

THE FLOWERS OF MAY.

THE flowers of May are sweet to-day
And fair to look upon,
Warmed by sunbeams, gaily they
Their brightest colors don.

Like to a bride, glad in her pride
Of love and beauty born,
To whom no favor is denied
Upon her nuptial morn,

They blossom out, while songsters shout
Their greeting from the spray,
And all day long doth fly about
And hum his merry lay—

The humble bee, right glad to see
Sheltered 'neath the bower,
Or waving on the sunny lea
His fair and frail May flower.

The nectar sweet his dainty meat
Pilfered from her cells,
While flitting free on winglets fleet
Where she in dingle dwells.