

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.