

They glitter bright their little hour,
 The shallow tools of transient power.
 Then, like the bubble on the wave,
 They sink beneath the pow'r that gave
 Their fleeting splendour ; by the frown
 Of tyrants hurl'd from grandeur down.

VIII

Oft, on the mountain's highest peak,
 Round which rude peals of thunder break,—
 When tempests from on high are hurl'd,—
 I've stood, and mark'd, beneath unfurl'd,
 The varied charms of nature's face ;
 Where, undisturb'd, my eye could trace
 Each winding brook, each rushing stream,
 Each charm that wakes in fancy's dream ;

The oc
 On wh
 Unr
 Wh
 There,
 Soft ri
 Where
 And s
 And f
 Their
 Enliv
 The t
 With
 The
 With
 To s