

CANTO XII.

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Oh fancy dear, thou giddy thing,
Why do you thus so oft take wing ?
With the tired muse why dost thou roam,
And so far away from thy home ?
Like a king, captive, wrung with pain,
Indignant thou dost shake the chain :
And now, by chance no guard before,
Swift thou hast burst the prison door.
When Reason, monarch of the mind,
Laid down his crown repose to find ; 10
And judgment pestered all the day,
On his tribunal sleeping lay :
Then Fancy rapidly took flight,
Unto that spirit of the night,
Whose province it is to command,
Bright lovely dreams of fairy land.
From it to me, a dream unsought,
Was by the joyful rambler brought.
A bard descended from the sky
And stood before the mental eye : 20
Fair was his face but pale and sad,
And glorious was the eye he had ;
A look of grandeur had his mien,
But discontent in him was seen.
Profoundest awe by me was felt
As to the spirit bard I knelt.