

HOME FROM SCHOOL.

Oh ! sweet the whispers of the Spring  
Which stir the greening leaves ;  
And sweet the melodies which ring  
Through Autumn's golden sheaves.  
Oh ! sweet the prattle of the rill  
As, in its youthful pride,  
It danceth down the smiling hill  
To join the foaming tide.

But, sweeter far than nature's chime  
Unto a mother's ear ;  
More tender than the river's rhyme  
Those tones she longs to hear.  
Those notes unset to music's rule ;  
Those high-strung notes of joy,  
Which herald coming home from school ;  
The coming of her boy.

Oh ! beauteous are the rainbow hues  
Which deck the oriole's wing ;  
And sparkling bright the pearly dew  
Which 'round fair morning cling.  
Oh ! lovely are the flowers which wreath  
Heaven's hope o'er earth's dark wold ;  
And grander far than aught beneath,  
Those orbs of gleaming gold.

But, unto mother-love aye true,  
More bright than amber sky  
That boyish form against the blue,  
With ensign cap swung high.