

## An Idyl

**T**HE big high hills are fast asleep,  
The trees nod to and fro,  
Under their shade drowse lazy sheep,  
The dying sun sinks low.  
  
Weeping willows obeisance make,  
While bending o'er the stream,  
This is life, if I am awake,  
If not, Oh! let me dream.