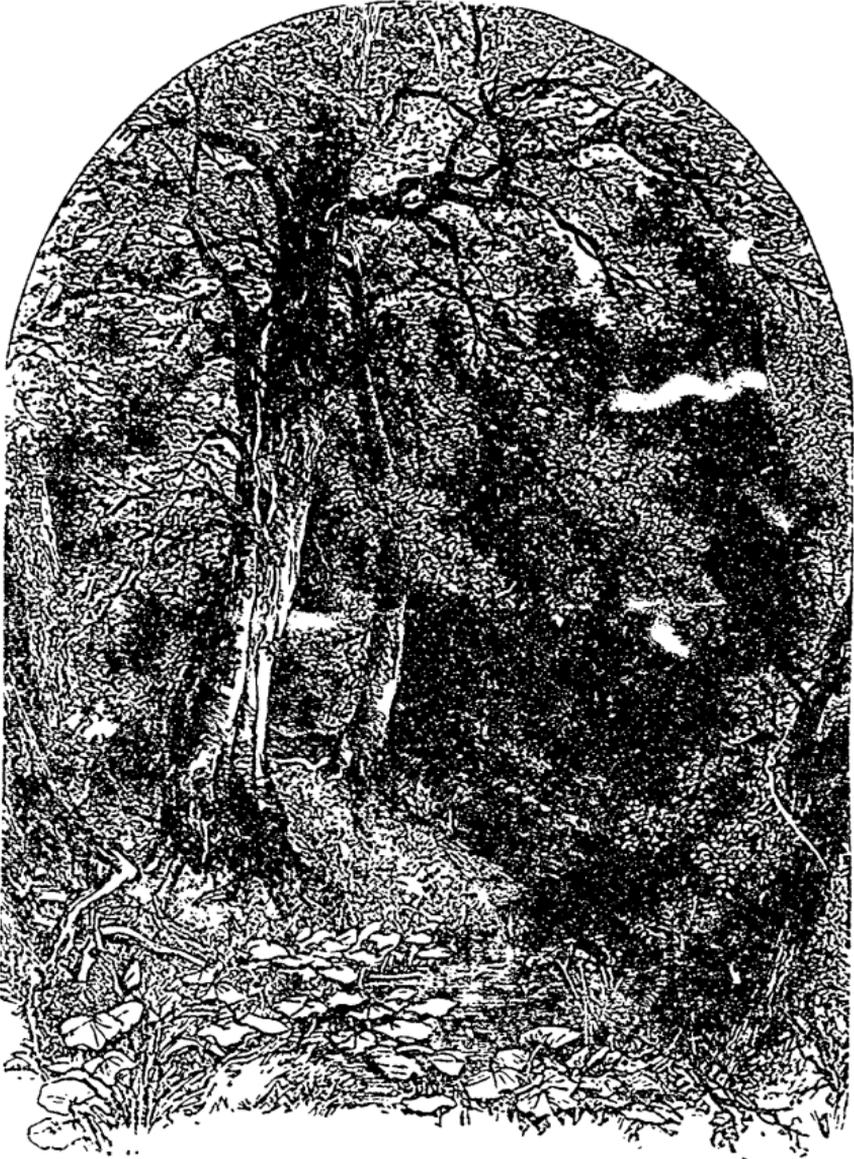


UNDER GREEN LEAVES.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



PLEASANT it was when woods were green,
And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs between,
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go.

The green trees whispered low and mild ;
It was a sound of joy !
They were my playmates when a child
And rocked me in their arms so wild !
Still they looked at me and smiled,
As if I were a boy ;