

Sounds the most faint attract the ear;— the hum  
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,  
The distant bleating, midway up the hill.  
Calumef's sits throned on yon unmoving cloud,  
To him who wanders o'er the upland seas,  
The blackbird's note comes mellow from the dale,  
And sweeter from the sky the glaucous lark  
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the hilling brook  
Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen;  
While from your lowly roof, whose curling smoke  
O'er mounts the mist, is heard at intervals,  
The voice of psalm, the simple song of praise!

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

Thou wilt forget.

Thou

Thou wilt forget!

When bright eyes smile upon thee,  
And sunny skies are o'er thee,

Thou wilt forget!

Man's heart is prone to range,  
Time will the thought estrange