

Their brows are veiled in violet drapery,
 From on those heights the native mountaineer
 Surveys the waters of th' encircling sea :
 Alone his love their rugged steeps to dare,
 Nor deems he else an equal luxury,
 Though 'neath his view eternal shades abound,
 And fruits delicious freight the hidden ground,
 As folded flowers in tranquil slumber rest,
 On the still air of summer's sultry day,
 So sleep those isles upon the placid breast
 Of southern seas, where spicy breezes play,
 Soft are those winds, with odorous sweets imbued,
 Of lemon flowers and rich acacia blooms,
 And countless flowers that breathe their chaste perfumes
 Upon the air, by amorous breezes wooed,
 Amid the verdure of the islands' shades,
 Unceasing pour the joyous warblers' song
 By gurgling rills and in the flowery meads,
 Where o'er bright pebbles streams pactolian throng,
 And waving osiers breathe æolian song,
 Till o'er cascades where bends the curling vine
 They hang the rocks with ribboned crystalline,
 Then babble on with smiles for every blade
 And every blossom which adorns the glade.
 So there the moon's sublimest light illumines
 The sylvan streams which glass her brilliancy,
 As 'mid their shades the nightingale consumes
 The tropic eve in languid minstrelsy,
 Till the sweet voices of the twilight cease,
 And nature's pulses tremble into peace,
 When in sweet numbers, to the soft guitars',
 Love breathes its story to the list'ning stars.

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