

The fringed bluet  
With frail aigrette  
Tells harvest story;  
O'er rock and dells  
Climb rose pink bells  
Of morning glory.

The "bees' delight,"  
With jasmine white,  
Trails glossy green;  
O'er path inclining,  
Its pink buds shining,  
Sways eglantine.

Periwinkle's star  
Droops from afar,  
O'er cypress dreaming;  
Clear brooks that glide,  
See close beside  
Narcissi gleaming.

Oh, dewy flowers!  
Bedimmed by showers  
Of early May!  
Your petals bear  
The perfumed air  
Of spring's glad day.