

THE BREEZES.

THE breezes of morn
Fling their breath to the skies,
Awakened from sleep
Where the sweet heather lies.
They gambol and leap
Like children at play,
And, over the hilltops,
Soaring away,
Scatter and fling
The perfume of flowers,
Where sweetly sing
The birds in their bowers.
Then Breezes, O Breezes,
Born of the morn,
Waft to me pleasure,
But leave out her thorn!
Let the morning of life
Be happy and gay,
Sweet as thy breath,
If brief as thy day.

The breezes of noon
Are hot as they fly
Across the crushed heather,
Where, withered, flowers lie.