

A May Song.

BY J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

I.

O! SING me an air—some soft, soothing lay,
While sunbeams are kissing the roses of May,
While nature is smiling and joyous in song,
And music so mirthful comes floating along,
Comes stealing from yon snowy-blossom-kissed tree.
Comes singing its sweetness for you and for me.

II.

O! Sing me the song that you sang long ago,
When pleasure unceasing and joy sweet did flow—
How youthful the singer and dear the song then!
O would that my thoughts could recall it again,
O would that again I could hear thy voice sing
That lullaby song o'er a cradle in spring!

III.

Since then many springs, yea, have smiled upon me,
Yet often the song's, ringing, glad melody
Comes floating to me through the city's lone street,
And lo! comes the patter of two little feet—
And waiting and dreaming in sorrow alone,
I long for the days, that were and have flown.

Mater Purissima, Ora Pro Me!

WHEN moonlight is creeping o'er valley and hill,
When flow'rets are sleeping, and song-birds are still,
When shadows are flitting through branch and through spray,
Mater purissima, ora pro me!

When sunrise approaches, and morning is near,
When blossoms awaken, and songsters appear
With joyous "Te Deum" to welcome the day,
Mater purissima, ora pro me.

Through brightness and dreariness, gladness and pain;
Though life prove successful, and striving seem vain;
At morning and evening my lips still shall say,
Mater purissima, ora pro me!

—AMADEUS.

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