

Perhaps you'd like to buy a flower,
But I could never sell—
If you would like to borrow,
Until the Daffodil

Unties her yellow Bonnet
Beneath the village door,
Until the Bees, from Clover rows
Their Hock, and Sherry, draw,

Why, I will lend until just then,
But not an hour more!

It makes no difference abroad—
The Seasons— fit— the same—
The Mornings blossom into Noons—
And split their Pods of Flame—

Wild Flowers— kindle in the Woods—
The Brooks slam— all the Day—
No Blackbird bates his Banjo—
For passing Calvary—

Auto da Fe— and Judgment—
Are nothing to the Bee—
His separation from His Rose—
To Him— sums Misery—

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The good Will of a Flower
The Man who would possess
Must first present
Certificate
Of minted Holiness.