

XVI

Tis morn—and most wondrous fair, the scene,
Which greets my vision o'er the spreading plain;
By friends surrounded—hark! from the village green
What strains are those? Ah! 'tis *La Claire Fontaine*.
Oh! dulcet anthem swelling to the skies,
Forever echo far from shore to shore,
While Freedom's star doth lustrously arise
To guide the hearts which ever upward soar!

XVII

Oh! Fresh and fair and lovely is the scene,
The distant hills are decked in glad array;
The flowery vales so richly, deeply green
Are clad, like brides, in beauty's garments, gay!
The glorious sun, Jehovah's gorgeous priest,
Advancing, gilds the mountain and the plain—
Behold him, mitred in the golden East,
With streams of glory in his crimson train!