

To hail the coming of the genial spring,
Shedding around from her green lap the buds,
In winter's rugged casket long enshrined,
To form the chaplet of the infant year.—
Young pensive moralist !—'tis sweet to muse
On beauties which escape the vulgar eye,
To talk with Nature 'mid her woodland paths,
And hear an answering voice in every breeze.—
You court her beauties with a lover's zeal ;
You hear her voice, nor understand the sound
Which speaks to you—to all. The volume spread
Before your dazzled eyes, so rich with life,
Is a closed book—a fair illumined scroll,
Traced in strange characters, unknown to you.
Would you unfold the mystery, and read
The record the eternal hand of God
Has, of himself, on Nature's tablets graved ?
You must explore another wondrous book,
Of deeper interest far—the book of life—
The glorious volume of unsullied truth !—