

Where Phœbus worked the spell of spells that ever
 charmed an eye,
His bright spears to the forest-flakes reached; that on
 their branches lay,
And each shot back, as we sped by, a single peerless ray.
More bright than starry hosts appeared that vision in
 the wood
And flashed and flew, like fire-flies in a nightly solitude,
A maze of silver stars, a dance of diamonds in the day :
Through many lives though fly my soul as on that
 pulsing train,
That sparkling dawn shall oftentimes enkindle it again

