

A SONG OF OTHER DAYS.

HERE'S a song for the times, the soft flowing rhymes,
A song for those moments of brightness,
When the trill of a bird in springtime was heard
To cheer with its silvery lightness;
When sunbeams in glee gaily smiled upon me
And stirred my young voice in its laughter—
O thrice happy times! You are gone, yet betimes
Your music comes lingering after.

Long years now are gone. I sit dreaming alone,
Hedged in by the cares that surround me,
And, longing, I sigh for the days glided by,
That once shed their blessings around me.
O for the joy-song that stole peaceful along
And filled the night air with its feeling!
O'er faint, misty years, through a vista of tears,
Sweet voices now sadly come stealing.