

VIOLETS.

Sweet little fairies of the childhood days
Of summer, little elves in white and blue,
Trooping the pastures and the meadows through,
Or else along by verdant roadside ways !

Why, prithee, so down-cast with soft amaze ?
—While the warm sunbeams, bringing love to you
I' the morning time, vie with the gentle dew,
To deck your drooping heads with jewelled sprays.

Why only sigh with faintest perfume rare ?
Are you not heralds of a gorgeous train,
To follow as the Summer grows more fair.
And life gets bold with luxury again ?—
And yet, such artless modesty is right ;
For you are childhood's wonder and delight.