

## Sunrise.

Arise! the sun's behind the hill,  
Another day's begun:  
All nature seemed as though asleep  
Since last night's setting sun.

Through streaks across the eastern sky  
The rising sun is seen;  
The atmosphere and things around,  
So tranquil, pure, and serene.

Then a cloud of smoke begins  
Ascending from the town;  
The morning fires are starting up,  
The tenants coming down.—

Not a sound for miles around—  
Barring the rooster's call;  
The cattle resting in the field,  
The horses in the stall.

Ho! how sweet the wild rose,  
Before the heat of noon,  
The fragrant sage and camphor weed,  
With abundant rich perfume.

Could city folks but realize  
The country bright and fair;  
The golden sun, the mid-night dew,  
And pure, sweet balmy air.