

Like men in their strength,
No tears do they shed
Over the meadows
Where daisies lie dead.
But scatter and blow
The sun's fiercest rays,
Which merciless glow
On the broad mountain braes.
Then Breezes, O Breezes,
Hottest at noon,
Bring to me shade,
But leave out the gloom!
Let the noontide of life
Be free from despair,
While respite I seek
From its withering glare.

Soft breezes of eve,
That blandly blow
When the hot day is o'er
And the sun sinks low,—
Lulling to sleep
The flower and the bee
That swing in thy cradle
The sweet scented lea.
Where the heather lies low
All withered in death