

TO A MAYFLOWER.

Hath the rude laugh of Boreas frightened thee,
My dainty one, that thou hast sought to hide
Thy loveliness from the young Spring, whose bride
Thou art, and, like a novice, ecstasy
Of life renounce, in this dark monast'ry
Of mossy cells? Nay, my pale beauty, chide
Me not, that I have mocked thy holy pride
With ardent praise of so rare modesty!
For I am come to claim thee, pretty flower,
As a sweet solace for my lady's eyes—
That thou—thy vigil past—all in a bower
Of love, may'st blush and bloom in glad surprise;
Happy, that, unawares, thy worth was known,
And all thy fragrance saved for Love alone.