

THE MAY FLOWER.

Then, while the rose leaves press
The brow of loveliness,

Then be ye nigh !

Let your pale shadows pass
Quick o'er the rustling grass,
O'er the stream's polished glass,
Glide gently by.

Brightly the brooklet flows,
Calmly the clouds repose,

Our queen to greet.

The woods breathe incense still,
And every running rill
Sends out its music thrill
So soft, so sweet.

Here, where the wild winds breathe
Our blossom crown, we wreathe,

Our garland green.

Here by the crystal stream,
Where the still waters gleam
In the bright golden beam
We crown our Queen.

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