

But o'er its graves and tombs, where sleep the dead
 Below, there, coldly in the moonbeam shed.
 Rose Glen and envied Richmond now yield all
 Their hues up as the nightly curtains fall :
 And Sherwood-banks, Hardwood's surrounding glades
 Slow draw around themselves their sombre shades.
 And dimly while Woodale, and Brae-wood park,
 Seem nearing thro' this far perspective dark,
 Each hill turns seemingly to earth its brow,
 And risen stars behold ! behind them now ;
 'Tis off the heights around Rose Glen we view
 First morn, and best day's closing drama too.