

STREAMLETS OF SONG

FOR THE YOUNG.



The Song of a Summer Stream.

A FEW months ago
I was singing through the snow,
Though the dead brown boughs gave no hope of summer
shoots,

And my persevering fall
Seemed to be no use at all,
For the hard, hard frost would not let me reach the roots.

Then the mists hung chill
All along the wooded hill,
And the cold, sad fog through my lonely dingles crept ;
I was glad I had no power
To awake one tender flower
To a sure, swift doom ! I would rather that it slept.