

'Tis Illusion changes a dream to a vision,
And that gives to the lovely, ethereal charms;
And shines like the cloud; oh, so brilliant,
Elysian,
Bold Ixion once madly caught in his arms.

'Tis Illusion alone gives wings to the real;
Who lights with her splendor the common-
place day;
And crowns with a halo fair Fancy's ideal,
Whose glory, oh! never should fade, here,
away!