

TO THE MOON.

Thou silvery Sovereign of the night,
 That bathes the earth in waves of light.
 That with a shining robe doth clothe
 The barren waste and leafy grove,
 What varied pictures thou hast seen
 In crowded streets, on village green.

O'er all the world thy light hast shone,
 From lonely hut to kingly throne.
 O'er mountain top, and restless wave,
 O'er scene of mirth, and silent grave;
 O'er all the land, where'er it be,
 From trackless wild to sounding sea.

Thou hast looked on manhood's lofty pride,
 On laughing child and blushing bride;
 On faces flushed with joy and health,
 On humble cot and halls of wealth;
 On all mankind, the false, the true,
 That live 'neath thine own realm of blue.

On city's gilded tower thou hast shone,
 On country church and palace dome;
 On graveyard quiet, where, 'neath the sod,
 The slumbering wait the trump of God;
 Where youth and beauty mingled lie,
 With pallid cheek and sightless eye.

On placid stream thy light hast played,
 Where gallant youth and winsome maid
 In whispered words the story told,
 Forever new, and ever old,
 That linked, till death should tear apart,
 The loving hand and faithful heart.

The gentle brooklet thou hast kissed,
 While angry waves that loudly hissed.
 Have grown pale beneath thy smile,
 As boastful coward, weak and vile,
 Blanches before grim justice stern,
 Or virtue's rays that brightly burn.