

PROMISE

The moonbeams steal from out the starry sky
To play among the shadows far below,
And through the stilly night faint breezes sigh,
As o'er the earth in happy mood they go;
While up from yonder pool but lately free
From icy bands, by Winter's hand secured,
The frogs in merry chorus sing to me
Of wondrous things by fairy Spring assured;
And then there creeps the thought into my heart
That brighter days, perhaps, will come with Spring,
And then I, too, in merry mood, may part
From Winter drear, and with fond Nature sing.

—J. J. '27.