

Come my love, these frail treasures
A short day their beauty measures;
Soon they'll droop and die and wither
Where they gleam along the river.

Come my love, and we'll gather
Lilies white and gold together!
Where the clustering blossoms bloom
On the water's stagnant gloom.

A MORNING'S WALK.

One morn as I my walk would take
Along the margin of a lake
That trembled to the wind's alarm—
And as the sinuous pathway wound
Over steep and rugged ground,
Along the margin of the tarn
In its beauty isolate,—
I saw a waterfowl to lead
Her downy fledglings from the nest
Where she had warm'd them to her breast
To follow her at slowest speed,—
It was a sight much to suggest,
To see her wise solicitude,
So tender for her callow brood
Lest any danger should molest.

WINTER.

Congeaed are the streams that murmured so softly,
When summer serene, spread her sweetness around,
Umbrageous no more are the forests that lofty
Clothed valleys and hills in an umbrage profound.

Neath the rigors of Boreas, tempestuous roaring,
And snows drifting past, obstructing the ways,
Robed in the "beautiful" wreathed by winds warring,
The landscape no more its glories displays.

O, come again swiftly, favonian breezes!
That blow from the west and brighten our lands,
Where winter so dreary, severely is reigning,
Then—the Earth in her beauty shall burst from her bands.