

*JUNE.*

JUNE, laughing June,  
Here so soon !

'Twas but yesternight that May bade adieu  
To the year, and stepping out in the gloom,  
Whispered, smiling, as she lingered in the blue,  
"For my fairest, sweetest sister I'll make room."

Then the stars  
Began to pale,  
And the morning glories blushed into bloom.

June, happy June,  
Here so soon !

With the fragrance of the wild rose on her breath,  
And the color of the peach-blow on her cheek ;  
While her voice in tuneful measures lingereth,  
And her eyes of azure hue are soft and meek—  
Eyes of blue,  
Forget-me-nots,  
Pansies blue, which look at you and almost speak.