

WRITTEN AT KILLARNEY.

July, 29 1800.

How soft the pause! the notes melodious cease,
Which from each feeling could an echo call;
Rest on your oars; that not a sound may fall
To interrupt the stillness of our peace:
The fanning west-wind breathes upon our cheeks
Yet glowing with the sun's departed beams.
Through the blue heavens the cloudless moon pours
streams
Of pure resplendent light, in silver streaks
Reflected on the still, unruffled lake.
The Alpine hills in solemn silence frown,
While the dark woods night's deepest shades embrown.
And now once more that soothing strain awake!
Oh, ever to my heart, with magic power,
Shall those sweet sounds recal this rapturous hour!