

A Treasury of

There, the far-winding creeks among,
The frogs keep up, the summer long,
The murmurs of their soft night-song—

A song most soft and musical,
Like the dulled voice of distant Fall,
Or winds that through the pine-tops call.

And where the dusky swamp lies dreaming,
Shines the fire-flies' fitful gleaming—
Through the cedars—dancing, streaming!

VI

Who is it hideth up in a tree
Where all but the bats asleep should be,
And with his whistling mocketh me?

Such quaint, quick pipings—two-and-two :
Half a whistle, half a coo—
Ah, Mister Tree-Frog! gare-à-vous!

The owls on noiseless wing gloom by,—
Beware, lest one a glimpse espy
Of your grey coat and jewelled eye!

And so, good-night!—We glide anew
Where shows the lake its softest blue
With mirror'd star-points sparkling through.

VII

The lights upon the distant shore,
That shone so redly, shine no more :
The Indian-fisher's toil is o'er.

Already in the eastern skies,
Where up and up new stars arise,
A pearly lustre softly lies.