

They lingered till the cold, cold wind, went in  
And withered their green homes, their merry din,  
As mingled with the rivulet's song no more.

Rich flowers have perished on the silent earth  
Blossoms of valley and of wood, that gave  
A fragrance to the wind, have found a grave  
Upon the scentless earth that gave them birth.

Pale, faded year! thy dying hour hath come!  
Oh! there are crowds, that with a joyous bow  
Welcomed thy birth, whose mirthful voices, now  
Are hushed in the long silence of the tomb!"

April 29<sup>th</sup> 1866.

The Sabbath morning—

"How still the morning of the hallowed day!  
Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed  
The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song;  
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy sweat  
Of tugged grass mingled with fading flowers,  
That yesternoon bloomed waving in the breeze;