

And as her whole attendant train thus look
They gain a lustre which they yield again
Up to their mistress, when her peaceful throne
She meekly leaves, to be resumed when next
She visits them; and thus with homage mute
Their nightly task each joyously performs.

Others have chosen nature's blooming flowers.
Their study sweet is 'mong the violets,
The rose, the lily, and the thousand gems
Which are so beautiful, and so unlike
The other things of earth, that they do seem
As if their earthly mission were to tell
What Paradise was like: and thus incite
All mortals to press onward in the path
Which leads to Paradise more blessed still
Than that which Adam lost. Sweet monitors!

Among the many others who do throng
The shrine of knowledge, some there are who've made