

XVI.

Again loud mirth resounded o'er the glade,
Hoarse as the voice of some high-swollen stream ;
And how could he, who woo'd the silent shade,
Catch pleasure from such scenes of wild extreme ?
This the broad road to ruin he did deem,
And sternly chid his too protracted stay ;
Then strove to banish, like a passing dream,
The hateful scene—nor would his thoughts obey,
While musing, and alone, he homeward bent his way.