

SONG OF A SPIRIT.

Ann Radcliffe

Table of Contents

SONG OF A SPIRIT.....1
Ann Radcliffe.....2

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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,

SONG OF A SPIRIT.

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."