

MY GARDEN.

There is a dear quaint old garden,
Sheltered by cliffs from the sea,
Where Spring winds riot, and barred in
With creepers wild and free.

With daffodils, dahlias, and pansies,
With pinks snowy-flaked, and deep red,
Where the lily's gold heart full of fancies
Lures the bee dusky-hued to her bed.

O, how the stars love that garden,
Its shadowed ways, claimed by the Night !
And Day in sunshine all starred in,
Glows sweet in her roseate light.

O, how my heart loves that garden ;
Bathed deep in the Night's tender tears !
O, my soul loves that garden,
As she refills the urn of the years !