

XVIII

Tis eve—and Phœbus setting in the West
Doth linger long beyond the mountains tall ;
Upon St. Lawrence, like a spirit blest,
The crystal lights from silvery Luna fall !
The vesper bells are stealing gently o'er
From swelling hill, and deep, secluded glen ;
The twinkling orbs in boundless ether soar,
And solemn Night assumes her sway again !

XIX

Tis pleasant now beneath the beechen boughs
Upon the sward to sit with treasured friends ;
And pledge once more Affection's holy vows
While loving Hope with Peace in sweetness blends !
Tis pleasant now beneath the evening star
To waft our fancies on the dewy breeze ;
And watch the rippling wavelets sweeping far,
While magic whisperings fill the spreading trees !