

That tower far, far aloft, beyond the keenest range of
sight ;
Hanging in wavy folds, or drooping, pointed, ragged
cones,
That seem like dangling spears in this uncertain misty
light.
When suddenly there floats upon the air above, around,
Such weird sweet music as thereat is hushed all other
sounds.

Spell-bound I listen ; when there comes with floods of
morning light,
A vision fairer far than ought I'd ever dreamed of earth,
With step so buoyant that she seemed to float on waves
of air.
Around her form in folds a robe of gauzy silvery sheen.
Adown her neck a wealth of golden tresses fall at will ;
Her eyes of deepest blue, as limpid as a mountain rill.

Wondering I gaze, when lo ! from wall, and floor, and
roof glide forth
A host of crawling slimy things, of many shapes and
forms ;
Until a heaving mass of wriggling life surrounds her path.
They touch her not ; but for her snowy feet, as on she
comes,
A way leave clear. She stops till 'tween us one short
space
Is left, then, for a time I know not, gazes on my face.