

TO EVA AT THE SOUTH.

THE green grass is bowing,
The morning wind is in it,
'T is a tune worth thy knowing,
Though it change every minute.

'T is a tune of the spring,
Every year plays it over
To the robins on the wing,
And to the pausing lover.

O'er ten thousand thousand acres
Goes light the nimble Zephyr,
The Flowers, — tiny sect of Shakers,
Worship him ever.

Hark to the winning sound !
They summon thee, dearest,
Saying, " We have drest for thee the ground,
Nor yet thou appearest.

O hasten ! 't is our time,
Ere yet the red summer
Scorch our delicate prime
Loved of the bee, — the tawny hummer.

O pride of thy race !
Sad in sooth it were to ours,
If our brief tribe miss thy face,
We poor New England flowers.

Thou shalt choose the fairest members
Of our lithe society ;
June's glories and September's
Shall show our love and piety.

Thou shalt command us all,
From April's early clover,
To the gentian in the fall,
Blue-eyed favorite of thy lover.

O come, then, quickly come,
We are budding, we are blowing,
And the wind that we perfume,
Sings a tune that 's worth the knowing.
