

With the wondrous gleams of the bridal beams,
I bade their terrors cease,
As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll
God's covenant of peace.

Like a pall at rest, on the senseless breast,
Night's funeral shadow slept—
Where shepherd swains on Bethlehem's plains,
Their lonely vigils kept.
When I flashed on their sight, the heralds bright,
Of Heaven's redeeming plan,
As they chanted the morn, the Saviour born—
Joy, joy, to the outcast man.

Equal favor I show, to the lofty and low,
On the just and unjust I descend ;
E'en the blind, whose vain spheres, roll in darkness and
tears,
Feel my smile, the best smile of a friend.
Nay, the flower of the waste, by my love is embraced,
As the rose in the garden of kings ;
At the chrysalis bier of the morn I appear,
And lo! the gay butterfly's wing.

The desolate morn, like the mourner forlorn,
Conceals all the pride of her charms,
Till I bid the bright hours, chase the night from her flowers,
And lead the young day to her arms ;
And when the gay rover seeks Eve for her lover,
And sinks to her balmy repose,
I wrap the soft rest by the zephyr-fanned west,
In curtains of amber and rose.

From my sentinel steep by the night-brooded deep,
I gaze with unslumbering eyes,
When the cynosure star of the mariner
Is blotted out from the sky :