

The stars are mansions built

by Nature's hand,

And, haply, there the spirits of

the blest

Dwell, clothed in radiance, their

immortal vest;

Huge Ocean shows, within his

yellow strand,

A habitation marvellously

planned,

For life to occupy in love and

rest;

All that we see-is dome, or vault,

or nest,

Or fortress, reared at Nature's

sage command.

Glad thought for every season!

but the Spring

Gave it while cares were weighing

on my heart,

'Mid song of bird, and insects

murmuring;

And while the youthful year's

prolific art-

Of bud, leaf, blade, and flower-

was fashioning

abodes where self-disturbance hath

no part.

Who but is pleased to watch the

moon on high

Travelling where she from time

to time enshrouds

Her head, and nothing loth

her Majesty

Renounces, till among the

scattered clouds

One with its kindling edge

declares that soon

Will reappear before the uplifted

eye

A Form as bright, as beautiful

a moon,

To glide in open prospect through

clear sky.

Pity that such a promise e'er

should prove

False in the issue, that yon

seeming space

Of sky should be in truth the

steadfast face

Of a cloud flat and dense,

through which must move

(By transit not unlike man's

frequent doom)

The Wanderer lost in more

determined gloom.

The Crescent-moon, the Star

of Love,

Glories of evening, as ye there

are seen

With but a span of sky between-

Speak one of you, my doubts

remove,

Which is the attendant Page

and which the Queen?