

THE BLUE VIOLET.

Blossom that spread'st, as spring brings in
Her sudden flights of swallows,
Thy nets of blue, cool-meshed and thin,
In rain-wet pasture hollows, —

Thronging the dim grass everywhere
Amid thy heart-leaves tender,
Thy temperate fairness seems more fair
Even than August's splendor!

Yet do I hear complaints of thee, —
Men doubting of thy fragrance!
But, Dear, thou hast revealed to me
That shyest of perfume-vagrants.