

ROSES AND BUTTERFLIES.

("Roses et Papillons.")

[XXVII., Dec. 7, 1834.]

The grave receives us all:

Ye butterflies and roses gay and sweet

Why do ye linger, say?

Will ye not dwell together as is meet?

Somewhere high in the air

Would thy wing seek a home 'mid sunny skies,

In mead or mossy dell--

If there thy odors longest, sweetest rise.

Have where ye will your dwelling,

Or breath or tint whose praise we sing;

Butterfly shining bright,

Full-blown or bursting rosebud, flow'r or wing.

Dwell together ye fair,

'Tis a boon to the loveliest given;

Perchance ye then may choose your home

On the earth or in heaven.

W.C. WESTBROOK

A SIMILE.

("Soyez comme l'oiseau.")

[XXXIII. vi.]

Thou art like the bird  
That alights and sings  
Though the frail spray bends--  
For he knows he has wings.

FANNY KEMBLE (BUTLER)

THE POET TO HIS WIFE.

("À toi, toujours à toi.")

[XXXIX., 1823]

To thee, all time to thee,  
My lyre a voice shall be!  
Above all earthly fashion,  
Above mere mundane rage,  
Your mind made it my passion  
To write for noblest stage.

Who'er you be, send blessings to her--she  
Was sister of my soul immortal, free!  
My pride, my hope, my shelter, my resource,  
When green hoped not to gray to run its course;  
She was enthronèd Virtue under heaven's dome,  
My idol in the shrine of curtained home.

LES VOIX INTÉRIEURES.--1840.