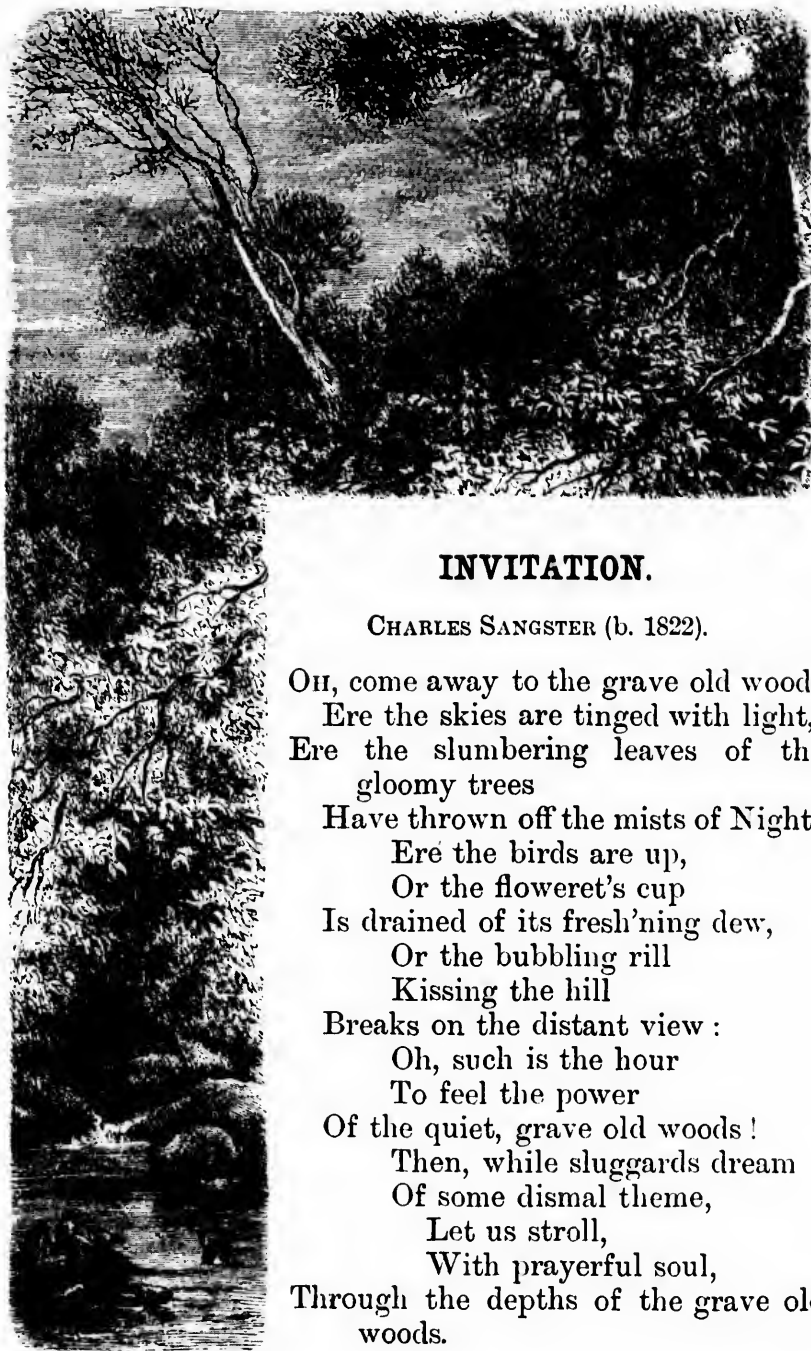


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## INVITATION.

CHARLES SANGSTER (b. 1822).

Oh, come away to the grave old woods  
 Ere the skies are tinged with light,  
 Ere the slumbering leaves of the  
 gloomy trees  
 Have thrown off the mists of Night;  
 Ere the birds are up,  
 Or the floweret's cup  
 Is drained of its fresh'ning dew,  
 Or the bubbling rill  
 Kissing the hill  
 Breaks on the distant view :  
 Oh, such is the hour  
 To feel the power  
 Of the quiet, grave old woods !  
 Then, while sluggards dream  
 Of some dismal theme,  
 Let us stroll,  
 With prayerful soul,  
 Through the depths of the grave old  
 woods.