

Riot by choice in folly's boist'rous sea ;
 And like the hideous monsters of the deep,
 But stop to breathe, then seek the dark again :
 Here—and perchance the foremost after dawn,
 To brush the dew-drops from these clust'ring flowers—
 The child of genius seeks this lonely spot,
 To hold communion—not with selfish friends
 —Who smile to wound, and flatter to betray—
 But far around, above, beneath, he finds
 Companions meet to cheer him on his way.
 The rocks, the fields, the never failing spring,
 That bubbles from its fountain, where the winds
 Kiss its cold bosom op'ning to the day—
 The clouds that flit along the morning sky,
 And the young birds that soar, and soaring blend,
 Their first sweet songs to greet the rising sun—
 The noble river hast'ning on to meet
 The all-devouring ocean, where its waves
 Are toss'd as if in scorn to meet a foe—
 These, and a thousand others, voiceless deem'd,
 Because the world's dull ear they cannot charm,
 He hears, and on the wings of every breeze,
 Pours his sweet aspirations in return.
 What tho' o'er him sad penury may cast
 Her cold dark shadows, prison'd in her train,
 She cannot steal the sacred gift of heaven,
 The first the dearest birthright of his soul.

Here, as in mockery of the pride of man,
 Two wide extremes of character are join'd,
 The miser who is prodigal of time,
 Bart'ring his health and happiness for gold ;
 And the mad prodigal who holds each sin
 With miser care, nor drops it till he dies.
 Such, as they throng the public walks of life,
 Cloth'd in deep selfishness—that monster crime,
 First born of sinful nature—leave small space
 For virtue's humble sons, who dread their touch,
 As shrinks the Indian from his crested foe.
 No grey disjointed circle here is found,