

## IN MY VALLEY

FROM the hurried city fleeing,  
From the dusty men and ways,  
In my golden sheltered valley,  
Count I yet some sunny days.

Golden, for the ripened Autumn  
Kindles there its yellow blaze ;  
And the fiery sunshine haunts it  
Like a ghost of summer days.

Walking where the running water  
Twines its silvery caprice,  
Treading soft the leaf-spread carpet,  
I encounter thoughts like these : —

“ Keep but heart, and healthful courage,  
Keep the ship against the sea,  
Thou shalt pass the dangerous quicksands  
That insnare Futurity ;

“ Thou shalt live for song and story,  
For the service of the pen ;  
Shalt survive till children's children  
Bring thee mother-joys again.