

Fancy ne'er painted to the son of song
Scenes to which more of Nature's charms belong,
The towering Pines a brighter dress assume—
The dark green Fir puts on a richer bloom ;
The Maple's purple blossoms now appear,
And the Birch spreads its verdant leaflets near—
The Spruce throws off its dark hued Winter dress—
The Poplar blooms in passing loveliness—
The stately Hemlock and the spreading Beech,
Their branches o'er the gentle waters reach,
While the Oak boughs, which many a storm have braved,
In graceful majesty are proudly waved ;
The bending Sumach and the downy Palm,
The stately Ash, lend every grove a charm ;
The Alder's tassels wave with every breath—
The Laurel spreads seductive flowers of death—
The leafy Withe and Juniper are seen
Waving above the fadeless evergreen,
While the sweet Fern and aromatic Bay
Shed perfume for the breeze to bear away.

Wild flowers and bursting buds are gaily spread
In rich luxuriance whereso'er we tread,
The milk-white Stars are sprinkled o'er the ground—
The rosy Clover spreads its fragrance round,
While here and there the Buttercup displays
Its golden bosom to the Sun's bright rays,
And azure Violets, whose cerulean dye
Boasts of a deeper blue than Beauty's eye.
Each lovely flower, and tall majestic tree
Speak to the Spirit, gentle Spring, of thee.