

The playful streamlet in a voice
Giving utterance to its joys;
The flowers that glad the solitude;
The minstrel voices of the wood,
In humble eloquence express
Affection, born of loveliness.
Follow nature, but not in books,
Go woo her for her winsome looks,
Array'd in beauty she appears;
But look beneath the robe she wears,
A thousand beauties unseen lie,
Or known but to the prying eye;
And voices, tones, and harmonies;
And exquisite analogies;
And fairy forms, and lessons rare,
Are scatter'd most profusely there.
Nature I love in all her moods,
In concerts as in solitudes;
In youth, O! 'twas a joy to me,
Where ocean roars eternally,
To wander lost in reveries,
As wild, as boundless as her waves.
Streams, torrents, forests, birds, and flowers,
And nature's everlasting tones—
Nay, all God's wondrous universe
I loved; yea, for its loveliness
And in my bosom dwelt a train
Of raptures I can't feel again.
The spirit's past; with her, my thought
Each flower it was with me;
I lov'd them; yea, as now I do,
And, to my young