



**TO THE  
FRINGED GENTIAN.\***

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,  
And colored with the heavens' own blue,  
That openest when the quiet light  
Succeeds the keen and frosty night ;

Thou comest not when violets lean  
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,  
Or columbines, in purple dressed,  
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,  
When woods are bare and birds are flown,  
And frosts and shortening days portend  
The aged year is near his end.

\* Two species of fringed gentian may, during September, be found in bloom in moist, shady nooks.