

MORNING.

Ann Radcliffe

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Darkness! thro thy chilling glooms,
Weakly trembles twilight grey;
Twilight fades and Morning comes,
And melts thy shadows swift away!

She comes in her Aetherial car,
Involv'd in many a varying hue;
And thro' the azure shoots afar,
Spirit light and life anew!

Her breath revives the drooping flowers,
Her ray dissolves the dews of night;
Recalls the sprightly-moving hours,
And the green scene unveils in light!

Her's the fresh gale that wanders wild
O'er mountain top, and woodland glade;
And fondly steals the breath, beguil'd,
Of ev'ry flow'r in ev'ry shade.