

THE BUTTER-FLY TO HIS LOVE.



WHAT bow'ry dell, with fragrant breath,
Courts thee to stay thy airy flight;
Nor seek again the purple heath,
So oft the scene of gay delight?

Long watch'd I in the lily's bell,
Whose whiteness stole the morning's beam ;
No fluttering sounds thy coming tell,
No waving wings, at distance, gleam.

But fountain fresh, nor breathing grove,
Nor sunny mead, nor blossom'd tree,
So sweet as lily's cell shall prove,—
The bower of constant love and me.

When April buds begin to blow,
The primrose, and the hare-bell blue,
That on the verdant moss bank grow,
With violet cups, that weep in dew ;

When wanton gales breathe through the shade,
And shake the blooms, and steal their sweets,
And swell the song of ev'ry glade,
I range the forest's green retreats :

There, through the tangled wood-walks play,
Where no rude urchin paces near,
Where scarcely peeps the sultry day,
And light dews freshen all the air.

High on a sun-beam oft I sport
O'er bower and fountain, vale and hill ;
Oft ev'ry blushing flow'ret court,
That hangs its head o'er winding till.

But these I'll leave to be thy guide,
And shew thee, where the jasmine spreads
Her snowy leaf, where may-flow'r's hide,
And rose-buds rear their peeping heads.

With me the mountain's summit scale,
And taste the wild-thyme's honied bloom,
Whose fragrance, floating on the gale,
Oft leads me to the cedar's gloom.

Yet, yet, no sound comes in the breeze!
What shade thus dares to tempt thy stay?
Once, me alone thou wish'd to please,
And with me only thou wouldest stray.

But, while thy long delay I mourn,
And chide the sweet shades for their guile,
Thou may'st be true, and they forlorn,
And fairy favours court thy smile.

The tiny queen of fairy-land,
Who knows thy speed, hath sent thee far,
To bring, or ere the night-watch stand,
Rich essence for her shadowy car:

Perchance her acorn-cups to fill
With nectar from the Indian rose,
Or gather, near some haunted rill,
May-dews, that lull to sleep Love's woes:

Or o'er the mountains, bade thee fly,
To tell her fairy love to speed,
When ev'ning steals upon the sky,
To dance along the twilight mead.

But now I see thee sailing low,
Gay as the brightest flow'rs of spring,
Thy coat of blue and jet I know,
And well thy gold and purple wing.

Borne on the gale, thou com'st to me ;
O ! welcome, welcome to my home !
In lily's cell we'll live in glee,
Together o'er the mountains roam !