

Diffuse the soothing strain ;
 The song of hope shall save,
 When powerless all beside
 To stem wild passion's tide.

O, for Timotheus' strain !

Or thine, Cecilia divine !
 In holiest rapture's vein,
 In harmony sublime,
 Let both combine,
 The spheres conjoin,
 As echo to the cascade's chime
 Thy tones, divinest maid,
 That "drew an angel down."

Or thine, upon the sounding lyre that made
 Those master lays that mortals bore

In ecstasy to Heaven !
 In songs all new be given
 Oh hill and plain,
 Hope's cheering strain !