

OFT UNDER STARRY SKY.

OFT under starry sky,
In silence of the night,
When silver orbs are riding high,
Shedding their mellow light

Within the forest brake,
Across the mountain crest,—
While, mirrored in the crystal lake,
The constellations rest,—

I wander forth to gaze
On Nature fast asleep,
Or paddle through the filmy haze
That floats above the deep.

No sound disturbs that hour,
No song in welkin rings,
Yet to my heart the silent bower
A rapturous pleasure brings;

As resting 'neath its shade,
Or floating with the tide,
Or wandering through the moonlit glade
Where phantom shadows hide,