

Thy carols half divine ascend,
Celestial listeners attend ;
Thy good-night praise pronounced in song,
As liquid echoes roll along.
 The darkened west,
 Invites to rest,
Thy votive song is blessed.

NATURE'S MUSIC.

There's not a sound that hails the ear,
From sea or land through all the year,
But flows in music dull or clear,
 Though rude in measured strain ;
The bounding echoes roll away,
From hill to grove without delay,
 And quick return again.

The cascade dashing down the steep,
In mad career to valley deep,
And winds that o'er the summit sweep,
 Have music in their roar ;
The storm-torn sea that leaves the strand,
With mighty surge 'gainst rock and sand,
 Make music evermore.

When wakeful owls with solemn cry,
And other nightly watchers shy ;
With one accord their voices try,