

When April comes with her brightest green,
The pale Primrose in the woods is seen ;
And in the quiet and lonely dell,
The zephyr woos the dark Blue Bell.

May crowns with Daisies the laughing year,
While April sleeps on her lowly bier ;
And March winds loud their anthems sing
To welcome back the Queen of Spring.

Gay June, with the rose-lip, lily-cheek,
On the Tulip's cup paints many a streak ;
And bright July, with its sunny hours,
Brings garlands gay for our summer bowers.

The Humming Bird plays on the Ivy leaf,
And hides in the tiny Woodbine cell ;
The Butterfly sports his hours, so brief,
On the leaf of the Rose he loves so well.

But the sweetest of all we have gazed on yet
Is the breath of the gentle Minionette ;
It comes when Spring awakes the flowers,
And lingers to cheer the Autumn hours.

Ah ! then from His throne in the August sky,
The Sun-flower's God looks smilingly ;
And the glorious Tube Rose hastes to fill
Her place in Flora's coronal.