

TO A LADY

WHO WENT INTO THE COUNTRY IN APRIL.

Go, sweet companion of the Spring,
Go, plume the little songster's wing ;
And, when it steals from every eye,
Place thou the downy feather nigh ;
The softest moss be sure to lay
Within the little builder's way ;
Assist in deep domestic toil,
And many a labouring hour beguile ;
Avert from hence unhallow'd feet,
And guard like Peace the lone retreat :
Whether in tangling brake conceal'd,
Or yellow broom, too much reveal'd,
In antique thorn, or rocky cell,
On waving spray, or mossy dell,
Midst social woods, or lonely tree,
Or where the household else shall be.
So may the snowdrop raise her head,
So may the primrose leave her bed ;
So may the breeze refreshment bring
To every daughter of the Spring ;
So may the cowslip walk the mead,
And daisies, wondering at their speed,
With haste their flowery carpet spread
Where'er the wandering foot shall tread,

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While the light heart some charm shall see
In every meadow, hill, and tree,
Nor yet a shadow cross the lawn
That's not by her bright pencil drawn.

But, ah! while Nature courts your eye,—
While genial beams flit o'er the sky ;
Though pleas'd to view the shifting scene,
From rage-ting'd red, to blue serene ;
Remember that a friend may sigh,
And the round tear bedim the eye ;
That absence throws a deeper shade ;
Than ever darken'd through the glade ;
And that, when heart-lov'd friends appear,
Not all the changes of the year—
Not all the blossoms of the rose—
Nor all the sweets that Summer throws,
Such joy, such life, the heart can lend,
As the return of that dear Friend !

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MOONLIGHT.

“ How sweet the moon now sleeps upon yon bank,”
Cried Nature’s first-born¹, and delighted saw
Her fairy elves play many a wily prank,
As she sail’d on majestically slow.
Her pale beams tremble o'er the sleeping flower,
The tall trees lengthen in the sombre gloom ;
Her brighter gleams now light the leafy tower,
Now show the Gothic arches of the dome.

¹ Shakespeare.