

The stars are mansions built by Nature's hand,

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And haply, there the spirits of the blest

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Dwell, clothed in radiance, their immortal vest;

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Huge Ocean shows, within his yellow strand,

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A habitation marvellously planned,

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For life to occupy in love and rest;

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All that we see—is dome, or vault, or nest,

---

Or fortress, reared at Nature's sage command.

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Glad thought for every season! but the Spring

---

Gave it while cares were weighing on my heart,

---

'Mid song of birds, and insects murmuring;

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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.

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Pity that such a promise e'er should prove

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False in the issue, that yon seeming space

---

Of sky should be in truth the stedfast face

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Of a cloud flat and dense, through which

---

must move

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(By transit not unlike man's frequent doom)

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The Wanderer lost in more determined gloom.

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The Crescent-moon, the Star of Love,

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Glories of evening, as ye there are seen

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With but a span of sky between-

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Speak one of you, my doubts remove,

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Which is the attendant Page and which the

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Queen?

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