

Ilissus, by thy freshen'd stream,
Fair springs the Lover's rustic shrine—
We see the snowy marbles gleam
Through the soft veil of rose and vine.
Sweet voices haunt the joyous air.
From hidden fount or thicket given
The same broad wealth of flowers is there,
The flickering wood, the lucid heaven
The Goddess by her graceful fane,
Seems apt for Lover's vows again.

Close by the altar's outer bound
Within the shade that evening flings,
Co-tenant of the sacred ground
A solitary column springs—
Fair the white marbles glistening hue,
Th' inverted torch, the sculptur'd base,
The amaranth blooms, all mark too true
The spot, a mortal's resting place—
Where scent and flower with living breath
Float o'er the silent home of death—

And still when Morning lights the wave
Or Eve shines fair on Attic bowers.
A watcher haunts the lonely grave,
To smooth the turf or tend the flowers.
No fairy hand, no Dryad's form
That task of gentle duty plies,
A heart with human pity warm,
There yields Love's latest sacrifice.
And soft eyes wear the sadden'd gleam,
That lights lost love's memorial dream.

Sweet sounds are round the Maiden now
Beneath the wave is dancing clear,
The fresh winds fan her placid brow,
The fountain's music haunts her ear,
And still her gaze the column seeks,
To commune with the phantom voice,
That from the letter'd tablet speaks
Its legend "Victory, Rejoice!"
And thoughts to mortal guess unknown,
Wakes in her heart that spirit tone.