

And fairest imagery around me thronged ;
 Dew-drops at day-spring on a seraph's locks.
 Roses that bathe about the well of life,
 Young Loves, young Hopes, dancing on Morning's cheek,
 Gems leaping in the coronet of Love !
 So beautiful, so full of life, they seemed
 As made entire of beams of angels' eyes.
 Gay, guileless, sportive, lovely, little things !
 Playing round the den of Sorrow, clad
 In smiles, believing in their fairy hopes,
 And thinking man and woman true ! all joy,
 Happy all day, and happy all the night !

Hail, holy Love ! thou word that sums all bliss,
 Gives and receives all bliss, fullest when most
 Thou givest ! spring-head of all felicity,
 Deepest when most is drawn ! emblem of God !
 O'erflowing most when greatest numbers drink !
 Essence that binds the uncreated Three,
 Chain that unites creation to its Lord,
 Centre to which all being gravitates,
 Eternal, ever-growing, happy Love !
 Enduring all, hoping, forgiving all ;
 Instead of law, fulfilling every law ;
 Entirely blest, because thou seekst no more,
 Hopest not, nor fearest ; but on the present livest,
 And holdst perfection smiling in thy arms.
 Mysterious, infinite, exhaustless Love !
 On earth mysterious, and mysterious still
 In heaven ! sweet chord, that harmonizes all
 The harps of Paradise ! the spring, the well,
 That fills the bowl and banquet of the sky !

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Indulge another note of kindred tone,
 Where grief was mixed with melancholy joy.

Our sighs were numerous, and profuse our tears,
 For she, we lost, was lovely, and we loved
 Her much. Fresh in our memory, as fresh
 As yesterday, is yet the day she died.
 It was an April day ; and blithely all
 The youth of nature leaped beneath the sun,
 And promised glorious manhood ; and our hearts
 Were glad, and round them danced the lightsome blood,
 In healthy merriment, when tidings came,
 A child was born : and tidings came again,
 That she who gave it birth was sick to death.
 So swift trode sorrow on the heels of joy !
 We gathered round her bed, and bent our knees
 In fervent supplication to the Throne
 Of Mercy, and perfumed our prayers with sighs
 Sincere, and penitential tears, and looks
 Of self-abasement ; but we sought to stay
 An angel on the earth, a spirit ripe
 For heaven ; and Mercy, in her love, refused,
 Most merciful, as oft, when seeming least !