

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 !