

MAPLE LEAVES AND SNOWFLAKES

Are your thoughts of the one who is absent abating?

New companions and joys fading old ones away?

Let me answer "Not so; but as distance will soften

And melt in its haze e'en the rock's craggy side,
So does memory's light, which illumines so often
But enhance all those scenes which a year now divides.

MUSIC OF THE WATER.

Oh, the hum of the bee
Is dear to me
As his deep tones thank the Giver
Of his winter store,
But it fades before
The delights of a gurgling river.

Oh, how sweet, how clear
Over vale and mere
Fall the notes of the birds' soft trilling!
But more pleased I stray
Where the rills at play
Are the air with their voices filling.