

MIDNIGHT RAMBLE.

CANTO I.

I.

WITH deep'ning shades, night's solemn noon had
spread

Its sable curtain o'er a sleeping world ;
Dense, sullen clouds were hovering over head,
And Night, as queen, her banners all unfurled :
Not even a breeze the sleeping waters curled,
For every sound lay hushed in Nature's sleep,
Save the far distant cataract, which hurled
Its liquid floods o'er the untrodden steep,
And with low, sullen sounds unceasing seemed to
weep.