

XIV

Hark ! from the village, distant far
Re-echoed, varied discords jar ;
The busy hum, the social din,
That welcome gentle twilight in,
Come swelling, from the vale below,
Up the lone mountain's craggy side ;
Sweeping "in solemn tones and slow,"
Round the broad summit's crested pride :
Gently o'er the water dashing,
Where the silver waves are flashing
Beneath . . . rays of yellow light,
That mark the near approach of night.—
How lovely is the placid hour !
How soft and tranquil is its power,