

II.

Now the benighted traveller finds his way,
The tangled copse no more his wishes bound ;
High swells his matin to the God of day,
Mingling, responsive, to the songs around,
Retiring echo's hollow mystic sound
In cadence sweet the grateful notes prolong ;
Old ocean hears, and from the depths profound
Heaves his broad swell, responsive to the throng ;
And nature's every voice harmonious swells the song.

III.

Who is the man, at such an hour serene,
Who can devotion's rising wing restrain ?
Who disregards the splendid, dazzling scene,
Hears nature's mellowing hymn, nor heeds the
 strain ?
But who is this comes sweeping o'er the plain
With vizard wild, betokening anxious haste ?
Alwin accosts him—" Tell me, gentle swain,
What mars thy peace, when morn, so pure, so
 chaste,
Enlivens all the scene, and cheers the wildest waste ?"