

Noon-tide.

O the splendor of the noon-tide,
 With its glowing light and grace,
When the sun hath far ascended,
And the morning's work is ended,
 And the summer-laden moments
 Seem to tarry for a space !

When the blackbird rests a little,
 Dreaming maybe of the tune
He will whistle in the gloaming,
And the wild bee, idly droning,
 Chants his faint and drowsy music
 In the sultry ear of noon.

When the hush seems only deepened
 By the wood-dove's plaintive call,
And the rushes scarcely quiver
Where the light is on the river,
 And the peace of good accomplished,
 Broods in blessings over all.

There is splendor in life's noon-tide
 When the strong will hath attained,
By the paths of toil and duty,
Its own height of joy and beauty,
 And can pause a while to reckon
 All the treasures it hath gained.

When life seems an open vision,
 Stretching backward and before,
Hope its uttermost achieving !
Faith the boundless future cleaving !
 Love still radiant as the morning !
 Beckoning on to more and more.