

TO THE FLOWERS, TO WEEP.

Weep, roses, weep ; and straightway shed
Your purest tears.

Weep, honeysuckles, white and red :
And with you, all those country dears ;

Violets, and every bud of blue,
More blue than skies ;
Pinks, cowslips, jasmines, lilies too,
Pansies and peonies.

For she, that is the Queen of flowers,
Though called the least,
Lies drooping beneath dreadful Hours,
Megaera has from Hell released.

Weep, till your lovely heads are bent :
Weep, you, that fill
The meadow-corners ; and frequent
All the green margins of the rill.

Flood, flood your cups with crystal tears,
Until each leaf,
Each flower, through all the upland, wears
The dole and brilliance of your grief.

So that the Lark, who had from heaven withdrawn,
Re-sing to you
His song, mistaking noon for dawn,
And those your tears for dew.

HERBERT P. HORNE.