

II.

But hush ! again, upon the night wind's wing,
Bursts the deep sigh, with sad and plaintive swell ;
Slowly it sweeps my bosom's tenderest string,
And on mine ear falls like a passing knell ;
And now, against its casement gently fell
The creaking cottage door, and all was still,
When through the pane, (need Alwin blush to tell,)
When heavenly sympathy pure bosoms fill,—
Be hushed ye vulgar throng, nor taint the hallowed
thrill.

III.

See, the fresh fagot lights the naked walls,
Whose interstices half admit the storm,—
Such as romance has told of ruined halls
Where injured ghosts nocturnal rounds perform,—
Pensively musing, sat a female form ;
The starting tear was gathering in her eye,
Where youth and love once held a station warm,
Now dimmed, alas, by ghastly poverty,
Its kindling lustre fled, o'erwhelmed with misery.