

A SUMMER MORNING.

THE sprite of Dawn has spread its silver wings
And, lo, a smile steals o'er the Day's lone face
And dries the tears of dew—the sorrow-trace—
With gleams of joy and sunny glistenings.
Glad, from her harp, the meadow-lark now flings
Her chords of serenade and gray clouds grace
The blue sky with their sunbeam-tinted lace,
While, over field and fen, morn's medley rings.

Ah, voices, tuned in matin-minstrelsy,
I love your echoes' stealing, glad refrain!
The hunter scales the mountain height again
And, on the breath of roses, fresh and free,
His sweet song, tender, dies far down the plain
And one true heart throbs back Love's melody.