

## SONNET LVIII.

## The Glow Worm.

**W**HEN, on some balmy breathing night of Spring,  
 The happy child, to whom the world is new,  
 Pursues the evening moth, of mealy wing,  
 Or from the heathbell beats the sparkling dew ;  
 He sees before his inexperienc'd eyes,  
 The brilliant Glow Worm, like a metcor, shine  
 On the turf bank ;—amaz'd and pleas'd he cries  
 ' Star of the dewy grafs !—I make thee mine !' 8  
 Then, ere he sleep, collects ' the moisten'd' flow'r, 9  
 And bids soft leaves his glittering prize enfold,  
 And dreams that fairy lamps illumine his bow'r :  
 Yet with the morning, shudders to behold  
 His lucid treasure, rayless as the dust ;  
 So turn the world's bright joys, to cold and blank disgust.

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