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THE LAWN.

Respectfully Dedicated To Judge Mills.

By Miss R. F. Scott. 1853-55

Delightful spot to mortal eyes!  
(Akin, methinks to Paradise,)  
Where fruits and flowers and foliage rare,  
Allure the sight, and scent the air—  
Where waving grass and whispering trees,  
Forever woo the passing breeze;  
While birds on swift and airy wing,  
Amid the branches flit and sing,  
And buzzing bees, and blooming bowers,  
Give life and beauty to the hours.

Like one enchanted, I have trod  
Thy pleasant walks and vernal sod,  
Where sunshine mingled with the shade,  
And with the leaves and blossoms play'd  
In gentle dalliance—ever new—  
Kissing away the drops of dew,  
From off each folded flow'rets eyes—  
Until in gushing, glad surprise  
She woke—(upon her stem reclining,)  
To find the sunbeams on her shining.

And pleasant things are ever found,  
Within thy garden—hedged around—  
Than Eden's own, methinks more fair,  
Because the serpent lurks not there;  
And though the apple bends the bough,  
'Tis not to man forbidden now;  
The hand that prunes the tender shoot,  
May freely pluck the tempting fruit.  
And viny clusters ripen there,  
Almost as bounteous, bright and fair  
As those the spies of Israel brought  
From out the goodly land they sought;  
And, gazing, one might surely deem  
That somewhere near flow'd Eshcol's stream.

Of from my distant window-seat,  
I've look'd upon thy calm retreat,  
And long'd to lay all cares aside  
And through its quiet shadows glide,  
Or join the childish groups at play,  
While pass'd their noontide holiday;--  
Glad, bright-eyed boys and joyous girls,  
With wavy locks and clust'ring curls,  
And shining braids of golden hue,  
O'er snowy brows and orbs of blue--  
Awhile, from irksome task and rule,  
And duty--dull restraints of school--  
Let loose, to breathe the balmy breeze,  
And revel 'neath the forest trees;  
And as they sported in the shade  
By over-arching branches made,  
I've almost deemed (the thought was dear)  
That cherubs from a happier sphere--  
All joy and innocence--had come  
To make that lovely spot their home.  
Then to my inner vision rose  
The fair and heavenly forms of those  
Who tread the "fields of living green"  
Which life's bright river rolls between;  
And I have long'd to cast away  
This weary, cumbrous, garb of clay,  
And fly me to that beauteous shore,  
Where sin and grief are known no more.

And, to my distant, humble home,  
Such thoughts and visions yet oft come,  
And still will hover round my way,  
Where e'er my earth-bound footsteps stray;  
While to my view remembrance brings,  
The pleasant lawn at Yellow Springs.

College Farm, Warren Co., O.

The poem above, written by Rebecca F. Scott an  
Antioch student in 1853-1855, was copied from  
an old scrapbook belonging to Antioch College Library.