

SELECT PARAGRAPHS.

Music.

1. Deep as the murmurs of the falling floods,
Sweet as the warbles of the vocal woods;
The listening passions hear, and sink, and rise,
As the rich harmony or swells or dies !
The pulse of avarice forgets to move ;
A purer rapture fills the breast of love ;
Devotion lifts to heav'n a holier eye,
And bleeding pity heaves a softer sigh.

Spring.

2. From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And swells, and deepens ; to the cherished eye.
The hawthorn whitens ; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd
In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales.

Summer.

3. The bright effulgent sun,
Rising direct, swift chases from the sky
The short liv'd twilight, and with ardent blaze
Looks gaily fierce through all the dazzling air :
He mounts his throne ; but kind before him sends—
Issuing from out the portals of the morn—
The general breeze, to mitigate his fire,
And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.

Autumn.

4. Now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,
Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air.
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields,
And, shrunk into their beds the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign. E'en what remain'd
Of stronger fruits, falls from the naked tree ;
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around,
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

Winter.

5. The horizontal sun,
Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon
And, ineffectual strikes the gelid cliff :