

XIV

Oh ! stay with me forever, ye bright-dreams
Of aerial castles and melodious bowers,
Where Fancy's bark sweeps over laughing streams
Which kiss banks laden with luxuriant flowers !
Oh ! stay with me, and tip with silver light
The memories sweetest of that lovely maid,
Whose eyes, like twin-stars, in the Summer night
Illumed my soul, while straying in the glade !

XV

Tis June—the morning o'er our Northern hills
With majesty ascends in golden pride ;
A sheet of beauty is upon the rills
Which haste to swell the great St. Lawrence' tide.
The flowers are spangled with the diamond-dew,
The maples sway in the light, early breeze ,
And melodies, though ancient ever new,
Awake the harps of overarching trees !