

Soft in the haze of morning, their shadowy masses seem  
To rest on the calm blue water, like the phantasm of a dream,  
Dark in the glare of noon-day, their bowers of foliage stand,  
Spreading their deep, cool shadow like rocks in a weary  
land!

But when, at close of his journey, the sun rides down the  
west,

Trailing his crimson and purple o'er the water's opal  
breast,

Then, like isles of the blessed, bathed in celestial light,  
They float between earth and heaven, like a mystic vision  
bright!