

THE SILENT GLEN.

This silent glen, this silent glen,
 Oh how I love its solitude!
 Far from those busy haunts of men,
 Far from the heartless multitude;
 No eye save nature's sovereign beam;
 No breath, but heaven's, to break the dream;
 No voice, but yonder babbling stream,
 Dares on the ear intrude.

The peace—the peace of graves is here;
 O that it would but last!
 But man lives like the waning year,
 Till joy's last leaf is past:
 His bliss, like autumn plants, of power
 To flourish for a transient hour,
 Ere the bud ripens to a flower,
 Dies on the wintry blast.

Yon alder tree—see how she courts
 The zephyrs as they stray;
 Yet every breeze with which she sports
 Scatters a leaf away:
 So man will wreaths of pleasure crave,
 Though with each flower a thorn she gave,
 And the last leaves him in the grave
 To coldness and decay!

How fearfully that hollow blast
 Raved round the mountains hoar;
 Ruffled the wave, in fury pass'd
 The heath—and was no more!
 Such is the fame of mortal man—
 In pride and fury it began,
 Yet sooner even than life's brief span,
 The empty noise was o'er.

And even to those for whom is spread
 Joy's banquet richly crown'd,
 This world is but a gorgeous bed,
 Where in fast slumber bound,