

The listless and the weary
 Drown their deep encumbered wrongs
 In the zephyrs of the woodland
 And its warbler's happy songs ;
 The valiant and ambitious,
 Who earthly fame would reach,
 Commune with roaring billows
 As they break upon the beach.
 The canopy of Heaven
 Has many a beacon light
 To cheer the struggling mortal
 Who seeks the God of night :
 As morning's mellow sunlight
 Floods the storied Eastern plain
 Each pious heart is wakened
 To Devotion's cheering strain,
 Or its genial rays when fading
 Along the crimsoned sky
 Proclaim to ardent lovers
 That the trysting hour is nigh ;
 In the lightning and the tempest
 The sceptic's faith does pale :
 Of tenets that are worthless
 How quick the votaries quail ;
 Each object thus in nature
 Declaims in wisdom's way
 And a plaintive cadence ever
 Is breathing of decay,
 Which in walking with the worldly
 Should bar our craving taste