

MAY BLOSSOMS.

What gift shall we bring thee, sweet Queen of the May,
What flower from the fields shall we offer to-day?
Shall we seek for the violet, new sprinkled with dew?
Thy blue eyes will rival its loveliest hue.

Shall we steal from its spray the first rose that has given
Its delicate breath to the breezes of heaven?
Those sun-tinted petals thy breast may enshrine,
Its bloom and its beauty are emblems of thine.

From grass-covered banks, where each breeze softly sighs,
We'll bring thee the harebell, that mirrors the skies,
So fragile and fair—yet the tempest sweeps o'er,
And though it may bend, it will smile as before.

And under green shadows, deep hid from the sun,
Where, hushed into silence, the streams softly run,
We'll seek the pure lilies, whose blossoms will shine
More lovely than pearls on those tresses of thine.

But, meadow and grove! though ye yield from your store
Grace, beauty, and fragrance, ye cannot do more;
They are fading, and autumn will bear them away,
But hers are the charms that can never decay.