

AN INVITATION.

Oh come away, where, laughing, run
The little brooks, brimming with glee
At their release from Winter's hold !
Come where earth's beauty-dreams have won
From sleep a waking, ecstasy !
Where the young hearts of flowers unfold
A loveliness untold
Of mortals, and the song of birds
Carolling life's joy so wins
The soul from miser memory
Of self ! And thou shalt feel the dear felicity
Of God's creation when the Spring begins,—
And learn to live, while time affords
A breathing space beyond the city hordes.