

LINES

*Occasioned by my putting a Bee out of my Window
one cold Morning in February, at the request of
a Child.*

AH beauteous stranger ! here too soon,
For pity came too late ;
Granted to fear a coward boon,
And thee resign'd to fate.

The deed which stopp'd thy honied breath,
Convey'd a sting to me ;
Grieving the fatal gift was death,
Which I meant liberty.

Nature thy golden plumage drest,
And tun'd thy simple note ;

But yet a niggard of her feast,
My erring hand forgot.

No vernal robe, or summer sweet,
Blossoms or plant display;
A herald of the spring to greet,
Nor sunbeam cheer'd thy way.

Black Eurus chill'd thy infant wing,
Dread wastes affright thine eye;
Opening the vocal choir of spring,
Stern winter bid thee die.

Ah! what avails a bounteous store,
Or what a heart to give;
When the important minute's o'er,
That sufferers might receive?