

THE BEE.

BUSY bee, thou bring'st to me
Thoughts which no tongue can tell,
Flitting free o'er flowery lea,
Tasting each honeyed cell.

• Velvety insect, gay bedecked
In black and brown and gold,
Thy nimble feet, all pollen-flecked,
Enter each floral fold,

Rendering fertile the fragrant myrtle,
The violet, and the rose;
Girdling in one family circle
Every bloom that blows.

Humming blithe, while now thou hieth
Where bright the sunbeam dwells,
Where the scented zephyr sigheth
Over the lily-bells,—

Their sweetest treasure, at thy pleasure,
Surrendered unto thee;
I feel that how I cannot measure
Thy happiness, O Bee!