

A MORNING IN JUNE.

As the sun peeps o'er the hill-crests
At early morn in June,
The whole of wond'rous Nature-land
With gladness seems a-tune.

The woodland choirs their melodies
Pipe forth from bush and tree,
The blackbird, thrush, and linnet,
Unite in harmony,

And swell their chorus to the breeze
That wafts o'er hill and dale,
Whisp'ring to each leaf and flower
It's own melodious tale.

The flowers of the woodland too
In grandeur seem to vie,
Nodding each its pretty head
To the soft winds passing by.

And opening each its dewy eye
To gaze upon the morn,
Welcoming with pure delight
The beauty of the dawn.