

SUNSET.

Ann Radcliffe

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Soft o'er the mountain's purple brow
Meek Twilight draws her shadows grey:
From tufted woods and vallies low,
Light's magic colours steal away.
Yet still, amid the spreading gloom,
Resplendent glow the western waves,
That roll o'er Neptune's coral caves,
A zone of light on Ev'ning's dome.
On this lone summit let me rest,
And view the forms to Fancy dear,
'Till on the Ocean's darken'd breast
The stars of Ev'ning tremble clear;
Or the moon's pale orb appear,
Throwing her line of radiance wide,
Far o'er the lightly-curling tide,
That seems the yellow sands to chide.
No sounds o'er silence now prevail,
Save of the dying wave below,
Or sailor's song borne on the gale,
Or oar at distance striking slow.
So sweet! so tranquil! may my ev'ning ray
Set to this world—and rise in future day!