

Sweet, golden day!
Bring to me now thoughts pure as snow,
And soothe away
The little hurts of pain and woe!

The robin's madrigal sounds clear,
It floats across the frisky rills;
A sudden glory nestles here
Among the cool and throbbing hills,
And tender blossoms stoop to kiss
The parted lips of fresh leaves, young,
And O, God's grandest song is sung
By winds—trained by that voice of His!
Sweet, golden day!
My own Springtime was bright until
One late, gray May
I walked with Summer up Life's hill.