

E Minor. James Beattie.

Dare & Davisson.

1. At the close of the day when the ham - let is still, And mor - tals the sweets of for - get - ful - ness prove,
 2. Ah! why, all a - ban - don'd to dark - ness and woe; Why, lone Phi - lo - me - la, that lan - guish - ing fall?

3. Now glid - ing re - mote, on the verge of the sky, The moon half ex - tin - guish'd her cre - scent dis - plays:
 4. 'Tis night, and the land - scape is love - ly no more; I mourn; but, ye wood - lands, I mourn not for you;

5. 'Twas thus by the glare of false sci - ence be - tray'd, That leads to be - wil - der, and daz - zles to blind;
 6. And dark - ness and doubt are now fly - ing a - way; No long - er I roam in con - jec - ture for - lorn:

When naught but the tor - rent is heard on the hill, And naught but the night - in - gale's song in the grove.
 For spring shall re - turn, and a lov - er be - stow, And sor - row no long - er thy bo - som en - thrall.

But late - ly I mark'd, when ma - je - stic on high She shone, and the plan - ets were lost in the blaze.
 For morn is ap - proa - ching, your charms to re - store, Per - fum'd with fresh fra - grance, and glit - t'ring with dew.

My thoughts wont to roam, from shade on - ward to shade, De - struc - tion be - fore me, and sor - row be - hind.
 So breaks on the tra - ve - ler, faint and a - stray, The bright and the bal - my ef - ful - gence of morn.

THE HERMIT. Concluded.

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'Twas thus by the cave of a moun-tain a - far, While his harp rung sym - pho - nious, a her - mit be - gan;
 But if pi - ty in - spire thee, re - new the sad lay, Mourn, sweet - est com - plain - er, man calls thee to mourn:
 Roll on, thou fair orb, and with glad - ness pur - sue The path that con - ducts thee to splen - dor a - gain:
 Nor yet for the ra - vage of win - ter I mourn; Kind na - ture the em - bry - o blos - som will save:
 O pi - ty, great Fa - ther of light, then I cried, Thy crea - ture who fain would not wan - der from thee!
 See truth, love, and mer - cy, in tri - umph de - scend - ing, And na - ture all glow - ing in E - den's first bloom!

No more with him - self or with na - ture at war, He thought as a sage, tho' he felt as a man.
 O sooth him whose plea - sures like thine pass a - way; Full quick - ly they pass—but they nec - er re - turn.
 But man's fad - ed glo - ry what change shall re - new? Ah fool! to ex - ult in a glo - ry so vain!
 But when shall spring vi - sit the moul - de - ring urn! O when shall day dawn on the night of the grave!
 Lo, hum - bled in dust, I re - lin - quish my pride; From doubt and from dark - ness thou on - ly canst free.
 On the cold cheek of death smiles and ro - ses are blen - ding And beau - ty im - mor - tal a - wakes from the tomb.