

## SONG OF A SPIRIT.



In the sightless air I dwell,  
On the sloping sun-beams play ;  
Delve the cavern's inmost cell,  
Where never yet did day-light stray.

Dive beneath the green-sea waves,  
And gambol in the briny deeps ;  
Skim every shore that Neptune laves,  
From Lapland's plains to India's steeps.

Oft I mount with rapid force  
Above the wide earth's shadowy zone ;  
Follow the day-star's flaming course  
Through realms of space to thought unknown ;

And listen to celestial sounds,  
That swell the air, unheard of men,  
As I watch my nightly rounds  
O'er woody steep, and silent glen.  
  
Under the shade of waving trees,  
On the green bank of fountain clear,  
At pensive eve I sit at ease,  
While dying music murmurs near.  
  
And oft, on point of airy clift,  
That hangs upon the western main,  
I watch the gay tints passing swift,  
And twilight veil the liquid plain.  
  
Then, when the breeze has sunk away,  
And ocean scarce is heard to lave,  
For me the sea-nymphs softly play  
Their dulcet shells beneath the wave.

Their dulcet shells! I hear them now;  
Slow swells the strain upon mine ear;  
Now faintly falls—now warbles low,  
'Till rapture melts into a tear.

The ray that silvers o'er the dew,  
And trembles through the leafy shade,  
And tints the scene with softer hue,  
Calls me to rove the lonely glade;

Or hie me to some ruin'd tow'r,  
Faintly shewn by moon-light gleam,  
Where the lone wand'rer owns my pow'r  
In shadows dire that substance seem;

In thrilling sounds that murmur woe,  
And pausing silence makes more dread;  
In music breathing from below  
Sad, solemn Strains, that wake the dead.

Unseen I move—unknown am fear'd!

Fancy's wildest dreams I weave;

And oft by bards my voice is heard

To die along the gales of eve.