## THE

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## JUNE.

S it thou, O queen of summer, come to reign again so soon,

Come in royal, floral glory, rosy, vernal, fragrant June?

Come to reign in regal sunsets, slumber in Arcadian bowers,

Murmur in the voiceful zephyr, dream among the flushing flowers.

Come to fill the land with beauty, come to clothe the plains with green,

Come to smile in stream and fountain, which display a richer sheen.

Yes! I feel thy gentle spirit breathing on the balmy air, Hear the cadences of joyance, none but June could whisper there.

Hail! then, glad congenial spirit! Hence thou shalt not joy alone,

Something in thy tropic nature finds an answer in mine own.

None in all the solar circle can thy loveliness outvie, Not the spring's awakening freshness, nor the glare of fierce July;