Kensington Gardens—Air-Balloons

1

As pink as the roses, as blue as the sky,
Our beautiful air-balls go fluttering by,
They soar, oh, so high! in the soft summer breeze
And dangle like fruit on the boughs of the trees.

2

I fancy the fairies have made them in sport,
To bear them in state to King Oberon's court,
When they ride through the air, by the light of the moon,
Each sweet little fay on her dainty balloon.

3

But sometimes the breeze blows their air-balls away,
Till over the water to England they stray;
They flit through the night o'er the billows so dark,
And drop, in the dawn, on the dewy green park.

4

And there they are found by the poor little boys,
Who sell them to *me*, and pretend they are toys,
While as for the fays, why, the lazy wee things
Must travel to court on their own pretty wings.

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