

Souvenir of Cape Cod
By Marcus Hall

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Softly the south winds blow,
Gently the dark pines sway,
The waves lap murmuring on the beach
Where children are at play.

The yellow haze of summer days
Lies soft on hill and tree,
Cloud shadows skim across the fields
And sail afar at sea.

The grasses rustle in the breeze,
The sleepy daisies nod,
The bumble bee with drowsy hum
Swings on the golden rod.

The white gulls in the offing
Are flitting here and there,
The wild rose and the bayberry
Fling fragrance everywhere.

'Tis here at old NobsCUSsetT beach
You can enjoy them all,
List to the lapping of the waves
And hear the sea birds call.

Or watch the shadows sailing
Far out across the bay,
And hear that "sweetest sound on earth
Of childhood's voice at play."

Here breathe the fragrance of the pines
And roses wet with dew;
Here bathe in waters pure and bright
All the long summer through.

Down here at old NobsCUSsetT beach
There's health in every breeze;
The memories are pleasant
Of days spent by its seas.

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August 1891

[Item 17. A typed poem by Marcus Hall, dated August 1891.]

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