

And a golden glory again is spread
 O'er the glancing forest stems,
 And the tears that the vexed storm-spirit shed
 Are turned into burning gems.

"Come forth," says the school-boy, "this sweet spring day.

Hark! heard ye the wild bee's hum?
 The hedges are white with the beautiful May;
 The birds and the butterflies all are at play;
 Come forth to the sunshine, come!"
 The ancient crone, as she spins her thread
 In front of her cottage door,
 She blesses the equal light that I shed,
 Alike upon rich and poor.

The earth is clad with a robe of white;
 The leaves and flowers are dead;
 The birds that sang on the tall tree's height,
 From the keen cold blasts have fled;
 But over the pure new-fallen snow
 My dazzling light I fling,
 And the diamond-mine can never show
 A pomp more glittering.

Oh! many a strange and varied scene
 In my daily round I find;
 I kiss the cheek of the sceptred queen,
 And the brow of the toiling kind;
 I touch the deep, and the glad waves leap
 And laugh in the welcome light,
 And the nautilus frail, spreads its tiny sail,
 And glides o'er the foam-bells white.

I summon the hard-worn sons of toil
 From the pallet rude and low,
 And away to the shuttle, the loom, the soil,
 With my earliest beam they go;
 Fondly I rest on the wind-bleached hair,
 The labor-roughened hand;
 Earth hath but few bright things to spare
 For the poor and the lowly band.

"Oh! bury me not," saith the dying one,
 "In the shade of the church-yard tree;
 Let the broad warm light of the blessed sun
 On my grave fall, full and free,
 Let the first warm kiss of his morning ray
 On my home of silence rest,
 And the last faint flush of the dying day,
 As he sinks in the crimson West."