

ON MY FATHER'S BIRTHDAY.

SPEAK softly, rustling breeze,
And come in mild array ;
No boisterous message must thou bear
Me on this sacred day.
Speak softly, breeze, I pray.

Wave gently, fading trees,
This early autumn day ;
My heart is full of tender thoughts,
Beyond what words can say.
Wave gently, trees, I pray.

Grant me, mild, lingering flowers,
A rarer smile to-day ;
Smile like my father smiled on
Me through youth and childhood's way.
Smile rarer, flowers, I pray.

Birds, in your leafy bowers,
Sing me a sweeter lay ;
Pour forth in melody all, all
My filial heart would say.
Sing sweeter, birds, I pray.

Low murmuring autumn breeze,
Soft sighing, changing trees ;
Tender departing flowers,
Songsters in Nature's bowers,
Accept, sweet friends, the thanks I pay
For your pure sympathetic lay,
Revealing all my heart would say
On this my father's natal day.