

"THE MOON'S PALE RAY."



THE moon's pale ray is smiling o'er us,
And night is joyous in her beam ;
So spread around, is fancy's dream,
Tho' life's tempestuous sea, before us.

No breeze is up, with soft commotion
To stir the wild lake's breast ;
Our halcyon spirits rest,
Tho' launch'd on life's rough heaving ocean.