

Sweet mocking visions ! Ye would leave,
As yonder sun the world at eve,
No light upon the midnight of my thought,
Deep wrapped in gloom or into frenzy
wrought,
Unless a deeper recollection on me poured,
A wealth of knowledge in remembrance
stored,
Which giveth light
On my heart's night.

I love you, O ye shades, but not
With full and final love ; I wot
Ye are but pictures of an absent face—
Not that the darksome grave doth so abase
Beneath the damp and mouldering sod,
But that which ever-living, ever looks on
God.
O vision blest !
O blessed rest !