

It was an hour when silence reign'd, that hour  
When love must feel and oft express its power  
When ev'ning hush'd the balmy airs to rest,  
And flow'rs their dewy stems in sleeping prest  
When gentle shades obscur'd the light of day,  
And one bright star recall'd fond memory.  
The only sound that sooth'd the wearied ear  
Was the complaining ripple that we hear,  
When the low wave, unheard in brighter hours,  
To list'ning airs its melancholy pours.  
Soft with the waters in their onward flow,  
Her voice proclaim'd her heart's own secret woe;  
(Attending spirits only may partake  
A grief so hidden, and a hope awake.)  
Oh, Nature! thy dear scenes are surely blest  
With sweet seraphic ones to sooth the breast;  
Or else, whilst wand'ring on the echoing shore,  
What whispers *peace* where'er the waters roar?  
What breathes like music through the templed sky,  
What charms away the lone and weary sigh?  
We trust thee, Nature, when all friendships fail,  
And peace descends upon the heaven-sent gale.  
Pride, pride of heart discards its worldly power,  
(They fell who sought the Saviour at this hour,)  
And now the deep fond love enwove with life,  
Sacred, but not as blest, the maid—not wife—