

THE BRIDE.

Ho windy gossips, in your ear!
When morning threw the casement wide
The jilted sun, with eager face,
Stole in and kissed the waking bride!

And, while she blushed, a bobolink,
That all he sees in music tells,
Rang out the tidings to the world
With tinkling chimes of elfin bells.

She rose and donned her rich attire,
The yearning bridesmaids led her down
And she was wedded in the church
Before the jostling, gaping town.