

Before him on the road he spies
The waggons heaped with grain.

He nears his home, his little boy
Comes running out in glee
To hail his father, full of joy
The man his child doth see.

Let kings and princes envy him,
For it is better far
To be an honest cottager,
Than 'tis to lead in war.

TO THE WHITE HEPATICA.

You are fairest of your kind,
Sweeter than the blue,
Purer than your purple friends,
And your pink ones too.

Downy hood enfolds your face,
Sweet and fresh and white,
Pure and modest, full of grace,
Washed by dew each night.

Biting North winds cannot come
Through that hood of down,