

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 birds, 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?