

EARLY PIETY.

Written for a young Lady's Album.

SWEET is the light of early morn,
 When merging from their ocean bed,
 The welcome sunbeams far adorn
 Each lordly home and lowly shed ;—
 But holier far, the first bright beam,
 The spirit sheds o'er life's dark stream.

Sweet is the earliest breath of spring,
 When o'er the gray-clad earth it goes ;
 And every green and living thing,
 Wak'd by its touch luxuriant grows ;—
 But sweeter far the heavenly power,
 That hallows youth's short dang'rous hour.

Sweet are the notes that oft ascend,
 From sun-lit plain or shady grove ;
 When clear harmonious voices blend,
 In one loud song of new-born love ;—
 But sweeter, lovelier, far arise
 The soul's first breathings to the skies.

'Tis sweet to view the summer's rose,
 Expanding into early bloom :
 While every tardy breeze that blows,
 Is laden with the rich perfume ;—
 But richer than the scents of even,
 The young heart's incense mounts to heaven.