

## FLOWERS.

Oh, bring me, bring me flowers, from my own dear land again  
I feel as if their well-known scents would charm away my pain  
Their forms would bring me back the dreams of childhood  
happy days,  
Like visions of the night, lit up by fancy's sparkling rays.

Oh, let me feel the perfume of the violet in the air,  
And clasp within my weary hand the primrose pale and fair  
The mayflower's gorgeous leaves of gold, that decked  
youthful queen,  
The sorrel's snowy petals, hid among its leaves of green.

Bring me the dark blue hyacinth, that studded all the grass  
Where we, beneath the elm trees' shade, the joyous hours  
would pass;

The roses, that around our bower, their thousand blossoms shed  
Or mingled with the stately boughs, that arched it overhead

Oh, let me wreathe once more the flowers, I ever loved the best  
The gay and fragrant hawthorn, in its springtime beauty dressed  
The brilliant pansies—flowers of thought—like thoughts that  
quickly die,

The fragile harebell, ringing forth its fairy melody.