

**THE ANT PRINCE,
A RHYME**

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The ant prince, a rhyme by Fanny Steers

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FANNY STEERS

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BY

FANNY STEERS

SECOND EDITION



LONDON
WILLIAM PICKERING

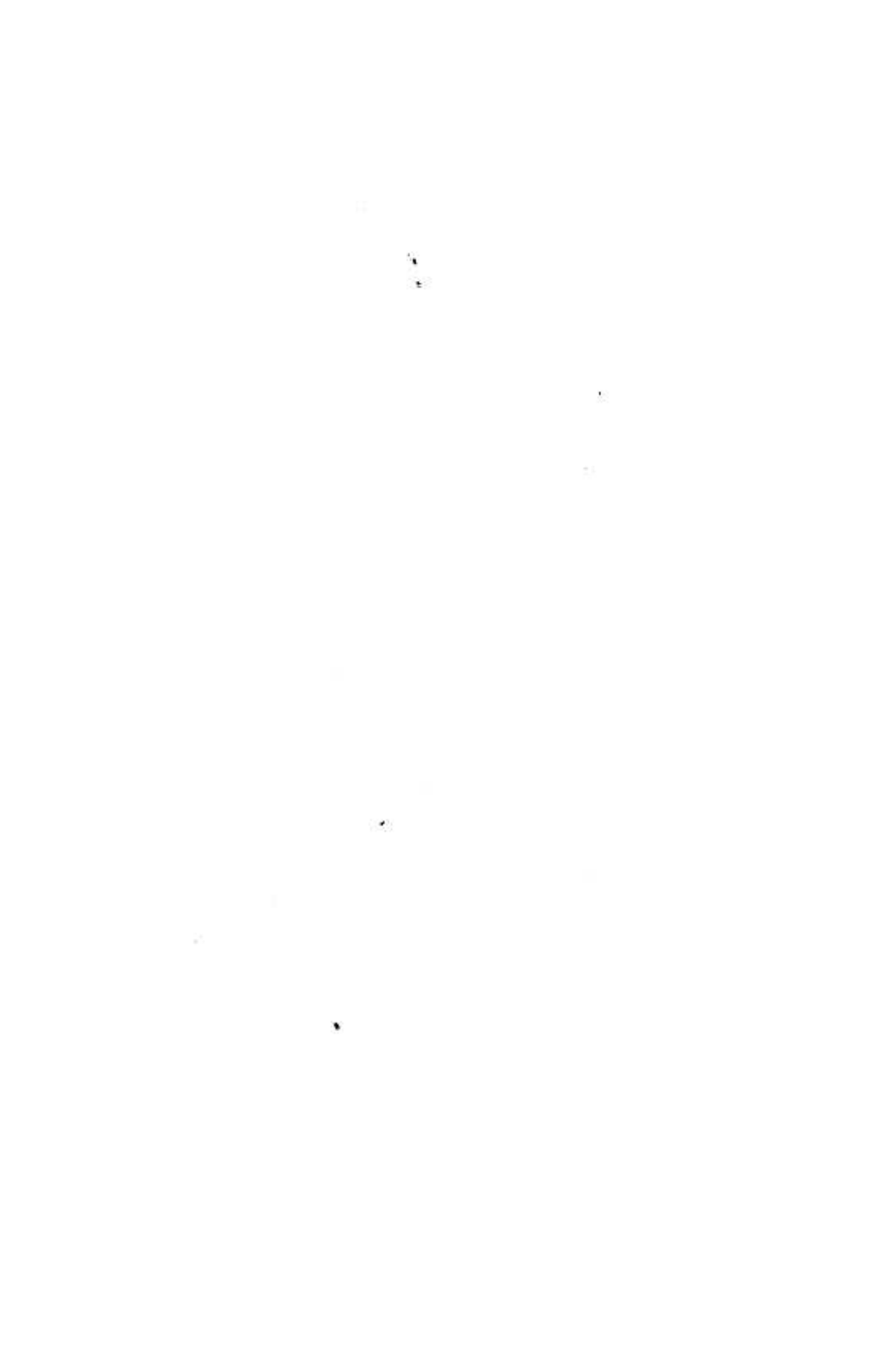
1847

TO
LADY CARMICHAEL

THIS RHYME IS
AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY
HER GRATEFUL FRIEND

FANNY STEERS.



THE ANT PRINCE.

ERRATUM.

Page 24, line 14, read quiet instead of quite.

I In mood abstracted ;
And, before I tell
Of what then befell,
I beg that my tale ye'll true believe,
And not as mere invention receive
Of brain distracted.

'Twas, as I've said, in the summer time,
And I strayed in a grove of chestnut and lime,
Which, from their blossoms, threw fragrance
around ;
In sooth, 'twas an evening, balmy, delicious,
But, as odours, like othersweet things, are pernicious,
The scent of these blossoms caused languor
profound ;
So, with faintness opprest,
I sank down to rest.
And oh ! what a bank of beauty was there !
The flowrets how lovely, the mosses how rare !
To musing propitious :
Then, that perfume delicious—
The trees still exhaled it,
And I still inhaled it,
Till my thoughts became gloomy, approaching to
tragic,
When, all of a sudden, and almost like magic,
My spirit was roused by a marvellous sound,
Which, though truly unearthly, came up from the
ground.