

CANTO III.

I.

On towering pinions, hastening aloft,
The joyous lark salutes the roscid morn ;
Her quivering notes, so plaintive, wild and soft,
She carols o'er the bending fields of corn,
From russet, dingle, dell, and dewy thorn,
A thousand notes in sweetest concert blend ;
While all the rainbow's lovely tints adorn
The radiant East—unnumbered charms attend,
For night's bewildering shades in deepest caves are
penned.