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Though wintry winds have swept its bed,
 And earth has pillowed cold its head ;
 Though prouder forms have sunk to rest,
 Nor rise again from earth's dark breast ;
 Still does this little flower arise
 Joyous beneath spring's genial skies ;
 Nor frost can bind, nor poisoned air
 Taint with decay its circles fair ;
 Like hopes which still the bosom cheer
 When many a hope has left it drear ;
 Like thoughts of home in climes afar ;
 Like evening's still returning star ;
 Like tears which fall when the heart is sad,
 Almost as sweet as that heart were glad ;
 Like friendship found where we sought it not ;
 In bower and garden, in field and grot,
 Spring thy fair flowers, forget-me-not.

THE SONG OF THE BREEZE.

I have swept o'er the mountain, the forest, and fell ;
 I have played on the rock where the wild Chamois dwell ;
 I have tracked the desert so dreary and rude,
 Through the pathless depths of its solitude ;
 Through the ocean caves of the stormy sea,
 My spirit has wandered at midnight free.
 I have slept in the lily's fragrant bell,
 I have moaned on the ear through the rosy shell,
 I have roamed alone by the gurgling stream,
 I have danced at eve with the pale moonbeam ;
 I have kissed the rose in its blushing pride,
 Till my breath the dew from its lips has dried ;
 I have stolen away on my silken wing,
 The violet's scent in the early spring.
 I have hung o'er groves where the citron grows,
 And the clustering bloom of the orange blows.
 I have wafted the sigh from the lover's breast,
 To the lips of the maiden he loved the best.
 I have sped the dove on its errand home,
 O'er mountain and river, and sun-gilt dome.
 I have hushed the babe in its cradled rest,
 With my song, to sleep on its mother's breast.
 I have chased the clouds in their dark career,
 Till they hung on my wing in their shapes of fear ;
 I have rent the oak from its forest bed,
 And the flaming brand of the fire king sped ;
 I have rushed with the fierce tornado forth,
 On the tempest's wing from the stormy north ;
 I have lash'd the waves till they rose in pride,
 And the mariner's skill in their wrath defied ;
 I have borne the mandate of fate and doom,
 And swept the wretch to his watery tomb.
 I have shrieked the wail of the murdered dead,
 Till the guilty spirit hath shrunk with dread.
 I have hymned my dirge o'er the silent grave,
 And bade the cypress more darkly wave.
 There is not a spot upon land or sea,
 Where thou mayst not, enthusiast, wander with me.

TO MY INFANT BOY.

My cherub boy ! thy young heart is light,
 Thy glance of beauty, how wild and bright,
 Tells of a spirit unchilled by care :
 Long ! long may such innocent mirth beam there !
 Thy coral lip of frolic and glee,
 May well to such eye meet companion be ;