

Morning Sounds.

9. Up springs the lark,
 Shrill-voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn;
 Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
 Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
 Calls up the tuneful nation.
 The black-bird whistles from the thorny brake,
 The mellow bulfinch answers from the grove;
 Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
 Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these,
 Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade
 Of new-sprung leaves, their modulation mix
 Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
 And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
 Aid the full concert; while the stock-dove breathea
 A melancholy murmur through the whole.

The Sabbath.—WILLIS.

It was a pleasant morning in the time
 When the leaves fall—and the bright sun shone out
 As when the morning stars first sang together—
 So quietly and calmly fell his light
 Upon a world at rest. There was no leaf
 In motion, and the loud winds slept, and
 All was still. The lab'ring herd was grazing
 Upon the hill-side quietly—uncalled
 By the harsh voice of man; and distant sound
 Save from the murmuring waterfall, came not 10
 As usual on the ear. One hour stole on,
 And then another of the morning, calm
 And still as Eden ere the birth of man.
 And then broke in the Sabbath chime of bells,
 And the old man and his descendants went 15
 Together to the house of God. I joined
 The well-appear'd crowd. The holy man
 Rose solemnly, and breathed the prayer of faith;
 And the grey saint, just on the wing of heaven,—
 And the fair maid,—and the bright-haired young man,—20
 And the child of curling locks, just taught to close
 The lash of its blue eyes the while,—all knelt
 In attitude of prayer; and then the hymn,
 Sincere in its low melody, went up
 To worship God.