

Oh why with sweetest essence store your veins
 Since human tyrants own the hills and dales !
 They pierce you each succeeding season for your pains,
 And while you weep your life away they joke about your charms

VII

Come graceful birches, thorns that line the lanes,
 Firs, larches, hemlocks, spruces, cedars, pines,
 Willows that weep above the purling brooks,
 You alders on whose murky trunks no summer sunlight shines,
 All join our sad procession, glum as rooks:
 Now sing a mournful dirge whose depth of feeling
 Shall cause the patient apple, and the cherry, pear, and plum,
 To break their bonds, then quickly wheeling
 Fall into line, step to your drum,
 And so assert their native right while humbled man stands dumb
 Base, sordid man, awake by these alarms
 Might feel at length the beauty of your charms,
 And stealing silently amid your cosy nooks
 Learn lessons never taught in musty books.

VIII

Come polyanthus, sprightly fair and true,
 Bring all your friends and cowslip cousins too;
 You pretty snowdrops; and dear crocus flowers,
 The winter of my grief is melted by soft showers.
 Come tulips, have your varied tints displayed,
 The mayflower soon will brighten every glade;
 Soon the meek harebell's honey-laden breath
 Drives from my troubled mind all thoughts of death.
 You clovers decorate the meadows green,
 While myriad grasses peep their velvet blades between;
 Go buttercups and watercresses mellow,
 Bedeck each burnside gay with every shade of yellow.
 Sweet-peas and honeysuckle, come, adorn my bower,
 Entwine me with your tendrils, I am now within your power;
 Ho ! asters, golden rod, and marigold,