

SOUTHERN SEASONS.

WHEN Spring's soft season weeps her timely showers,
And clothes the plains and raising hills with flowers ;
When summer's sun awakes the vernal leaves,
And fragrant zephyrs fan the balmy trees ;
When Flora ope's the rose's purple ray,
And mocking-birds first chant the opening day ;
When lucid sun-beams wake the India Pride,
And rainbow beauties crown her branches wide,
Then bud the wonders of the Southern face,
And untold glories glow in every place.

Not less her beauty as the seasons rise—
Summer augments and decks with richer dyes ;
Ethereal clouds their mellow tints diffuse,
And o'er thy graces sings th' admiring Muse.
Thus when the verdant shrubs and groaning trees,
And waving grain inhales the spicy breeze ;
When round our groves the rich and teeming soil,
With crowded fruits reward the planter's toil ;
Or when the Squares and sweet Arcadian bow'rs,
And gentle dews awake ambrosial flow'rs,
Then come ! behold ! a Paradise indeed,
Where Flora reigns and Nymphs on roses feed !

If gilded scenes now tempt thy ravish'd eyes,
Turn to the South, and fairer prospects rise :
See, o'er the plains the silver rivers roll,
And laughing lakes now dance o'er sands of gold !