

As if, in truth, the minstrel legend told
The graceful fiction of the nights of old,
How, mortal-like upon that sylvan brow,
She paused to hear an earthly lover's vow.

Endymion ! Endymion !
High on the grassy peak of Latmus dreaming !
The white moon bathes thy graceful form
In radiance soft and warm
Orbing a beauteous shape of God-like seeming ;
Rouse thee to waking bliss !
Thy fair lip woos the kiss
Of Artemis !

White-orbed Artemis !
Linger—oh, linger in thy beauty still
On this green Attic hill—
Latmus and Love await thee everywhere,
When deepening twilight hails thy beauteous light,
Silvering the eastern height
Aptest of hours for passion's vow and prayer,
Love's legends sing no sweeter myth than this ;
Endymion—Artemis !

Half circled in the chestnut wood
That round its flickering shadow flung,
Just o'er Ilissus' starlit flood
A light aerial fabric sprung—
A mingled shape, half fane, half bower,
Rose the fair structure's vernal grace—
A spot where music, scent and flower
Should greet the Genius of the place.
In the rich moon light's calm repose—
All beautiful the fabric rose
Light as the filmy shade they flung,
Graceful the snow-white columns sprung,