

It seemed like Eden's angel-peopled vale,
 So bright the sky, so soft the streams did flow;
 Such tones came riding on the musk-winged gale,
 The very air seemed sleepily to blow,
 And choicest flowers enamelled every dale,
 Flushed with the richest sunlight's rosy glow:
 It was a valley drowsy with delight,
 Such fragrance floated round, such beauty dimmed
 the sight.

The golden-belted bees hummed in the air,
 The tall silk grasses bent and waved along;
 The trees slept in the steeping sunbeams' glare,
 The dreamy river chimed its undersong,
 And took its own free course without a care:
 Amid the boughs did lute-tongued songsters
 throng,
 Until the valley throbb'd beneath their lays,
 And echo echo chased, through many a leafy maze.

And shapes were there, like spirits of the flowers,
 Sent down to see the summer-beauties dress,
 And feed their fragrant mouths with silver showers;
 Their eyes peeped out from many a green recess,
 And their fair forms made light the thick-set bowers;
 The very flowers seemed eager to carress
 Such living sisters, and the boughs long leaved,
 Clustered to catch the sighs their pearl-flushed
 bosoms heaved.

One through her long loose hair was backward
 peeping,
 Or throwing, with raised arm, the locks aside;
 Another high a pile of flowers was heaping,
 Or looking love askance, and when descried,
 Her coy glance on the bedded-greensward keeping;
 She pulled the flowers to pieces, as she sighed,—
 Then blushed like timid day-break when the dawn
 Looks crimson on the night, and then again's with-
 drawn.

One, with her warm and milk-white arms outspread,
 On tip-toe tripped along a sun-lit glade;
 Half turned the matchless sculpture of her head,
 And half shook down her silken circling braid;
 Her back-blown scarf an arched rainbow made,
 She seemed to float on air, so light she sped:
 Skimming the wavy flowers, as she passed by,
 With fair and printless feet, like clouds along the sky.

One sat alone within a shady nook,
 With wild-wood songs the lazy hours beguiling,
 Or looking at her shadow in the brook,
 Trying to frown, then at the effort smiling—
 Her laughing eyes mocked every serious look;
 'Twas as if Love stood at himself reviling;
 She threw in flowers, and watched them float away,
 Then at her beauty looked, then sang a sweeter lay.

Others on beds of roses lay reclined,
 The regal flowers athwart their full lips thrown,
 And in one fragrance both their sweets combined,
 As if they on the self-same stem had grown,
 So close were rose and lip together twined—
 A double flower that from one bud had blown,
 Till none could tell, so closely were they blended,
 Where swelled the curving-lip, or where the rose-
 bloom ended.

One half-asleep, crushing the twined flowers,
 Upon a velvet slope like Dian lay;
 Still as a lark that 'mid the daisies cowers:
 Her looped-up tunic tossed in disarray
 Showed rounded limbs, too fair for earthly bowers;
 They looked like roses on a cloudy day;
 The warm white dalled amid the colder green;
 The flowers too rough a couch that lovely shape to
 screen.

Some lay like Thetis' nymphs along the shore,
 With ocean-pearl combing their golden locks,
 And singing to the waves for evermore;
 Sinking like flowers at eve beside the rocks,
 If but a sound above the muffled roar
 Of the low waves was heard. In little flocks,
 Others went trooping through the wooded alleys,
 Their kirtles glancing white, like streams in sunny
 valleys.

They were such forms, as imaged in the night,
 Sail in our dreams across the heaven's steep blue;
 When the closed lid sees visions streaming bright,
 Too beautiful to meet the naked view;
 Like faces formed in clouds of silver light.
 Women they were, such as the angels knew—
 Such as the Mammoth looked on, ere he fled,
 Scared by the lovers' wings, that streamed in sunset
 red.

Friendship's Offering for 1841.

O THOU WHOSE NOTES.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Dr. Harrington.

Moderato.

O thou whose notes could oft re-move, The pangs of woe or

O thou whose notes could oft re-move, The pangs of woe or

hap-less love; Rest here, dis-tress'd by cares no more, And

taste such calm thou gav'st be-fore, and taste such calm thou gav'st be-fore.

Largo. p.

Sleep, sleep, un-dis-turb'd, Sleep, sleep, un-dis-turb'd, Sleep

Allegro ma non troppo

sleep - - - un-dis-turb'd, with-in - - thy peace-ful shrine. Till An-gels
un-dis-turb'd,

Till An - gels wake thee with such notes as thine, Till

Till An gels wake thee with such notes, such notes as thine, such notes as

Till An - gels till An - gels wake thee with such notes as thine, Till

An - gels wake thee with such notes, Till An - gels

thine - - - - - Till An - gels

An - gels wake thee with such notes such notes as thine - -

wake thee with such notes such notes as thine - - -

wake thee with such notes, Till An - gels

Adagio

such notes as thine, such notes - as thine.

wake thee with such notes, such notes as thine, such notes - as thine.