

YOUNG SUMMER.

Take we now the onward path, joyous 'neath the
summer sun,
For the world is wide around us, and the battle almost
won;
Ride we hard, for neck to neck, our panting steeds
press on for home,
Where the spring is always tender, where there laughs
the light sea-foam.

The hawthorn flings its scented love across the path
we ride,
Morass and sun-kiss'd meadow glow in beauty side by
side;
The leafy elms entent us with a roof that changes oft
From the passion-depth of summer's hue to leaves
light-edged and soft.

Oh, we pass the winding river, and a thousand swelling
hills,
And we hear the brooklets' gossip, and the murmur-
haunted rills;
And the bloom is on the clover, and the speedwell in
the shade
Grows pale in fading beauty, of the sunlight all afraid.

Life and love draw us onward; on the open road
we fare,
And the mighty hills grow taller, and we linger here
and there
To catch the breath of panting day, hot-breathed
beneath the sun,—
And the world spreads wide around us, and the battle's
almost won!

The sun-light brings the thrushes song; the hidden
cuckoos call:
The spring's white veil is cast aside, life enters love's
own hall,
The sea's faint murmur floats across the smoothly-
sloping hills,
And tender Zephyrs stir to smiles the silver-hearted
rills.

No stay we make, but hasten unto the sun-lit goal;
The day's hot breath brings echoes from the summer's
mystic soul.
We ride beneath pink chestnut-boughs, and white,
entwined with may,
Domed temples, where the birds rejoice, and where the
breezes play.

All eagerly we hasten on: the summer-dawn has stirred
To life renewed the mother-earth, and ah! we two
 have heard

A song of life forever young,—of pulses never stilled,—
The endless life, the endless song, wherewith the earth
 is filled.

Ah, trace we still the onward path,—nor stay to break
 the spell

That holds us all enthralled by hill, and brake, and
 stream, and well,—

For us young Summer's feast is spread, for us the
 earth is green,

For us a thousand colours mingle in the summer-sheen.

And love and life and beauty draw us onward, and we
 go

With eyes and hearts attuned to earth, with glances
 all aglow,

And never may we lose the scent that came with early
 May,

For we have lived and loved and known the meaning
 of the day.