

TO A SKYLARK

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
5 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious lights is thine;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
10 Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

TO THE DAISY

With little here to do or see
Of things that in the great world be
Daisy! again I talk to thee,
For thou art worthy,
5 Thou unassuming Common-place
Of Nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace
Which love makes for thee!

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
10 I sit, and play with similes.
Loose types of things through all degrees,
Thoughts of thy raising: