

II.

Yet, even this mysterious death-like hour
Has charms for those who catch the Muse's fire—
Who love to stroll by her sequestered bower,
And quaff delights fresh from her magic lyre ;
Thus Alwin strolled, nor hastened to retire,
Bound by that spell unconscious where he strayed,
Each scene could please (did but the muse in-
spire,)

And sullen midnight softest charms displayed,
Whilst meditation cast her halo round his head.

III.

Thus passed the hour—when, far amid the gloom,
A glowing lamp struck full upon his eye ;
At first, he deemed some spirit o'er the tomb
Walked, unrevenged, perchance a murderer nigh ;
Anxious the cause to learn, nor knew he why,
He hastened forward, though with cautious tread,
When lo ! amid the gloom, and rising high
A stately pile, with sign-post coyly spread,
From whose high-lifted sash discordant voices sped.