

A SONG.

O! sing me an air—some soft, soothing lay,
While sunbeams are kissing the roses of May,
While nature is smiling and joyous in song,
And music, so mirthful, comes floating along,
Comes stealing from yon, snowy, blossom-kissed
tree—

Comes singing its sweetness for you and for me!

O! Sing me the song, that you sang long ago,
When pleasure unceasing and joy, sweet, did
flow—

How youthful the singer and dear the song then!
O would that my thoughts could recall it again,
O would that, again, I could hear thy voice sing
That lullaby song, o'er a cradle in spring!

Since then, many springs, yea, have smiled upon
me,

Yet often the song's, ringing, glad melody
Comes floating to me, through the city's, hot
street

And lo! comes the patter of two, little feet—

And, waiting and dreaming, in peace, here,
alone,

I long for those days, that were and have flown.