

SUN-RISE: A SONNET.



Ort let me wander, at the break of day,
Thro' the cool vale o'erhung with waving woods,
Drink the rich fragrance of the budding May,
And catch the murmur of the distant floods;
Or rest on the fresh bank of limpid rill,
Where sleeps the vi'let in the dewy shade,
Where op'ning lilies balmy sweets distil,
And the wild musk-rose weeps along the glade:
Or climb the eastern cliff, whose airy head
Hangs rudely o'er the blue and misty main;
Watch the fine hues of morn through æther spread,
And paint with roseate glow the crystal plain.
Oh! who can speak the rapture of the soul
When o'er the waves the sun first steals to sight,

And all the world of waters, as they roll,

And Heaven's vast vault unveils in living light !

So life's young hour to man enchanting smiles,

With sparkling health, and joy, and fancy's fairy wiles: