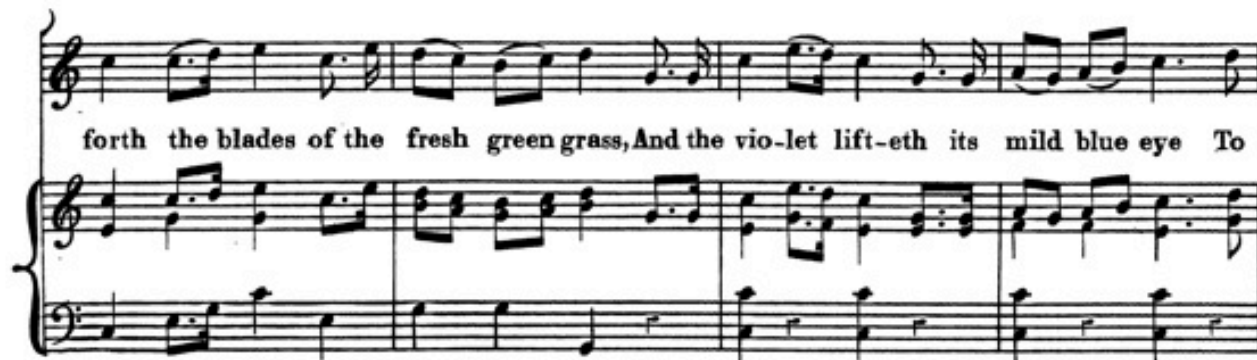


(Deposited July 1. 1846.
Recorder Vol. 21. P. 281.)



No. 88.

BOSTON Published by C. BRADLEE & C. 184 Washington St



wel-come the breath of the west wind's sigh, While the seed is scatter'd in hope and trust, As

beau-ty is spring-ing from na - ture's dust. *gva.*

SUMMER.

I wreath Time's chariot wheels with flowers,
 And fling perfume o'er the rosy hours,
 While the butterfly sports in the noontide ray,
 As the Thrush sings sweet on some leafy spray;
 Now beauty and grace and gladness beam,
 And all is bright as the young heart's dream.

AUTUMN.

There is plenty wherever my footsteps press,
 The forest is decked in its gorgeous dress,
 The fields rejoice in the waving corn,
 While the reaper's song on the breeze is borne;
 And from grateful hearts let thanks arise
 To the bounteous Giver who rules the skies.

WINTER.

I bring the storm and the howling blast,
 The feathery snow from my throne is cast;
 Then the icicle hangs from the leafless tree,
 And hushed is the music of bird and bee,
 While the streamlet stilleth its song in fear
 And congeals with fright when my step draws near.