

Resign'd her mind, in slumbers quiet impart  
Thy heavenly scenes to raise again her heart.  
But how these scenes, these joys, conceiv'd below?  
For aught in earth would I these scenes forego,  
Already blest, yet wants one blessing more,  
When we shall meet, and you these scenes explore,

A D R E A M.

**A** Peaceful morn the sweets of spring convey,

A radiant beam to usher in the day;

Soft as the breeze in whisper seem'd to say,

In angel mildness begg'd me to obey.

Thus rais'd to hope; but glides my dream away,

Her form transparent, brighter than the day.

What joy sublime, what innocence around,

With kind benevolence and myrtle crown'd;

Still in my ear melodious sounds I hear,

Ecstatic themes of her eternal year.