

In stilly hour, at midnight dark,
 Amid profoundest gloom,
 I've seen the fire-flie's myriad spark
 The solitude illume.

In morn's fresh prime, in shady bôwers,
 How oft I've sweetly heard,
 As bee-like sipping the wild flowers,
 The beaut'ous humming bird.

On georg'ous wing, from tree to tree,
 The merry warbl'rs sprang ;
 But, ah ! they lacked the melody,
 That's in the Mavis' sang.

Afar from ocean's ample breast,
 Through shores of forest trees,
 Deep flowing streams roll on to rest,
 'Mang mighty inland seas.

The sunny skies, without a flake.
 How beautiful they seem,