

She's not the rainbow's tinted ark,  
 But she is heavenly and serene ;  
 One shines and glitters like a spark,  
 It beams and quickly fades again.

She's not the lily's purest white,  
 With glancing eyes of azure hue ;  
 Her rosy smiles give more delight  
 Than pearly drops of mountain dew.

She's all that's lovely, all that's rare,  
 To her I'd fondly give my heart ;  
 Steal from the world, nor let a care  
 One faithless sigh or woe impart.

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TO A SHEET OF PAPER.

Paper, made for every use,  
 You bear the lovers kind excuse,  
 The pompous patriot's crafty guile,  
 The lofty pedant's classic style,  
 Through seas you go and don't refuse,  
 To bring each foreign land the news ;  
 The world's secrets thou dost know,  
 From whence our joys or sorrows flow,  
 The mighty dead by thee are raised,  
 And God himself divinely praised,  
 All things past present and to be—  
 Eternity is wrapped in thee.