

A softness in the verdant vale
 Where fragrant flowers their balm exhale ;
 That fills the bosom with delight,
 And charms the child of nature's sight.

VII

I loved to stand upon the rock,
 Sear'd many an age by thunder's shock,
 And mark the boiling flood beneath
 Toss its wild foam, in many a wreath ;
 And count each bubble, as it rose,
 Like joy's bright gem, midst seas of woes ;
 Whelm'd, instant, in the rushing tide ;—
 Too vain and empty to abide.
 So rise, upon life's flowing stream,
 The gay, who shine in folly's beam :—