

A SUMMER IDYL

I

Insects murmur softly o'er me,
Rippling waves trip up the shore,
Gentle breezes in the pine-trees
Tell of peace forevermore.

II

Humming birds on wings a-whirring
Sip choice nectar from the flowers,
Marigold and sweet geraniums
Yield their honey thro' the hours.

III

In the deep blue vault of Heaven
Clouds are drifting on and on,
Slowly, silently are drifting
To some port to me unknown