

MY FAR-AWAY ROSE.

UNTIL THE DAY BREAK, AND THE SHADOWS
FLEE AWAY.—Song. 4, 6. WHO IS SHE THAT
LOOKETH FORTH AS THE MORNING?—Song. 6,
10.

There's a warbler too good for the far-away
wood ;
She would sing, as my captive, more sweet
than as free ;
She reminds me of Spring, and the life it
will bring ;
For her presence was more than her music
to me.
She is mild as the moon in September or
June ;
And she smiles like the landscape when
summer is near.
For my far-away Rose I'll get sick, I sup-
pose ;
For Fate still defies me to wed her, I fear.
She is bright as the sky when the cloud
shadows fly ;
And as sound as the cedars that grow by the
stream ;
Active hands, nimble feet, wrist and ankle
so neat,
That I oft see them all in my fond, foolish
dream ;