

ODE TO MAY.

BY HARRY HALIFAX.

At thy approach the mind of man
Has been refreshed, since time began,
And joyous hails thee, lovely May;
Throws off the shackles of the year,
And re-begins a bold career.
The poet's soul new force imbues,
Urged by thy rich inspiring hues
To reach the waiting bay.

The new-come birds thine advent sing,
And make the sunny welkin ring
With mingled notes of happiness.
Glad flowers, strewn about thy feet,
Their lovely liberator greet,
Soft-stepping through the orient land;
Sweet pleasures cluster 'round thy hand,
Or hang upon thy dress.

A flower there is whose beauty's known
In this loved land of ours alone—
A lowly flower! Let poets say
The rose is queen o'er all the flowers
That bloom in Nature's verdant bowers;
Let others in the daisy see,
Or lily fair, mute poetry—
Give me the flowers of May!

This newly-wakened melody
That greets thee, May, doth bring to me
Bright visions of thy smiling tour
O'er vine-clad hills, where airy shapes
Light-laughing press the purple grapes;
O'er classic plains where heroes sleep—
Nor worms disturb their slumbers deep,
Nor men distress them more.

Thou bring'st kind Nature's fav'rite green
To deck the groves with vernal sheen;
Thou bring'st the honey to the bee;
The zephyr to the budding rose;
Thou bring'st to every flower that blows
Its blended tints—that these may prove
Wide-blessing springs of joy and love!
What hast thou brought to me?

Hast thou not brought a maid forlorn,
On fancy's pinions hither borne,
To bless me with no transient stay?
Come, loveliest blossom of the year;
With pink mayflowers trim thy hair;
Imbreathe the perfumes of the grove,
And quaff the draught of life and love,
Thyself the Flower of May!