



More welcome is thy sight O Stella mine!
When I behold thee moving on thy way
Than in a stranger land was ever day
Unto a pilgrim lost, when it did shine
First o'er the eastern hills en-girt with pine
Revealing unto him the paths that lay
Around him from which he unlearned did stray
What time that darkness fell from heaven divine!

Fair art thou Stella fairest of thy race
Created on this earth since primal time
And e'en for once to look upon thy face
O ever would I be in any clime
Content alone in endless night to pace
Depriv'd of e'en the light of day sublime.



Charles Garvey

