

SONNET.

MORN's beaming eyes at length unclose,
And wake the blushes of the rose,
That all night long oppress'd with dews,
And veil'd in chilly shade its hues,
Reclin'd, forlorn, the languid head,
And sadly sought its parent bed;
Warmth from her ray the trembling flow'r derives,
And, sweetly blushing, through its tears revives.

" Morn's beaming eyes at length unclose,"
And melt the tears that bend the rose;
But can their charms suppress the sigh,
Or chace the tear from Sorrow's eye ?
Can all their lustrous light impart
One ray of peace to sorrow's heart ?
Ah ! no ; their fires her fainting soul oppress——
Eve's pensive shades more soothe her meek distress !