



CORPORAL DAY;

OR,

COUNTRY LOVE AND CITY LIFE.

In a beautiful region of valleys and hills,
Of broad-bosom'd meadows and murmuring rills,
Is a fair little village, whose principal street
Is shaded with elms, whose branches meet
Like a gothic aisle, where the heavens are seen
In glimpses of azure through hangings of green.
A spire or two lift their fingers above,
And silently point to the mansions of Love;
Two or three stores are enough to supply
The people with all they desire to buy;
While up from the stream, at the foot of the hill,
Comes ever the rumbling roll of the mill.