

TO A LITTLE WILD FLOWER.

And art thou peeping out again,  
    Thou little pure and spotless gem?  
I feel that I can scarce refrain  
    From plucking off thy slender stem.  
Yet why should I thy life destroy,  
    Though many rude enough are found  
To snatch thee for a moment's joy,  
    Then cast thee with'ring on the ground?

The winds of March are blowing chill,  
    But yet thou comest at thy time;  
And shelter'd by thy native hill,  
    Thou brav'st the season and the clime.  
Oh! could I humbly learn from thee  
    To stand unshrinking to the last,  
To fill the place assign'd for me,  
    Nor murmur though the storm should blast!

Contented on the sunny bank,  
Year after year thou mak'st thy home ;  
Unlike to some of higher rank,  
Thou want'st no change nor wish'st to roam ;  
Just glancing from thy hiding place,  
This unfrequented rural spot,  
As I have seen some happy face  
Peep smiling from an ivy'd cot.

Thy life is short, for soon, oh, soon,  
Thy tiny leaves will scatter'd lie ;  
And why not, since the flowers of June  
In summer's heat more quickly die ?  
Thy lot is but the lot of all,  
So short our bloom, so frail our breath :  
May I like thee as gently fall,  
As uncomplaining sink in death.