

And every transient cloud of woe,
 That dim'd the visions of my eye,
 Fled, as the sun's enliv'ning glow
 Chas'd the light vapour from the sky :
 And nature, in that halcyon hour,
 Claim'd o'er my mind a magic power,
 Ope'd to my eye her boundless store,
 And bade her vast delights explore,
 Her solemn contemplative glades,
 Her grottoes cool, her sylvan shades,
 Or where she wears no gentle smile,
 But frowning wastes her form despoil ;—
 Midst gloomy haunts and forests drear,
 Where silence tires the drowsy ear,
 Or where, with stunning sound, the waves
 Toss boisterous, when the tempest raves.