

God give thee many a sunset store
Of poet fancies,—golden things!
Sweet, simple songs, croon'd o'er and o'er,
And many bright imaginings;
With music thee exalt above
All sense of care, on Rapture's wing,
And make thee yearn, and bid thee love,
Where Handel and Beethoven sing:
Give thee a fireside nook;—the field
Besprent with June's fresh largess o'er;
The comfort brooks and gardens yield;
The uplift of the hills; the lore
Of Ocean, and the Bards;—the smile
Of wife and child and friends, at even;—
Rest and refreshment, after toil;
And, after Earth and Time—then, Heaven!