

Or as we see the moon sometimes revealed  
Through drifting clouds, and then again concealed,  
So I behold the scene.

There are two guests at table now ;  
The king, deposed and older grown,  
No longer occupies the throne,—  
The crown is on his sister's brow ;  
A Princess from the Fairy Isles,  
The very pattern girl of girls,  
All covered and embowered in curls,  
Rose-tinted from the Isle of Flowers,  
And sailing with soft, silken sails  
From far-off Dreamland into ours.  
Above their bowls with rims of blue  
Four azure eyes of deeper hue  
Are looking, dreamy with delight ;  
Limpid as planets that emerge  
Above the ocean's rounded verge,  
Soft-shining through the summer night.  
Steadfast they gaze, yet nothing see  
Beyond the horizon of their bowls ;  
Nor care they for the world that rolls  
With all its freight of troubled souls  
Into the days that are to be.

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Again the tossing boughs shut out the scene,  
Again the drifting vapors intervene,  
And the moon's pallid disc is hidden quite ;  
And now I see the table wider grown,