

Or raise again the caroll'd lay ;  
 Or join again in mirthful play ;  
 Or listen to the humming bees,  
 As their murmurs swell the breeze ;  
 Or seek the primrose where it springs ;  
 Or chase the fly with painted wings ;  
 Or talk beneath the arbour's shade ;  
 Or mark the tender shooting blade :  
 Or stray beside the babbling stream,  
 When Luna sheds her placid beam ;  
 Or gaze upon the glassy sea—  
 Happy, happy shall we be !'

—Mrs. Hemans.

TO MY MOTHER, ON HER BIRTHDAY.

And canst thou, mother, think the Muse  
 Will this thy small request refuse,  
 To breathe one simple lay ?  
 Unhail'd, permit Time's fleeting wing  
 Thy natal day once more to bring,  
 Nor her small tribute pay ?  
 Thrice hail the day ! and may it be  
 A peaceful, happy day to thee ;  
 May no rude cares annoy ;  
 May Time's unceasing, fleeting wing  
 Still many, many to thee bring,  
 And each increasing joy.  
 May no sad retrospective view,  
 Of days long past, thy griefs renew,  
 But Hope point thee on high ;  
 And bid thee claim that lasting peace,  
 Those pleasures which shall never cease,  
 Nor ever fade or die.  
 May the dark clouds which lour o'erhead,  
 Disperse, and heaven's bright beams be shed,  
 To cheer thee here below ;  
 And when old age shall blanch thy cheek,  
 And nature's powers grow dim and weak,  
 Thy peace like rivers flow.  
 O, may true godliness combine  
 With every good in us to shine,  
 And teach our minds to soar  
 Above false pleasures, trifling mirth,  
 The sorrows or the joys of earth,  
 Where birthdays are no more !