

TO AN INSIGNIFICANT FLOWER,
OBSCURELY BLOOMING IN A LONELY WILD.

AND though thou seem'st a weedling wild,
Wild and neglected like to me,
Thou still art dear to Nature's child,
And I will stoop to notice thee.

For oft, like thee, in wild retreat,
Array'd in humble garb like thee,
There's many a seeming weed proves sweet,
As sweet as garden-flowers can be.

And, like to thee, each seeming weed
Flowers unregarded; like to thee, *10*
Without improvement, runs to seed,
Wild and neglected like to me.

And, like to thee, when Beauty's cloth'd
In lowly raiment like to thee,
Disdainful Pride, by Beauty loath'd,
No beauties there can ever see.

For, like to thee, my Emma blows,
A flower like thee I dearly prize;
And, like to thee, her humble clothes
Hide every charm from prouder eyes *20*

But though, like thee, a lowly flower,
If fancied by a polish'd eye,
She soon would bloom beyond my power,

The finest flower beneath the sky.

And, like to thee, lives many a swain
With genius blest; but, like to thee,
So humble, lowly, mean, and plain,
No one will notice them,—or me.

So, like to thee, they live unknown,
Wild weeds obscure; and, like to thee, 30
Their sweets are sweet to them alone:
The only pleasure known to me.

Yet when I'm dead, let's hope I have
Some friend in store, as I'm to thee,
That will find out my lowly grave,
And heave a sigh to notice me.

AFTER READING IN A LETTER

PROPOSALS FOR BUILDING A COTTAGE.

—
BESIDE a runnel build my shed,
With stubbles cover'd o'er;
Let broad oaks o'er its chimney spread,
And grass-plats grace the door.

The door may open with a string,
So that it closes tight;
And locks would be a wanted thing,
To keep out thieves at night.

A little garden, not too fine,

Inclose with painted pales; 10
And woodbines, round the cot to twine,
Pin to the wall with nails.

Let hazels grow, and spindling sedge,
Bent bowring over-head;
Dig old man's beard from woodland hedge,
To twine a summer shade.

Beside the threshold sods provide,
And build a summer seat;
Plant sweet-briar bushes by its side,
And flowers that blossom sweet. 20

I love the sparrow's ways to watch
Upon the cotter's sheds,
So here and there pull out the thatch,
That they may hide their heads.

And as the sweeping swallows stop
Their flights along the green,
Leave holes within the chimney-top
To paste their nest between.

Stick shelves and cupboards round the hut,
In all the holes and nooks; 30
Nor in the corner fail to put
A cupboard for the books.

Along the floor some sand I'll sift,
To make it fit to live in;
And then I'll thank ye for the gift,

As something worth the giving.

BALLAD

A WEEDLING wild, on lonely lea,
My evening rambles chanc'd to see;
And much the weedling tempted me
To crop its tender flower:

Expos'd to wind and heavy rain,
Its head bow'd lowly on the plain;
And silently it seem'd in pain
Of life's endanger'd hour.

“And wilt thou bid my bloom decay,
And crop my flower, and me betray? 10
And cast my injur'd sweets away,”—

 Its silence seemly sigh'd—
“A moment's idol of thy mind?
And is a stranger so unkind,
To leave a shameful root behind,
 Bereft of all its pride?”

And so it seemly did complain;
And beating fell the heavy rain;
And low it droop'd upon the plain,
To fate resign'd to fall: 20

My heart did melt at its decline,
And “Come,” said I, “thou gem divine,
My fate shall stand the storm with thine;”

So took the root and all.

DAWNINGS OF GENIUS.

GENIUS! a pleasing rapture of the mind,
A kindling warmth to learning unconfin'd,
Glow in each breast, flutters in every vein,
From art's refinement to th' uncultur'd swain.

Hence is that warmth the lowly shepherd proves,
Pacing his native fields and willow groves;
Hence is that joy, when every scene unfolds,
Which taste endears and latest memory holds;
Hence is that sympathy his heart attends,
When bush and tree companions seem and friends; 10
Hence is that fondness from his soul sincere,
That makes his native place so doubly dear.
In those low paths which Poverty surrounds,
The rough rude ploughman, off his fallow-grounds,
(That necessary tool of wealth and pride,)
While toil'd and sweating by some pasture's side,
Will often stoop inquisitive to trace
The opening beauties of a daisy's face;
Oft will he witness, with admiring eyes,
The brook's sweet dimples o'er the pebbles rise; 20
And often, bent as o'er some magic spell,
He'll pause, and pick his shaped stone and shell:
Raptures the while his inward powers inflame,
And joys delight him which he cannot name;

Ideas picture pleasing views to mind,
For which his language can no utterance find;
Increasing beauties, fresh'ning on his sight,
Unfold new charms, and witness more delight;
So while the present please, the past decay,
And in each other, losing, melt away. 30

Thus pausing wild on all he saunters by,
He feels enraptur'd though he knows not why;
And hums and mutters o'er his joys in vain,
And dwells on something which he can't explain.
The bursts of thought with which his soul's perplex'd,
Are bred one moment, and are gone the next;
Yet still the heart will kindling sparks retain,
And thoughts will rise, and Fancy strive again.
So have I mark'd the dying ember's light,
When on the hearth it fainted from my sight, 40
With glimmering glow oft redden up again,
And sparks crack brightening into life, in vain;
Still lingering out its kindling hope to rise,
Till faint, and fainting, the last twinkle dies.

Dim burns the soul, and throbs the fluttering heart,
Its painful pleasing feelings to impart;
Till by successful sallies wearied quite,
The Memory fails, and Fancy takes her flight.
The wick confin'd within its socket dies,
Borne down and smother'd in a thousand sighs. 50