

VERSES written in an Alcove.

Jam Cytherea choros ducit Venus imminente Luna.

HORAT.

NOW the moon-beam's trembling lustre
Silters o'er the dewy green,
And in soft and shadowy colours
Sweetly paints the checquer'd scene.

Here between the opening branches
Streams a flood of soften'd light,
There the thick and twisted foliage
Spreads the browner gloom of night.

This is sure the haunt of fairies,
In yon cool alcove they play ;
Care can never cross the threshold,
Care was only made for day.

Far from hence be noisy clamour,
Sick disgust and anxious fear ;
Pining grief and wasting anguish
Never keep their vigils here.

Tell no tales of sheeted spectres
Rising from the quiet tomb ;
Fairer forms this cell shall visit,
Brighter visions gild the gloom.

Choral songs and sprightly voices
Echo from her cell shall call ;
Sweeter, sweeter than the murmur
Of the distant water-fall.

Every

Every ruder gust of passion

Lull'd with music dies away,

Till within the charmed bosom

None but soft affections play :

Soft, as when the evening breezes

Gently stir the poplar grove ;

Brighter than the smile of summer,

Sweeter than the breath of love.

Thee, th' enchanted Muse shall follow,

Lissy ! to the rustic cell,

And each careless note repeating

Tune them to her charming shell.

Not the Muse who wreath'd with laurel

Solemn stalks with tragic gait,

And in clear and lofty vision

Sees the future births of fate ;

Not

Not the maid who crown'd with cypress

Sweeps along in scepter'd pall,

And in sad and solemn accents

Mourns the crested hero's fall;

But that other smiling sister,

With the blue and laughing eye,

Singing, in a lighter measure,

Strains of woodland harmony :

All unknown to fame and glory,

Easy, blithe and debonair,

Crown'd with flowers, her careless tresses

Loosely floating on the air.

Then, when next the star of evening

Softly sheds the silent dew,

Let me in this rustic temple,

Lissy ! meet the Muse and you.