

THE FIRST HOUR OF MORNING.

How sweet to wind the forest's tangled shade,
When early twilight, from the eastern bound,
Dawns on the sleeping landscape in the glade,
And fades as morning spreads her blush around!

When ev'ry infant flower, that wept in night,
Lifts its chill head soft glowing with a tear,
Expands its tender blossom to the light,
And gives its incense to the genial air.

How fresh the breeze that wafts the rich perfume;
And swells the melody of waking birds;
The hum of bees, beneath the verdant gloom,
And woodman's song, and low of distant herds!

Then, doubtful gleams the mountain's hoary head,
Seen through the parting foliage from afar ;
And, farther still, the ocean's misty bed,
With flitting sails, that partial sun-beams share.

But, vain the sylvan shade—the breath of May,
The voice of music floating on the gale,
And forms that beam through morning's dewy veil,
If health no longer bid the heart be gay !

O balmy hour ! 'tis thine her wealth to give,
Here spread her blush, and bid the parent live !