

THE SUNSHINE OF THE HEART.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

The sunshine of the heart be mine,
Which beams a charm around;
Where'er it sheds its ray divine
Is all enchanted ground!
No fiend of care!
May enter there,
Though Fate employ her art:
Her darkest powers all bow to thine,
Bright sunshine of the heart!

Beneath the splendour of thy ray
How lovely all is made;
Bright fountains in the desert play,
And palm-trees cost there shade;
Thy morning light
Is rosy bright,
And when thy beams depart,
Still glows with charms thy latest ray,
Sweet sunshine of the heart!