

Her small hands hold a blushing wreath
Of lovely forest flowers—
Oh, well she loves your fragrant breath,
Sweet friends of summer hours!
But not for her each gorgeous hue
O'er your fair petals spread;
Alike to her the violet's blue
And rose's glowing red.

She looketh tow'rds the quiet sky
In the still summer night,
But vainly on her darkened eye
Falleth the pale moonlight;
In vain from their bright home above
The peaceful stars gaze down—
She knoweth not their looks of love
From gathering tempest's frown.

A mother speaketh to her child
In accents mild and sweet,
A brother through the wood-path wild
Guideth her wand'ring feet;
Each kindly deed, each gentle tone
Thrills to her heart's deep cell—
What would she give to look upon
The friends she loves so well!

And thou shalt see their faces yet,
Stricken, yet blessed one!
When all Earth's ransomed ones are met
Before the Eternal Throne:
The cloud that dims thy vision now
Shall at a word be riven,
And the first light thine eyes shall know
Shall be—the light of heaven.