

SKIES.

AWAY in the east in the early dawn
I see the gray mists, as the sun shines through,
But soon from the valley the mists have gone,
And all the wide sky is an arch of blue;
Till over the blue in the golden noon
I watch the cloud fairies go floating by,
And dream, as I lie on the hill in June;—
The sky of the past is a radiant sky.

The sky of the present is often gray,
And sometimes is darkened by rolling cloud,
When shadows of sorrow obscure my way,
And terror is roused by the thunder loud;
But darkness soon passes, and skies grow clear,
And life with new glory is kindled then;
And rainbows of hope on the mountains cheer
My heart as 't start for the crest again.

My sky of the future is ever bright
With faith in the growth of the coming years,
When vision achieved for the true and right
Shall moisten my eyes with exultant tears:—
And ever the brightest my life can know
I feel in my heart, as the sun goes down,
And through the tall hemlocks the afterglow
Shines yellow, and purple, and red, and brown.