

Thrice happy he who in the vale of life,
 Has found some spot from noisy folly free ;
 Where meek-ey'd peace ne'er feels the shaft of strife,
 Unus'd in courts or crowds to bend the knee :
 Untaught to buffet life's tempestuous sea,
 Without one favour from the world to crave ;
 Nor gorg'd by wealth, nor shrunk by Poverty,
 Till heaven at last recalls the life it gave,
 And the green fern waves o'er the lonely hermit's grave !

A MORNING REFLECTION.

THE first faint beam of morning silvers o'er
 The river's breast, soft mirror of the sky !
 The hills lift up their heads in deep repose,
 Each on its everlasting base sustained :
 While o'er their summits, plac'd in dark array,
 The cloudy sentinels of heaven advance
 With silent pace their ever varying forms.
 The moon dim-shining like some half-quench'd brand,
 Seen between distant mountains, only shews
 Her orb as if to mock the world's deep gloom.
 Now slow retiring to their daily lair,
 The timid deer and wary fox pursue
 Their woodland track, oft starting at the sound
 Of distant bell from fold or pasture borne ;
 And ever as the night bird flaps her wing,
 Or shooting upwards from their wat'ry home,
 The scaly tenants of the cavern'd deep,
 Essay to taste the night breeze on its way ;
 The boatman weary leans upon his oar,