

THE LOVER'S RHAPSODY.

Ye stars that crown the tresses of the night
With myriad gems! O ye are pale and cold
Beside the loveliness that doth enfold
The majesty of Her who is my Light!
And thou chaste orb of heaven arrayed in white,
Enveil thy face! Else thou wert over bold!
My loved one's beauty is of virtue's mould,
More pure than driven snow to mortal sight!
Thou too, O Sun!—from whom the shadows flee—
Thy glory is outshone by Her dark eyes!
One glance from Her, and Love doth ravish me
With Joy, and the whole earth is Paradise!
And richest bloom of rose and breath of myrrh
And song of bird are borrowed all from Her!