

Wreathed in her shadowy tresses shall  
The roses blisful burn ;  
Wan lilies at her feet shall lie,  
And wind-flowers on her bosom sigh.

" Here, from this rough and lowly bed,  
The little eclaircine  
Shall lift her sunny glances to  
The balmy eglantine ;  
And flags shall flaunt by yonder lake,  
And fair Narcissus there awake."

I know the Summer fell asleep  
Long weary months ago ;  
But ah ! all is not lost, poor heart,  
That's laid beneath the snow ;  
There wait, grown cold to care and strife,  
Things costliest, dying into life :

All changes, but Life ceases not  
With the suspended breath ;  
There is no bourn to Being, and  
No permanence in Death ;  
Time flows to an eternal sea,  
Space widens to Infinity !