

To a Daisy

by John Hartley

Ah! I'm feared thou's come too sooin,
Little daisy!
Pray whatever wor ta doin'?
Are ta crazy?
Winter winds are blowin' yet.
Tha'l be starved, mi little pet!

Did a gleam o'sunshine warm thee;
An' deceive thee?
Niver let appearance charm thee;
Yes, believe me,
Smiles tha'lt find are oft but snares
Laid to catch thee unawares.

An' yet, I think it looks a shame
To talk sich stuff;
I've lost heart, an' thou'lt do t' same,
Ay, sooin enough!
An' if thou'rt happy as tha art,
Trustin' must be t' wisest part.

Come! I'll pile some bits o' stoan
Round thi dwellin';
They may cheer the when I've goan,—
Theer's no tellin';
An' when Spring's mild day draws near
I'll release thee, never fear!

An' then if thi pretty face
Greets me smilin',
I may come an' sit by th' place,
Time beguillin',
Glad to think I'd paar to be
Of some use if but to thee!