

Save where the western sky refulgent glows
With amber hue, blue is the vault. Green is
The grass. The landscape, clothed with
verdure, decked

With crowns of scented shrubbery and groves
Of aspen, o'er the silver lake extends
To tree-fringed Turtle Mount. Amid this bright
Luxuriance, here and there a hamlet stands.
While on the neighboring ridges feed the kine
In pastures green. On yonder hillock see
The lambkins play, where bloomed of late the
proud

Anemone: in tasseled glory lives
He still. Here, redolent, of humbler form,
The buckbean creeps in purple garb.

Sweet is
The music of those silver sounds that guides
My footsteps on to yonder copse! Oh sweet
The scene! Here sings the lark immortal bird
Of song, whom myriad muses praise, whom sage
Grows rapturous o'er, and peasant learns to
love.

How oft I've listened to thy song at e'en,
And blessed thee at the coming of the dawn.