

LXIIIid YEAR.)

MARTIN

T H U R

Miscellany.

THE SNOW DROP.

By JAMES MONTGOMERY.

WINTER! retire,
Thy reign is past;

Hoary Sire!

Yield the sceptre of thy sway,
Sound thy trumpet in the blast,

And call thy storms away;

Winter; retire;

Wherefore do thy wheels delay!

Mount the chariot of thine ire,

And quit the realms of day;

On thy state

Whirlwinds wait;

And blood-shot meteors lend thee light;

Hence to dreary arctic regions;

Summon thy terrific legions;

Hence to caves of northern night

Speed thy flight.

From Halcyon seas

And purer skies,

O Southern breeze!

Awake, arise:

Breath of heaven! benignly blow,

Melt the snow;

Breath of Heaven unchain the floods,

Warm the floods,

And make the mountains flow.

Auspicious to the Muse's prayer,

The freshening gale

Embalms the vale,

And breathes enchantment thro' the air;

On its wing

Floats the spring,

With glowing eye, and golden hair:

Dark before her Angel form

She drives a demon of the storm,

Like gladness chasing care.

Winter's gloomy night withdrawn;

Lo! the young romantic hours

Search the hill, the dale, the lawn,

To behold the SNOW DROP white

Start to light,

And shine in FLORA's desert bowers,

Beneath the vernal dawn,

The Morning Star of flowers!

O welcome to our Isle,

Thou Messenger of Peace!

At whose bewitching smile

The embattled tempests cease;

Emblem of innocence and truth!

First-born of nature's womb;

When strong in renovated youth,

She bursts from Winter's tomb;

Thy Parent's eye hath shed

A precious dew-drop on thine head,

Frail as a mother's tear,

Upon her infant's face,

When ardent hope to tender fear,

And anxious love gives place.

But lo! the dew-drop falls away;

The sun salutes thee with a ray,

Upon her infant's cheek,

When the heart bounds with bliss,

Warm as a mother's kiss

And joy that cannot speak!

— When I met thee by the way;

Like a pretty sportive child,

On the winter walled wild,

With thy darling breeze of play,

Opening to the radiant sky

All the sweetness of thine eye;

Or bright with sun-beams, fresh with showers.

O thou fairy queen of flowers!

Watch thee or'e the plain advance

At the head of FLORA's dance:

Simple SNOW DROP! then in thee

All thy sister train I see:

Every brilliant bud that blows,

From the blue-bell to the rose!

All the beauties that appear

On the bosom of the year;

All that wreath the locks of Spring,

Summer's ardent breath perfume,

Or on the lap of autumn bloom,

—All to thee their tribute bring,

Exhale their incense at thy shrine,

—Their hues, their odours all are thine;

For while thy humble form I view,

The Muse's keen prophetic sight

Brings fair futurity to light,

And fancy's magic makes the vision true.

—There is a winter in my soul—

The winter of despair;

O when shall spring its rage control?

When shall the SNOW-DROP blossom there?

Cold gleams of comfort sometimes dart

A dawn of glory on my heart,

But quickly pass away:

Thus Northern-lights the gloom adorn,

And give the promise of a morn,

That never turns to day!

—But hark! methinks I hear

A small still whisper in mine ear:

“Rash youth! repent,

“Afflictions from above

“Are Angels, sent

“On embassies of love

“A fiery Legion, at thy birth,

“Of chastening woes were given,

“To pluck thy flowers of Hope from earth

“And plant them high

“O'er yonder sky,

“Transform'd to stars—and fix'd in Heav