

CELANDINE.

THOU dost thy golden flowers put forth,
While yet from out the surly North
The bitter winds of Winter blow;
Half-buried in the feather'd snow,
I've seen thy blossoms many a time,
And thy broad leaves all white with rime,
When not another flower was near,
Before the primrose did appear—
That strong endurer of hard weather;
And then I've seen you both together.
"Nid-nodding," on a sunny day,
And thought you could find much to say
Of days and nights of wintry gloom,
That many a time had chill'd your bloom.

