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MAY

A silv'ry vapor over all the land,
The cheerful sound of toil on every hand,
The gradual deep'ning of soft woodland tints,—
'Tis thus, to us, of May, that Nature hints.

I'd rest my head upon thy soft, cool breast,
With palest green and fairest flower drest,
And listen while, with scented breath, thou low
Dost to me whisper through the orchard's blow
That summer's fruitful days will come ere long:
Or, drink the liquid, warbled, notes of song,
Breathed by the robin, from his reddened plumes,
High up, above, among the fragrant blooms;
Or, gaze into thy deep cerulean eyes
And idly watch the clouds sail through the skies,
The oriole, flashing midst the orchards white,
With contrast rich as fire flashed in the night,
A solitary bee, with honeyed load,
As slow it wings along the airy road:
Thus would I deeply drink of sound and sight,
Until, o'er all, majestic trails the night.

G. J. YUNDT, '99.