

THE BLUE FLAME.

All under the stars and beneath the green tree
All over the sward and along the cold lea,
A little blue flame a-fluttering came,
It came from the churchyard for you or for me

I sit by the cradle, my baby's asleep,
And rocking the cradle I wonder and weep
O little blue light in the dead of the night,
O prithee, O prithee, no nearer to creep.

Why follow the churchpath, why steal you this
Why halt in your journey, on threshold why stay
Why flicker and flare, why dance up my stair?
O I would, O I would 'twere dawning of day.

All under the stars, and along the green lane,
Unblackened by the dew and unquenched by the rain
Of little flames blue, to the churchyard steal

The soul of my baby now from me is taken,
Now from me is taken.

THE THRUSH.

There's a sleek thrush sits in the apple tree
When it blooms all over with rosy snow,
And hark how he opens his heart to me
Till its inmost hopes and desires I know.

Blow wind, blow! For the thrush will fly
When the bloom, the bloom must go.

O a friend I had and I loved him well
And his heart was open and sang to mine,
And it pains me more than I choose to tell
That he cares no more if I laugh or pine.

Friend of mine, can the music fade out of love
Of love like thine?
There's a sleek thrush sits in the apple tree,
Blow wind blow!

LAUGHTER.

The meadowsweet is waving o'er the lea,
And joyful birds are singing from the tree.
The jewelled leaves are white
Beneath the morning light
And happy nature laughs aloud with glee.

O far above a skylark greets the May
A dancing sunbeam smiles upon the spray
The world and life are fair,
With laughter everywhere
For heaven and earth are ours, love, today

RHYME AFTER RAIN.

Starry eyed is April morn,
Rainbells glitter on the thorn
Birds are tuning down the lane
Patter song of fallen rain
Spring can grieve, but Spring can be
Very life of minstrelsy!
Gather the sob, gather the song!
Neither will last, Neither will last!
All is yours, but not for long -
Life travels fast!

Rainbow's dipping out to sea,
Lambs are whispering devilry,
Leaves are sweet as ever you've seen
Sun is golden, grass is green.
Meadows pied with flowers wet,
Thrushes sing "Forget, forget":
Gather the grey, gather the gleam!
Neither will last, neither will last!
Certainty, - 'tis but a dream!
Life travels fast!

Gorse has lit his lanterns all,
Cobwebbed thrift's a fairy ball,
Earth, it smells as good as new,
Winds are merry, sky is blue.
Spring has laughter, Spring has tears,
Life has courage, Life has fears.

Gather the tears, gather the mirth, neither etc
Old year's death is young year's birth, Life