

A WILD SEPTEMBER DAY

OH, the joy of life, when the horses white
Ride into the sheltered bay,
And the murky mischiefs of the mind
Far inland flee away.
On the wings of a free and blustering breeze,
That shakes all the showers from the glittering
trees
On a bright September day.
Oh, the joy of life when the surf rolls in,
And its frothing bubbles blow
On the shimmering sands where the seaweeds lie
And the seagulls come and go ;
When the autumn leaves on tiptoe fly
With the merry, merry wind,
With the straining grass and the straggling sedge
Left fettered far behind.
Oh, life is gay! Oh, life is bright!
And the pulses bound in a blest delight—
No care can cloy this fearful joy
This wild September day,
When the staggering steps beat a wayward path,
When the scattering garments stray,
When the shrieking wind in its playful wrath
Roars many a roundelay ;
When the live trees bow,
And the dead trees plough
Through the fields of hissing foam—
Each battered wreck
At the whirlwind's beck
Flung back to its ancient home.