

ACROSS the fog the moon lies fair.

Transfused with ghostly amethyst,  
O white Night, charm to wonderment  
The cattle in the mist !

Thy touch, O grave Mysteriarch,  
Makes dull, familiar things divine.  
O grant of thy revealing gift  
Be some small portion mine !

Make thou my vision sane and clear,  
That I may see what beauty clings  
In common forms, and find the soul  
Of unregarded things !