

Twilight

Text: Lady Morgan

Musik: Morgain

There is a mild, a solemn hour,
And oh! how soothing is its pow'r
To smile away Care's sombre low'r!
This hour I love!
It follows last the feath'ry train
That hovers round Time's rapid wain.
'Tis then I rove.

'Tis when the west clouds faintly blush,
And his last vesper sings the thrush,
And soft mists veil gay nature's flush,
And not a ray
From the morn's cloud-embosom'd crest
Silters the green wave's swelling breast;
'Tis then I stray.

Day cannot claim this charming hour,
Nor night subdue it to its power,
Nor sunny smiles, nor gloomy low'r,
Does it betray:
But blandly soothing, sweetly wild,
Soft, silent, stilly, fragrant, mild,
It steals away.