

TO A HUMMING-BIRD.

It comes ! This strange bird from a distant clime

Has fled with arr'wy speed on flutt'ring wing,

From the sweet south, all sick of revelling,

It wanders hitherward to rest a time,

And taste the hardy flora of the west.

And now, O joy ! the urchins hear the mirth
Of its light wings, and crouch unto the earth

In watchful eagerness, contented, blest.

Bird of eternal summers ! thou dost wake,

Whene'er thou comest and where'er thou art,

A new-born gladness in my swelling heart.

Go, gentle flutterer, my blessing take !

Less like a bird thou hast appeared to me

Than some sweet fancy in old poësy.