

“ See ! chaste Andromeda unbinds her hair
 For us to tread upon ; we need not fear
 Proud Leo wakeful in his azure lair,
 Nor Taurus’ rampart horns and brow severe,
 Nor all the glittering terrors that appear
 In Ursa’s stormy mouth and hungry glare.

“ Come ! every star now beckons us to come,
 O timid sister, spread thy budded wings ;
 Dost thou not hear the sanctifying hum
 Of airy voices ? precious whisperings ?
 List ! on the verge of heaven a seraph sings :
 ‘ Come home, come hither, weary wanderers, come ! ’ ”

No more she spoke, but tremulous, amazed,
 With hands upon her panting bosom crost,
 Far, far away abstractedly she gazed,
 As if in beatific vision lost,—
 As one just freed from earth’s sepulchral frost,
 And suddenly to ’wilderling glories raised.

Only an instant thus, for now her Ward
 Became transfigured, robed in awful light ;
 Too beautiful for mortal man’s regard ;
 And swift through cloudy rifts, with moonbeams bright,
 These two immortals winged their starry flight,
 Their home revealed, the golden gates unbarred.

