

HALCYON DAYS.

'Tis Spring and April showers are falling,
And flowers are blooming in the woodland sear,
The songster to his mate is sweetly calling
And all betokens halcyon days are near.

But spring-time deepens into sweeter summer,
When June first blooms and glorifies the land,
And bees are seeking with a gentle murmur
The blossoms sweet by gentle breezes fann'd.

The sun upon the dewy grass is gleaming
Favonian gales are blowing from South-west
And thro' the skies the fleecy clouds are streaming,—
A gentle ripple stirs the waters' breast.

And sleep is parted from the fisher's eyes
He's risen from his couch to greet the morn,—
Morn ethereal transfiguring the skies
Resplendent in the glow celestial born.

He's glad at heart, to breathe the pure sweet air,
And od'rous balsams wafted from the pine—
His pathway leads through woods of scraggy fir
Where a trout stream rushes in that glorious clime.

Wildly it leaps the precipice and falling,
A diapason makes of thund'rous sound,
Again it rushes on and loudly brawling
It dashes up and throws the foam around.

But there are pools along its gentle eddies
Where golden sands and crystal pebbles shine,
Where alders grow and a king-fisher screeches,
And perches on some isolated pine.

And here are pools, where banks are thickly wooded,
Deep pools where speckled beauties frighten'd dart,—
Affording sport, in shadowy pools secluded,
Worthy to prove the skilful angler's art.

Sometimes a qualm the gentle angler seizing
Could make him wish his prize had broke away;
When panting on the sward this beauty pleasing
Is landed from the long and dubious fray.