

'Tis beautiful, when in the summer calm,
And not a breath is felt upon the wave,
And the wild ocean lies in slumber deep,
Unstirred and motionless.

'Tis beautiful

When the dark clouds are flying o'er the sky,
Passing like restless phantoms o'er the face
Of ocean's wide immensity; like those
Dark hours of man's adversity, that cast
Their gloomy shadows o'er his sky of life,
Bidding e'en Hope recoil before their path;
Yet rushing on their heaven-directed way,
And passing onward as they would impress
Upon his mind to trust, and not despair,
That brighter hours are yet in store. For thus,
Kind words and actions, like the genial rays
Of summer sunshine, lighten on the soul,
And bid the heart rejoice, and once more freed
From the dark frowns of fortune that had lour'd
Upon his destiny, like storm-clouds hurled
Across the face of heaven—but ere long
To brighten up again in sunny smiles,
And gaily gleam upon his future path,
Through life and all its changes:—And behold!
Even now the dawn is breaking o'er the sea,
And nature springs to welcome back the light,
And the broad billows, bursting into spray,
Are rolling wildly round, and seem to be
Endued with life; and when the merry morn
Puts on her blushing robe of rosy light,
Shedding her radiance o'er the billows blue,
That rise and sparkle in the glancing ray.
What a proud feeling 'tis to stand upon
The lofty deck of some tall stately ship,
And gaze around us on the spreading foam,
That ever and anon comes whirling by,
In sheets of snowy whiteness from the bows,
As on we go!—careering o'er the wave!

But 'tis amid the tempest's awful hour,
When the wild winds are sweeping o'er the sea,
Raising the billows to the very skies,
As on they come in close and quick array
Like moving mountains on the stormy main,
When rolling thunders, pealing through the air,
And the forked lightning flashing o'er the wave,
Oh! who could look upon a scene like this
And not confess that it is beautiful?—

Change we the scene!

Go! watch the setting sun

Descending to his palace in the west,
From clouds of gold and purple pouring out
A stream of mellow radiance o'er the scene;
And gilding mountains, woods and rushing streams,
In one deep flood of glorious splendour wrapt,
'Till in the broad illimitable sea,
He sinks at last, majestic and serene!

She's doubly beautiful, when on the wave,
In calm unclouded brilliancy array'd,
Rises the silver moon, and rides in light,
Shedding her purer ray o'er hill and plain;—
While far above, amid the clear dark blue,
And boundless field of ether spread around,
The starry myriads send forth their light,
Like diamond spangles on a purple robe—
And all is hush'd and still, and nature sleeps
In deep unbroken silence, like the rest
Of infancy and innocence.—Then might
The thoughts of one who gazes on the scene,

Rove free and uncontrolled, and fancy dream,
That those bright spots in heaven's immensity,
Are eyes of angels looking down on him,
To cheer him with their influence from on high.
Look to the Ocean! o'er the slumbering tide.
Reflected see the moonbeams shining bright,
Along the gentle heavings of the wave,
Like an illuminated path to some
Fair region of the blest;—far—far away,
Where all is light and glory;—where the sun
Is never veiled behind his cloudy screen,
Nor do the beauties of the seasons wane—
Where sorrow cannot enter, and no tear
Save that of joy, e'er glistens in the eye;
Age and deformity usurp no place,
Eternal freshness blooms upon the cheek,
Where all the happy spirits ever dwell,
In calm and sweet tranquillity.

'Tis beautiful!

When darkness dwells around,

Enclosing in its deep mysterious shades,
The things of earth and sea from human sight;—
E'en then there's splendour in the flashing wave
All gleaming in its wild phosphoric light,
Casting a blue and spectral glare upon
Whatever objects come within its range;
Seeming as if we held our sparkling way,
Through streams of liquid fires wild eddying round,
Like lightning's glances on each rising wave!—
The radiant moon now bows her silver brow,
As if in welcome to the coming dawn,
The mists hang curtained on the topmost boughs,
Of the surrounding woods, and roll away,
In denser volumes of white fleecy vapour,
From the steep ridges of the mountain's side:—
The rising sun smiles over winding streams,
And all around is brightening into day.

But nought of earth can match the breaking dawn,
Where the wide ocean's pathless regions spread,
A restless, wild, and boundless solitude!—
The piled up clouds on the horizon's verge,
Are tinged with streaks of gold and crimson light—
The ruddy heralds of approaching Day;
No objects meet the eye but sky and sea;
The wide and vast in lonely grandeur reign
O'er all the broad expanse.

Nature is beautiful in all her forms,
In every aspect and in every change!
And each revolving season in its train,
Brings some fresh beauty that the rest have not.
The verdant freshness of the early *Spring*,
The *Summer's* more matured and ripening hour,
The golden harvests of the *Autumn* day,
And *Winter's* snowy wreaths and icy chains,
The *Woods* that revel in luxuriant pride,
The *Streams* that sparkle through the flowery vale,
The noble *Mountains*, towering far above,
In all their grandeur and sublimity,
The mighty *Ocean* in its placid mood
Or raging madly in the sudden storm,
The rosy *Dawn* and *Sunset's* gorgeous hour,
And silent *Night* with all her starry train,
And all combining to impress the mind
With heavenly thoughts and aspirations deep;
For who could coldly view such lovely scenes
In all their grand variety, and not
Confess the beauty that pervades the whole,
And that the hand that formed them is divine!