

A VISION OF SPENSER AND IRELAND  
(ARLO'S HILL).

Book VII., Canto VI., Faerie Queene.

METHOUGHT I stood on Arlo's hill and saw  
Diana with her troop of virgin nymphs,  
And Cynthia breathing sweetness on the air,  
And all around was nature decked so fair:  
I backward cast my mind and snatched a  
    glimpse  
Of him who stood above all earthly law  
Of literary art; and on the hill  
I deemed his spirit in the air was dwelling still.

On Arlo's hill aspiring to be great  
The poet of the ages stood; his eye  
Peered far across the centuries of time,  
And well he deemed that from this Island  
    clime  
Trampled and bruised in war so ruthlessly,  
The Oracle of universal state  
Would flicker from this taper when relit,  
That once in learning fair imperial did sit.