

ODE TO MORNING.

BY \_\_\_\_\_.

THE sprightly messenger of day  
To Heaven ascending tunes the lay  
That wakes the blushing morn:  
Chear'd with th' inspiring notes, I rise  
And hail the power, whose glad supplies  
Th' enliven'd plains adorn.

Far hence retire, O Night! thy praise,  
Majestic Queen! in nobler lays

Already has been sung:  
When thine own spheres expire, thy name,  
Secure from time, shall rise in fame,  
Immortaliz'd by Young.

See, while I speak Aurora sheds  
Her early honours o'er the meads,  
The springing valley's smile;  
With chearful heart the village-swain  
Renews the labours of the plain,  
And meets the accustom'd toil.

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ODE



Day's monarch comes to bless the year,  
Wing'd Zephyrs wanton round his car,

Along th' æthereal road;  
Plenty and Health attend his beams,  
And Truth, divinely bright, proclaims  
The visit of the God.

Aw'd by the view, my soul reveres  
The Great FIRST CAUSE that bade the spheres  
In tuneful order move;

Thine is the fable-mantled Night,  
Unseen Almighty! and the Light  
The radiance of thy love.

Hark! the awaken'd grove repays  
With melody the genial rays,

And Echo spreads the strain;  
The streams in grateful murmurs run,  
The bleating flocks salute the sun,  
And music glads the plain.

While Nature thus her charms displays,  
Let me enjoy the fragrant breeze

The opening flowers diffuse;  
Temp'rance and Innocence attend,  
These are your haunts, your influence lend,  
Associates of the Muse!



Riot, and Guilt, and wasting Care,  
And fell Revenge, and black Despair

Avoid the Morning's light;  
Nor beams the sun, nor blooms the rose,  
Their restless passions to compose,  
Who Virtue's dictates slight.

Along the mead, and in the wood,  
And on the margin of the flood

The Goddess walks confest:  
She gives the landscape power to charm,  
The sun his genial heat to warm  
The wise and generous breast.

Happy the man! whose tranquil mind  
Sees Nature in her changes kind,

And pleas'd the whole surveys;  
For him the morn benignly smiles,  
And evening shades reward the toils  
That measure out his days.

The varying year may shift the scene,  
The sounding tempest lash the main,

And Heaven's own thunders roll;  
Calmly he views the bursting storm,  
Tempests nor thunder can deform  
The morning of his soul.