

STANZAS.

Ann Radcliffe

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How smooth that lake expands its ample breast!
Where smiles in soften'd glow the summer sky:
How vast the rocks that o'er its surface rest!
How wild the scenes its winding shores supply!

Now down the western steep slow sinks the sun,
And paints with yellow gleam the tufted woods:
While here the mountain—shadows, broad and dun,
Sweep o'er the crystal mirror of the floods.

Mark how his splendour tips with partial light
Those shatter'd battlements! that on the brow
Of yon bold promontory burst to sight
From o'er the woods that darkly spread below.

In the soft blush of light's reflected power,
The ridgy rock, the woods that crown its steep,
Th' illumin'd battlement, and darker tower,
On the smooth wave in trembling beauty sleep.

But lo! the sun recalls his fervid ray,
And cold and dim, the wat'ry visions fail;
While o'er yon cliff, whose pointed craggs decay,
Mild Evening draws her thin empurpled veil!

How sweet that strain of melancholy horn!
That floats along the slowly ebbing wave;
And up the far—receding mountains borne,
Returns a dying close from Echo's cave!

Hail! shadowy forms of still, expressive Eve!
Your pensive graces stealing on my heart,
Bid all the fine—attun'd emotions live,
And fancy all her loveliest dreams impart."