

The ocean's measureless expanse,
On whose calm breast bright shadows glance ;
Unruffled, pure, and peaceful, save
Where zephyrs fan its sleeping wave.
There, breaking thro' its endless blue,
Soft rise the isles of verdant hue,
Where heavenly habitants might rest,
And sanctify earth's lovely breast.
And fancy oft would paint, (among
Their verdant bowers, where wild bird's song
Enliven'd, with its melody,
The tranquil scene ; which well might vie
With nature's fairest, loveliest spot,)
The blest, and undisturbed lot,
With some congenial, tender breast,
To seek retirement, peace, and rest,