

The Bell and the Breeze

The clang of the bell at the break of the day,
Calls children to class from the fields where they play.
Its *ding-dong* echoes through valleys and hills,
While *soft summer sighs* stir the daffodils.

The buzz of the bees in the blossom below,
The *flutter of finches* that flit to and fro —
These sounds, like a song, in the still morning air,
With *whispers of wind* in the branches so fair.

The tap-tap of hooves on the old cobblestone,
The *creak of the gate* with a groan and a moan,
All mingle like verses the earth gently keeps,
Till twilight descends and the village sound sleeps