

The sunbeams dart through myriad leagues of
space

As dark as Erebus until they fall
Upon some lonely world that lifts her face
In glowing gratitude,—and so to all
Come beams from Heaven; but finding oft no
place

To rest upon—no mind prepared—the pall
Of dead obscurity still wraps them round,
And the Promethean limbs remain unbound!

For such there is no refuge but to dream;
And to be scorn'd for nursing plants that bear
No fruit;—to grasp at things that only seem
Realities—cloud-castles hung in air,
And vain, delusive fires that brightest gleam
When the most faithless ways they lure you
near;—

To chase the rainbow for the gold that lies
Beneath her foot; yet never find the prize!

But I have learned to see my castles fall
With scarce a sigh—Time teaching me to
build

Yet others—belted with a firmer wall
Than clouds; and if not lofty, safe, and fill'd
With what affords a deeper joy than all
The unsubstantial fantasies that thrilled
The youthful spirit flitting o'er fair flowers,
In that fresh, rosy morn of dreamy hours!

* * * * *

Then go!—while cherish'd thoughts of thee shall
dwell

Long in his heart who bids thee now Farewell!