

# To A Butterfly (2)

by William Wordsworth  
(1770-1850)

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I've watched you now a full half-hour,  
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;  
And, little Butterfly! indeed  
5 I know not if you sleep or feed.  
How motionless!—not frozen seas  
More motionless! and then  
What joy awaits you, when the breeze  
Hath found you out among the trees,  
10 And calls you forth again!

This plot of orchard-ground is ours;  
My trees they are, my Sisters flowers;  
Here rest your wing when they are weary;  
15 Here lodge as in a sanctuary!  
Come often to us, fear no wrong;  
Sit near us on the bough!  
Well talk of sunshine and of song,  
And summer days, when we were young;  
20 Sweet childish days, that were as long  
As twenty days are now.