

TO THE SAME.

The flowery sheen of summer's laughing plain;
The warbled glee of summer's leafy glade;
The dawning blush of summer's eastern main;
In Memory's limbo are by winter laid.
Welcomed are with returning summer's reign
The joyous birds that sang in light and shade;
Rivers from winter's bondage free again;
And flowers for fields that winter flowerless made.
But when to homes death brings relentless pain
And kindred are in mourning weeds arrayed,
No melting spring will break his icy chain,
No summer's joy woe's winter will invade.
From Memory there is then no balm to gain,
And Sorrow can but weep and Love complain.

TO A LADY.

The tender dusk that darkens in the blue
While dazzling light to twinkling twilight trends;
The silvery drops that emerald verdure strew
Her bow when Iris round a sunshower bends;
The brightness and the blueness peaceful sky
Wears from the opening to the shutting flower;
The freshness of gales that for fragrance try
Flowers from their shutting to their opening hour:—
This prospect pleasing made when my heart's queen
Was not among its beauties vainly sought;
With charm that her enchantment lent the scene
Its rural sheen and sylvan shade were fraught;
I muse on perished pleasures under skies
That arch a disenchanting paradise.