

ILLUSIONS

I.

SEE yonder height of land
Where o'er the yellow sand
The laughing waters ripple in the light;
See those green, grassy slopes,
And feathery palms; what hopes
Throng to the spirit at the welcome sight!

II.

Toiling o'er deserts drear,
No cooling brooklet near
Where we may slake our thirst, or bathe our limbs
When such a land of shade
And shine, and leaf, and blade
Appears, lo! every sense in rapture swims.