

PART III.

Now the calm beauty of the twilight fades,
And night comes stealing from the denser shades,
The gleaming lights from yonder dwelling far
Scarce twinkle brighter than the first pale star.
Deep mid its green recess the river twines,
And faintly bright through clustering branches shines,
Here the white road goes winding o'er the hill,
In gathering darkness glimmering whitely still.
It is an hour when Fancy well might claim
The mind untrammelled as her just domain,
But not her fairest visions could pourtray
More loveliness than we have seen to-day :-
From each tall tree upon the river side
A length'ning shadow crept across the tide ;
While the steep bank in softened verdure lay,
And o'er its summit poured the evening ray,
Shone on wide, fertile fields before us spread,
And crowned with gold each forest monarch's head ;
Round the curved bank the stream embracing flowed,
And as it passed a thousand charms bestowed,
Smiled to the lofty hill, the placid sky,
Kissed the drooped boughs and softly floated by.
Delightful Mohawk ! where thy grassy breast