

## RONDEAU.

Soft as you silver ray, that sleeps  
Upon the ocean's trembling tide ;  
Soft as the air, that lightly sweeps  
Yon sail, that swells in stately pride :

Soft as the surge's stealing note,  
That dies along the distant shores,  
Or warbled strain, that sinks remote——  
So soft the sigh my bosom pours !

True as the wave to Cynthia's ray,  
True as the vessel to the breeze,  
True as the soul to music's sway,  
Or music to Venetian seas :

**Soft as yon silver beams, that sleep  
Upon the ocean's trembling breast:  
So soft, so true, fond Love shall weep,  
So soft, so true, with *thee* shall rest.**