

Another bird below the water clear,  
And seems surprised to find its kin so near.

It chirps—no voice responds ; it sweetly sings—  
'Tis silent still !—amazed, away it wings ;  
Forgets the nectar, leaves the honied dew  
The lily held to tune its note anew.

The spell dissolves ; she to her consort turns,  
Nor longer for the flower or phantom yearns :  
Their faces meet, her's beams with heavenly light—  
His radiant glows with rapture at the sight.

In accents clear to God, all-good, all-wise,  
Their wondrous songs, harmonious, heav'nward rise—  
For all around, for graces they possess,  
With sweet accord they join His name to bless.

Their labors light with each the other shares ;  
Their joys are one, their pleasures and their cares.  
No throb of pain provokes the briny tear ;  
Nor outward foe, nor inward ill they fear.

The lion ne'er a weaker creature harms—  
His thunders fill no hearts with dread alarms :  
No tender lamb is from its mother torn  
By wolfish fangs : nor has the rose a thorn.

No upas-tree distils its poisoned breath ;  
No baneful herbs yet sow the seeds of death :  
No thunder peals throughout the vales resound ;  
No lightnings dash their victim to the ground :  
No earthquake-shock the mighty mountain rends—  
But ALL, while man obeys, mankind befriends !

O'er rugged rocks, from sturdy stately trees,  
Till honey-sweet, in Auster's fragrant breeze,  
Rich purple grapes in shapely clusters hung  
On choicest vines, the sunny slopes among.

From many a citron, palm and olive grove,  
They choose fresh sweets as hand-in-hand they rove :