

A LOVELY LAKE—Continued

Around the lake grow scattered trees,
Spaces between wild brambles fill;
'Tis bracing to inhale the breeze,
That quivering sets the daffodils,
While wild flowers from their mountain
bed,
Copiously sweet fragrance shed.

When reposing on my couch I lie,
In fancy hear the tiny rill
Of affluent water murmuring by,
That laved these groups of daffodils
Here nature's grandeur is unfurled
Furlongs above the busy world.

Below from the south ye zephyrs blow
Adown the outlet's tiny rill,
'Mong lilies swaying to and fro,
These quivering, dancing daffodils;
I viewed thee oft in bright sunshine,
With bosom friends in days lang syne.

ODE TO SKYLARK

Sing on, thou warbling birdie, sing
Thy song of praise;
From silver clouds on airy wing
Transmit thy lays;
With love-heaving bosom, thrilling voice,
'Mong feathered tribes my early choice,
Above the nimbus ye rejoice,
Tiny, warbling skylark.

E'er Sol peeps o'er the eastern hills
To warm and cheer,
Sweet lively strains at thy free will,
Fall on the ear;
O'er woodlands, moor and marsh I wot,
From a mere speck above my cot,
Thy melody in mid-air float,
Tiny warbling skylark.

Philomena's notes, full and complete,
Attract the ear;
Thy thrilling tones are soft and sweet,
Wafts in mid-air,