

Entrancing scenes of artless luxury
 Where in profusion lavish nature shed
 Her richest stores, nor deem e'en heaven can be
 More fair, its fields more fit for angels' tread.

II.

The morn across the Antillean seas
 Broke softly with a freshening breeze,
 Which o'er the bounding billows swept,
 Till in the island groves it slept,
 Or wandered merrily along
 Amid its shades, which at its song
 Waking, their "leafy banners" * hung
 Out as it passed, while sweetly sang
 The plumaged throng in bright array,
 Their anthem to returning day.
 To shade and waves the zephyr breathed
 Its greeting, and their bosoms wreathed
 In smiles,—they all rejoiced to press
 The balminess of that caress,
 As rippling on in merry glee
 In such delightful company,
 Till on the shore they sighed to tell
 In parting there their sad farewell.
 The sun, now risen through the verdant trees,
 Tuned by the breeze to rustic symphonies,
 Shed o'er * * * Lake, whose waters lay
 Within the soundings of Carribea's sea,
 Its softest rays yet brightest, till its breast
 Sparkled with brilliants, like some beauty dressed

* Longfellow.