

LIFE AND DEATH.

THE swallow skims through the air  
In fields of blinding blue,  
While the heart of nature calls in joy  
To each billow of infinite hue.

Below, in a cottage, a mother sits,  
With the tears of grief her dower,  
As she gazes into the cradle dark  
Where slumber'd her sweet, sweet flower.

O Swallow, that skims in the air !  
Do you share in each sorrow and woe ?  
Do you hear the sob of a mother's heart  
Under the cold, cold snow ?

Joying athwart the dreamful heavens,  
Have you thought of the nest 'neath the eaves,  
And the fledglings of care that left your side  
In the greening and glory of leaves ?