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Now, at Moonlight's fairy hour,
When faintly gleams each dewy steep,
And vale and Mountain, lake and bow'r,
In solitary grandeur sleep ;

When slowly sinks the evening breeze,
That lulls the mind in pensive care,
And Fancy loftier visions sees,
Bid Music wake the silent air.

Bid the merry, merry tabor sound,
And with the Fays of lawn or glade,
In tripping circlet beat the ground,
Under the high trees' trembling shade.

“ Now, at Moonlight's fairy hour,”
Shall Music breathe her dulcet voice,
And o'er the waves, with magic pow'r,
Call on Echo to rejoice.