

TO AN HEPATICA.

Sweet scented floweret, herald of Spring !
Gladly we welcome the hopes that you bring.
Bright from the dark mould of vanishing years,
Sweetly thy fair face, so modest, appears.

Once more the song-bird pours from the tree
Floods of its soul-reaching sweet melody.
Once more the squirrel, awakened from sleep,
Plays, round the branches, his game of bo-peep.

While, on the hillside, the green grass upsprings
While, 'midst yon cedars, the partridge, its wings,
Drums on a log—there sedately and still,
Sits the wise hedge-hog, to vanish at will.

Mild thy sweet perfume floats on the breeze,
Meekly thy gaze reaches far through the trees
Till, from the sky's blue, a tint dost thou steal ;
To Virtue and Modesty ever art leal.

Not yet the Adder's-Tongue put forth its leaves,
Still sleeps the Trillium 'neath the dry leaves ;
When, in thy beauty, sweet floweret, so fair,
Thou comest to drive away sorrow and care.

Brightly thou springest from past beauties, dead—
Beauties once fair, but alas, all have fled ;