

I proudly call the English tongue my own,
And even to this noteless spot of earth,
Like richly-freighted ships from every zone,
It brings the rarest gems the world has ever known.

And sweet is the reward of moments spent
In meditating rural loves and joys ;
For this, the courtly Roman was content
To string his polished lyre for girls and boys.
To one who thus his guileless thought employs
Are shown the treasures of the richest theme ;
If graven images and gilded toys
Are things he cannot worship or esteem,
His love is not confined to creatures of a dream !

This harp, to every various feeling true,
Has often in some lone, obscure retreat,
Been wet with tears, but tears are heavenly dew,
Benignant showers for ardent bosoms meet ;
Else would the young affections, opening sweet,
With dust of daily life become impure ;
Or passion's rays would kiss them into heat,
Then, like unsheltered flowers, they would be sure
To wither ere their prime, to die and not mature.

All earth is tuneful, when the infant leaves
First whisper to the idle breeze's play,
Yet scarce less joyous when her lap receives
The golden tribute of an autumn day.
The highest instinct that our lives obey
Points forward—never to a darkened close ;
Nor would it help us on the destined way,
If, in the soft allurements of repose
The desert that we tread should blossom like the rose.