

SUNRISE.

O! list to the sweet song, the May-birds are singing

Far 'cross the fresh meadow, the grassy, green
lea!

The gray, morning mist, 'round the mountain is
swinging—

The sunbeams are dancing, in fanciful glee.

O! list to the splash and the dash of the fountain,
That bathes the old, crumbled, green ivy-
crowned wall!

O! list to the hunter's, clear voice, on the mountain,

O! list to the bobolink's, cheery bright call!

O! see the bright blossoms on the nated bough
sleeping,

There, cradled in splendor, beneath the warm
skies!

O! see, in the hedgeway, the violets are peeping,
Gay, up to the sunshine, in soft, bluish eyes!

O! list to the pure song, the sweet chimes are
singing,

As softly it steals, through the high, forest
trees!

O! list to its echo, that gladly comes ringing—

O! listen my heart—to the song of the breeze!