

Midsummer.

The rustle of life in the fields is rife,
And the air is astir with song ;
Afair and anear, 'mid smiles and good cheer,
Swing the arms of the farmers strong.

The vines bend low, as their burdens grow,
Along the impearled highways ;
And with hardly a thought are the soft winds fraught
Of the breath of the autumn days.

'Mid the green of the tree we may dimly see
How its fruitage swells and glows,
And the fragrance sweet from each guarded retreat
But discloses the haunt of the rose.

A solemn psalm breaks forth on the calm
And hush of the twilight dim,
As echoing nave and architrave
Should resound to the evening hymn.

