

Among the Flowers.

'TWAS May—sweet May—the jocund English May—
May, growing buxom in the breath of June,
When, 'mid the grass besprent through all its green
With gold and silver,—gold, the buttercups;
And silver, bossed with gold, and tipped with pink,
The bounteous daisies, jewels of the poor,—
Four sweeter blossoms of the teeming earth,
Flow'rets of human kind, God's noblest gifts,
Sported in sunshine, in the chequered glades
Of Erlwood Park—a joyous company,
Blithe as the birds, and fresh as morning dews.