

Dear Jenny

I've seen along the eastern sky
The redning blush, the roseate dye
Proclaim the rising day:
Soft breathed the gentle zephyrs round,
And every tint, and every sound
Inspired the morning lay.

I've seen at twilight's silent hour
Glow rising o'er you lovely tower
The modest queen of night;
Her mildness and attractive grace,
The heavenly radiance of her face
Beamed forth in silver light.

I've seen when soft increasing ray
Bade winter roll his throne away
Far to the frozen north,
Young Spring with all his lovely train,
Birds, flowers, and soft descending rain,
In glory moving forth.

I've seen when sober Autumn came
And distant groves appeared to flame
In yellow and in red;
The ripning fruit the falling leaf,
Which bid us taste "the joy of grief"

And mourn the long lost dead.

But not the sweet the rising day,
Nor Cynthia's mild and silver ray,
Which only charm awhile,
Nor youthful spring in living green,
Nor sober Autumn's pleasing scene,
Can charm like Jenny's smile.

C.