

MORNING, ON THE SEA-SHORE.



WHAT print of fairy feet is here
On Neptune's smooth and yellow sands ?
What midnight revel's airy dance,
Beneath the moon-beam's trembling glance
Has blest these shores ?—What sprightly bands
Have chac'd the waves uncheck'd by fear ?
Whoe'er they were they fled from morn,
For now, all silent and forlorn,
These tide-forsaken sands appear—
Return, sweet sprites ! the scene to cheer !

In vain the call !—'Till moonlight's hour
Again diffuse its softer pow'r,
Titania, nor her fairy loves,
Emerge from India's spicy groves.

Then, when the shad'wy hour returns,
When silence reigns o'er air and earth,
And ev'ry star in æther burns,
They come to celebrate their mirth ;
In frolic ring light trip the ground,
Bid Music's voice on Silence win,
'Till magic echoes answer round—
Thus do their festive rites begin.

O fairy forms so coy to mortal ken,
Your mystic steps to poets only shewn ;
O ! lead me to the brook, or hollow'd glen,
Retiring far, with winding woods o'ergrown !
Where'er ye best delight to rule ;
If in some forest's lone retreat,
Thither conduct my willing feet
To the light brink of fountain cool,
Where, sleeping in the midnight dew,
Lie Spring's young buds of ev'ry hue,

Yielding their sweet breath to the air ;
To fold their silken leaves from harm,
And their chill heads in moonshine warm,
Is bright Titania's tender care.

There, to the night-birds's plaintive chaunt
Your carols sweet ye love to raise,
With oaten reed and past'ral lays ;
And guard with forceful spell her haunt,
Who, when your antic sports are done,
Oft lulls ye in the lily's cell,
Sweet flow'r ! that suits your slumbers well,
And shields ye from the rising sun.
When not to India's steeps ye fly
After twilight and the moon,
In honey buds ye love to lie,
While reigns supreme Light's fervid noon ;
Nor quit the cell where peace pervades.
'Till night leads on the dews and shades.

E'en now your scenes enchanted meet my sight!
I see the earth unclose, the palace rise,
The high dome swell, and long arcades of light
Glitter among the deep embow'ring woods,
And glance reflecting from the trembling floods !
While to soft lutes the portals wide unfold,
And fairy forms, of fine æthereal dyes,
Advance with frolic step and laughing eyes,
Their hair with pearl, their garments deck'd with gold;
Pearls that in Neptune's briny waves they sought,
And gold from India's deepest caverns brought.
Thus your light visions to my eyes unveil,
Ye sportive pleasures, sweet illusion, hail !
But ah ! at morn's first blush again ye fade !
So from youth's ardent gaze life's landscape gay,
And forms in Fancy's summer hues array'd,
Dissolve at once in air at Truth's resplendent day !