

## TO LADY CHARLEMONT,

IN RETURN FOR HER PRESENTS OF FLOWERS.

*March, 1808.*

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YES, though the sullen east-wind storm,  
And sunless skies the Spring deform,  
The lovely Nina's graceful hand  
Can, like a fairy's lily wand,  
Bid every vernal sweet appear,  
And bloom with early fragrance here!  
Yes here, even here, they breathe perfume,  
Though walls of melancholy gloom,  
With northern aspect frowning rude,  
Each brighter beam of Heaven exclude.  
Behold! at Nina's soft command,  
The flowers their velvet leaves expand,

And swèet, and blue like her own eye,  
 (That loves in languid peace to lie,  
 And bending beautiful in shade,  
 Seems of the amorous light afraid)  
 Fresh violets here their charms diffuse,  
 And here, with richly mingling hues,  
 The gold and purple crocus vie  
 To mock the pomp of majesty.  
 See how her soul-bewitching smile  
 Can even selfish love beguile!  
 While fair Narcissus bends no more  
 His snowy beauties to adore,  
 But lifts for once his cups of gold  
 A fairer image to behold.  
 Dear Nina! teach a grateful heart  
 Thine own persuasive, winning art;  
 So might I best my thanks commend,  
 So please each kind, each cherished friend!  
 For, as thy hand with smiling flowers  
 Hath crowned the lingering, wintry hours,

Even thus for me affection's care  
Hath sheltered from the nipping air  
The tender buds of half-chilled hope  
That seemed in withering gloom to droop,  
And bid them bloom, revived again,  
In spite of years, and grief, and pain.  
O'er me Affection loves to shed  
Her comforts full, unmeasured ;  
To bless my smiling hearth she sends  
The dearer smile of dearest friends,  
And bids my prison couch assume  
No form of pain, no air of gloom ;  
But sweet content and cheerful ease,  
All that in solitude can please,  
And all that soothing, social love  
Can bid its quiet favourites prove,  
Wooed by the voice of tenderness,  
Unite my happy home to bless.  
As round that lovely pictured wreath  
Where Rubens bid his pencil breathe,

Where touched with all its magic power  
Glow the rich colours of each flower,  
Attendant cherubs sweetly join,  
And all their odorous wings entwine;  
One cherub guards each blushing flower,  
And pure ambrosia seems to shower:  
So, Nina, o'er each peaceful day  
Protecting love and kindness play,  
And shed o'er each some balmy pleasure  
That grateful memory loves to treasure!