

THE LINDEN TREE.

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Translated from the German by Wm. H. Fessenden.

Beside a rippling fountain there bloomed a linden tree.
And 'neath its grateful shadow came soothing dreams to me,
And I had carved upon it so many tender words
It seemed to draw me to it, with mem'ries silken cords.

I wandered by at midnight, no sound of life was there;
Beneath its leafy shelter I dreamed away my care;
And lo! its branches rustled, and seemed to suggest the words:
"Dear youth, come hither and thou wilt find thy rest"

Then came the wind and tempest, the darkness grew apace,
But not for wind or darkness would I my path retrace.

Again I hear the rustling of linden branches dear;
Again they whisper to me, "Repose in quiet here."
Like well-remembered voices, long silent, yet so near,
They call me in sweet welcome, "Oh, rest thee, rest thee here,
Come rest thee, rest thee here."