

There's joy in the swallow's airy flight,  
In the cuckoo's blithesome cry,  
When the floating clouds reflect the light  
Of evening's glowing sky.

There's joy in April's balmy showers  
'Mid gleam of sunshine shed, —  
When May calls forth a thousand flowers  
To deck the earth's green bed.  
There's joy when the harvest moon comes out  
With all her starry train,  
When the woods return the reaper's shout  
And echo shouts again.

There's joy in childhood's merry voice  
When the laugh rings blithe and clear ;  
And the sounds that bid young hearts rejoice  
Are music to the ear.

