



NOT in an English meadow,
Nor down a shady lane,
O sweet wild rose, thy petals
Do charm my heart again!
Beside the blue Pacific,
Where silvery salmon dart,
The velvet bee comes pilfering
The sweets of thy pure heart !

Thy waxen blossoms wanton
Upon the soft west wind;
And round thee clust'ring fondly
Thy crimson buds are twined.
Above thee, fir-crowned forest;
Below, a silver strand,
Where sprays and truant festoons
Trail gaily o'er the sand.